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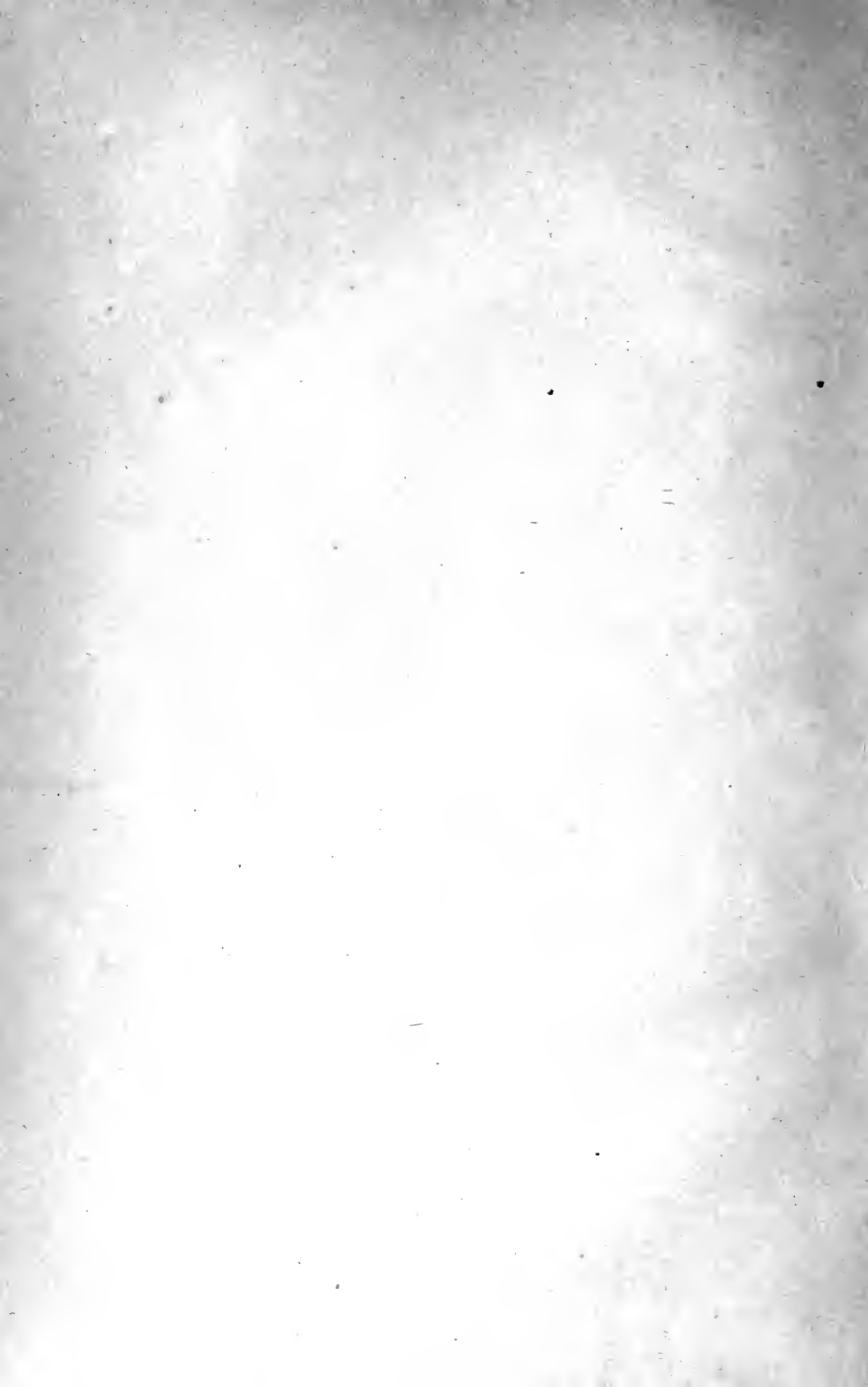
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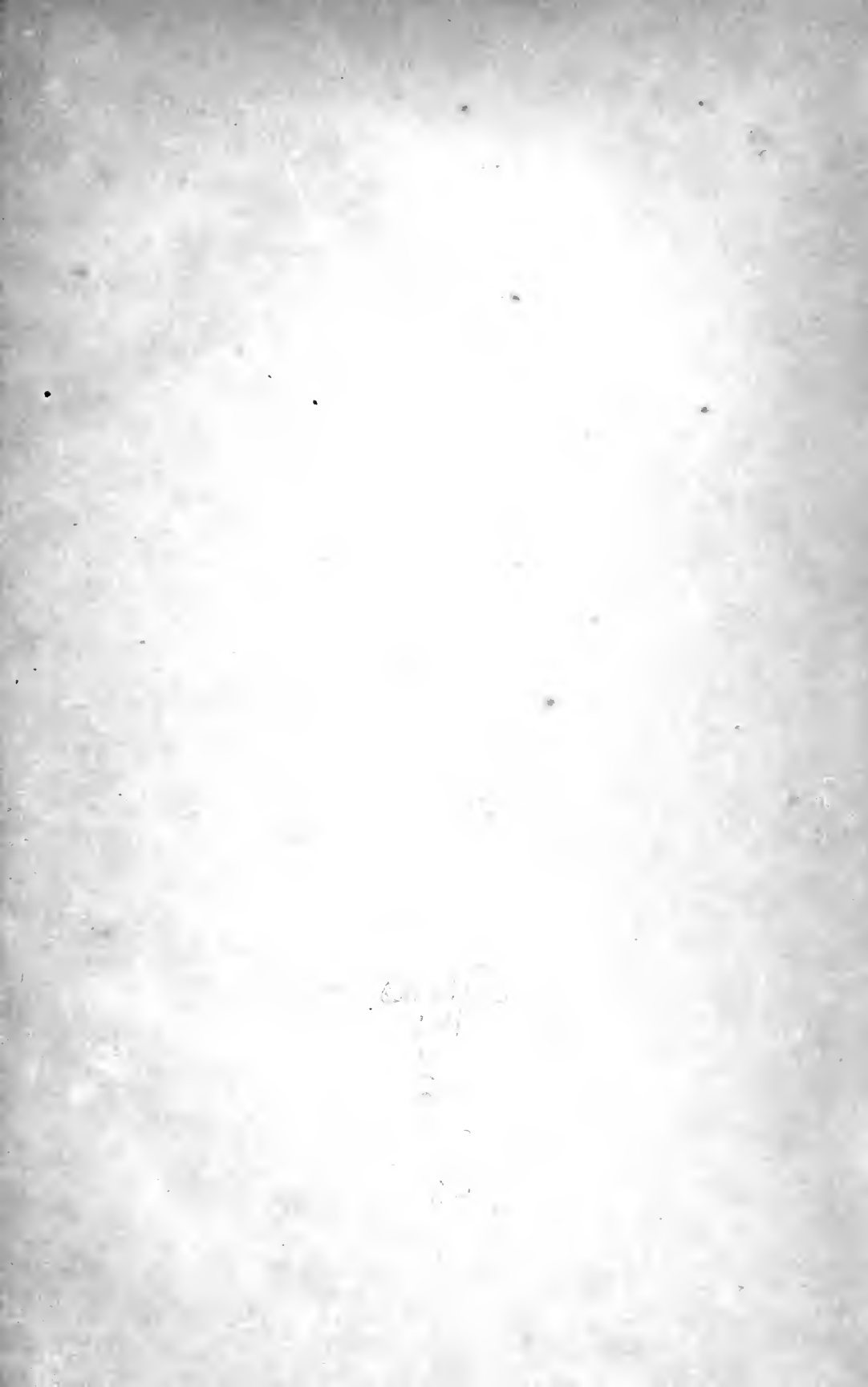
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NO. I.

OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH.

The life of a business man in a busy city speeds rapidly away. It is all one can do to keep up with the present and keep a bit of insight into the future for the sake of trade. The past, the embodiment of recollections, the dearest thing in life, is almost entirely ignored. I had been living thus in the prosperous city of Savannah since '69, when one autumn evening I told my family I would be away for ten days or more; that I was going out to the old homestead and enjoy again the happy scenes of childhood. I knew well the effect would be that of sadness, but sometimes we like to feel sad. I had written the tenant in charge that I would be there on a certain day, and as we drove from the little station through the low-ground and across the wide rocky creek days of boyhood were vividly before me. I could see to my right in the near distance the big rock behind which imaginary battles were fought, and on the left a little down the creek was where we boys went in swimming. Some one told us gourds were very helpful to beginners; that with them attached any one could swim. The second time we went to the creek we carried gourds and with their aid thought we could try deep water. Jack Summers, the most daring of the party, offered to be the first one to try the experiment. So we securely tied two gourds to each foot and Jack jumped into the middle of the pond. There was a great splash, and then the gourds rose to the top and Jack—we didn't know where he was. He again made a desperate effort, and by our help was soon on the bank much exhausted. We all soon saw our mistake in attaching the gourds.

The sun was setting as we turned from the main road up the long gravel drive, now worn in gullies, which led up to the "big house," as the negroes would say. As I glanced on either side

everything bore the look of decay. The fences were all gone, not having been replaced since Sherman's notorious raid. The cabin roofs had fallen in, the chimneys were down, and everything seemed it had not long to stay. As we approached the lawn my sadness, sweet though it was, increased. I thought of childhood days, how we children would play hide and seek among the evergreens, and Easter morning how extremely exciting it was to look for the eggs the rabbits had hidden.

How delightfully the summer months passed away during young manhood. Sister and I both went to North Carolina to school. We would come home for summer vacation and usually bring a friend with us. Sister's best friend came the second summer, and before her visit was out she was my best friend too, and as the years roll by I bless that summer more and more.

A humble family now live in the old home and a few darkies still live on the plantation. Some hired, some renting, and one on his own land given him by my father for faithful service to my mother and sister during the war.

Supper was announced. It was served in the old dining room in a very plain but neat manner. After supper the old farmer and I took seats on the front piazza. He related to me his plans of farming, prospects, possibilities, and so forth. I saw he was tired and sleepy from hard work, so I insisted he go to bed. He hesitated, but when I told him I preferred being alone as my visit was chiefly for remembering the good old times he cheerfully yielded.

The full moon had just risen, and as the soft beams fell on the grass and shrubbery vivid scenes of other days seem to flit by me in quick succession. I could hear again the banjo and the fiddle down at the quarters. The sweet voice of my sister and the melodious tone of the old piano seemed wafted on the evening air. I could see mother with that same placid countenance whom I never knew to speak in a loud harsh manner. My stern father, whom I never thought did a wrong thing, was before me. When he spoke we all listened.

My reverie was broken by an unsteady step at my right. I recognized Uncle Billie at once. "Is dat Mars' George?" "Yes," says I, "and that's Uncle Billie." "I hain't known but about five minutes you here. I quit work late and as I come in de do' my ole 'oman say, 'Billie, did you know young Master up at de big house?' I say, 'No; when he come?' She tell me she seed you

and Mr. Brown drive through de low-gronnds. We all is sholy glad to see you, Mars' George." "Yes, I felt I must see the old place and folks once more. You have got a good crop I suppose, Uncle Billie?" "Yes sar, hit purty good, but not like I use to have when Mars' John's overseers looked over it. I'se got nobody to work 'cept ole 'oman and meself, and wese gittin' ole and de grass gits de best of us."

"You and my oldest brother were the same age, were you not?" "Yes sar, near about hit. I was born on Chewsday like and Mars' Henry was born de next Monday. Hit 'pear like we were made for one 'nuther. Mars' Henry neber want anybody wid him 'ceptin me. When he went to de little school up yonder on de hill I went, too, and carried his books and dinner basket, and when he went to college I wuz obleege to go, too, for who gwine to look after Master's pony, and black his boots and bresh his clothes?"

Mars' Henry didn't mind telling me his secrets nuther. I knowed all about when he fell in love with Miss Caroline, kase I kerried de notes 'back'ards and for'ards. And when I would fetch an answer to Mars' Henry's note he would read it and put it in his breast pocket and say, 'Billie, I am going to have dat girl if I have to kill ole Col. Spencer.' Some of our folks said dey heard ole Col. Spencer said no Democrat could marry his daughter, and dat was de reason Master thought he stood a po' chance.

"She sholy was pretty. It 'pear like all de young gintlemen wanted her. Dey couldn't do 'nough for her. But I knowed Mars' Henry was the one Miss Caroline liked best, kase when I kerried notes from Mars' Henry she seemed mighty proud and she would 'quire when we all gwine fox hunting agin and ef Mars' Henry didn't git mighty tired in de race.

"Hit went on dis way twill fall, and it was 'lection year. De party split up and Col. Spencer took sides wid de 'publicans. Dat made your pa mad wid him; said he had no confidence in a man dat would go agin his country jist for office, and dat was sholy de truth. Col. Spencer was made governor right away.

Col. Spencer heerd what ole boss say about him and he mighty insulted. Say he great a mind make ole boss pay fur it. We all quit visiting one 'nuther. Mars' Henry feel powerful bad about it, kase he hate to stop gwine to see Miss Caroline, and he didn't nuther. I knowed all about it. Dey seed one 'nuther most every day. Ef dey didn't see dey writ.

Along about plantin' corn time I noticed Mars' Henry had a mighty settle sober like look, and one even' I went up to his room to sorter look after him. He axed me in and says, 'Billie, set down; I have something to tell you. I am going to git married in about two weeks and I have to run away. I want you to drive the carriage for me. I'll tell you the day before so you can have everything ready, because I want to make good time when we start.' You know de rest, and I specks I had better be gettin' towards my cabin. I'se got a heap o' work for tomorrow and will hatter git up soon."

PAIDOLOGY AND ITS APPLICATION.

J. M. GREENFIELD, '98.

For a considerable length of time the child has been the object of some thought from a scientific standpoint. In the different sciences which have inquired into the nature of the mind it has been briefly, and as an important feature, considered. Psychology, Anthropology, and Pedagogy have each touched upon this subject but always as a subordinate theme. By some it was thought to properly belong to one branch of study, and by others to another; never was it placed in the same department by all. Thus, without any fixed position among the sciences, the work did not receive the attention it deserved nor the careful investigation it demanded in order to make it a success, and in this way neglected, no substantial good has been resultant.

It is only within the past three years that definite action has been taken in regard to Child-Study. Progressive mental scientists have profited by the unsatisfactory plan of leaving the consideration of so important an object incident to several departments and have conceived the idea of making it the subject and centre of a great work. They have come to realize that the child is as worthy of a separate department in which he can be scientifically studied as any of the subjects which have long been claiming this special attention; and that effective work will and can never be done until it is carried on by a body of scientific workers solely devoted to this one purpose.

The first decisive step was taken by Oscar Chrisman, Fellow in Pedagogy, Clark University, who may justly be termed the originator of the science. He has given it the appropriate name, Paidology, and has defined it as "a pure science whose duty it is to inquire into the life, the growth, the ideas, the very being of the child." It is to stand to the child as botany to the plant, or as mineralogy to the mineral. Chicago seems to be the centre of the movement. Here reside the principal leaders and here is situated the National Association for the study of the child. This has as President G. Stanly Hall, of Clark University, an able and enthusiastic leader, and has done some valuable service in experimentation and in formulating the fragments of knowledge gathered from various sources. Other similar societies have been organized in this and foreign countries with the same object of discovering facts relative to the subject and the general promoter of the work.

But what is the demand for such a science?

"Beyond a doubt the child is the most important object upon earth for our consideration. His health, his nurture, his training, his development, are far more worthy of our regard than anything else." Yet there is less known of his true nature than almost anything with which we deal. An inquiry into our thoughts for this knowledge would verify the statement. If we should visit the establishment of some florist or nurseryman and there notice how the moisture, the temperature, the soil—in a word how the environment of the plant is adapted to its nature and then think how the child is harshly scolded or excessively indulged according to the mood of the parent or teacher, we should immediately become convinced that there is something wrong. Wherein is the difference? The one is understood, the other is not.

There are many mistakes made in home and school training which require no great amount of thought for detection, but their very occurrence shows that there is an urgent need for a deeper knowledge of the child, under whose light those blunders may stand out in their true frightful appearance; and who can doubt that there are others equally fatal whose commission has never entered into the mind. The disclosure of these errors exist alone in the all-revealing power of scientific investigation, and when the time has been spent upon Paidology in careful and systematic research which has been consumed in the study of mathematics, languages, or even some branches of natural science,

we may hope for a fuller knowledge of the main object for which we live.

If this study is properly and scientifically carried on there is little doubt that it will revolutionize all present methods of approach to the child. The results of the work can be applied in all things in which he is a factor. The influence for good which the Sunday School of the present should have is greatly retarded because so little is known of the religious nature of the young. Here, no doubt, instruction is given in many useless and worthless things. In this case an application of this knowledge would mark a very important reform in the history of the church. In the home it would be of inestimable value, both as to the welfare of the child and the convenience of the parent. Here is laid the foundation in the youthful character upon which all future development must rest, and here are received impressions which no subsequent training can entirely efface.

In dealing with an object whose nature is so plastic what could be more important than a knowledge of that nature. In the school room a reform is especially needed. Can a tiresome routine of recitations in which there is no interest for the child be conducive to a healthy, natural growth? This science, of Paidology by disclosing the nature of the young mind would make possible in teaching the use of adapted intellectual food and the employment of suitable school methods. I would answer the educators long unheard demand for data on the mind of the child and place Pedagogy at the head of all professions.

These are some of the applications which an understanding of the child would have, but thus we cannot hope to attain without much perseverance on the part of the scientific workers engaged in the study. The information must be gathered from all sources and by all available means. When the work has grown to sufficient proportions to justify it colleges and schools will of necessity, introduce it into their courses as a topic of study. Several Universities have already done this. The educational institutions are the great agencies through which the results of scientific labor are diffused throughout all classes, and without their assistance we can never hope for a very great benefit from Paidology. Moreover it is really a duty which they owe to the country, since two-thirds of their graduates, either as parents or teachers assume the guidance of young intellects as their life responsibility.

In order that the readiness with which the knowledge shall be received may be increased, the inadequacy of the information obtained by individual observation should be realized. How much would we know of other sciences if this were our only dependence? Such a plan has hitherto been followed with regard to the study of the child and the result has been that the experience of others has been lost and the father and mother of to-day know little more of their children than earth's first parents.

It is a well-established principle that whether in home or school training those methods are alone successful which harmonize with the child's nature. All others to a certain extent must fail. The disclosure of the laws which underlie this young organism is the great work which Paidology has undertaken. It is true the science has just began its development. Like every new movement it has been subjected to criticisms and objections. They have not been overlooked, yet the number of workers is constantly growing and their hopefulness increasing. The only true plan of study has at last been set about, and may we not expect from this centralization of effort results which all the random labor of centuries has failed to produce.

SOME NOTES ON THE LIFE-WORK OF FRANZ SCHUBERT.

EUNICE M. DARDEN.

Some who write for these columns have told of the failures and successes of the painter and sculptor; others have narrated the defeats and victories of the warrior, the politician, the statesman, the philanthropist, and the poet; but seldom have the difficulties and triumphs of the musician been here depicted. To one of these is offered this humble tribute.

Franz Schubert was born within three years of the close of the past century. He was of German extraction, and battled against poverty all the years of his short life, which was spent in the city of Vienna, Austria. It was not until his eighteenth year that his career as a musician began, and, like many great men before and

since, his work was not appreciated by many of his contemporaries. Such men as Mozart and Beethoven were the acknowledged leaders in the musical world, and their glory partly eclipsed the efforts of young Schubert.

There are many points of similarity between Mozart and Schubert, some of these disappeared, however, as the latter grew in experience and power. Both had an almost involuntary stream of melody whose flow is natural and constant, and both are remarkably versatile in every department of music. Like most productive minds, both followed their natural bent and composed a great deal, perhaps too much; yet the destruction of any of their works would be a loss not easily compensated.

Schubert was unlike Mozart in that his attempts in operatic music were usually unsuccessful. His genius was lyrical, not dramatic; yet in some of his operas are found a few melodies that are wonderfully pleasing when rendered in the home or in the concert hall. Schubert's sacred melodies are not without defects. Like those of Haydn and Mozart, they lack the decided religious atmosphere that pervades the church music of Bach and Wagner. Nevertheless some of Schubert's sacred music is excellent, as "Miriam's Song of Victory." While to some the church music of Schubert may have been lacking in a devotional spirit, yet to him they were rife with religious feeling. Unassuming though he was, he makes this declaration in a private letter: "I never force myself into a devout attitude and never compose such hymns or prayers unless I am involuntarily overcome by it; but in that case it usually happens to be the genuine spirit of devotion."

The chamber music of Franz Schubert deserves to rank among the best compositions of that character. His string quartets and trios for the piano and violin are unsurpassed. Without partaking of the nature of the orchestra, his chamber music has a series of rich, sweet tones which unite into a stream of melody almost spontaneous.

Schubert was criticised by the composers of his time for failing to study polyphony as "the art of composing in mutually essential parts, note against note." But the criticism seems unnecessary, as he knew something of it almost instinctively. Both in his character music and in his symphonies many instances of polyphonic compositions occur. And while his polyphony is not the same as Beethoven's, it is just as beautiful. To many Mendelsohn's poly-

phony is above adverse criticism, but to some musicians the easy, natural polyphonic writings of Schubert are preferable.

The symphonies of Schubert, had he composed nothing more, would have made him famous. Though not a careful writer, he was never at a loss for a pleasing mode of expression, and nature made him a master of form. Later musicians take pleasure in recounting their indifference to him for teaching them more of harmonies. His "Unfinished Symphony" and the great one in C are replete with the originality of their great composer. His individuality is seen in every measure. The pathos of "Tragic Symphony," written at the age of nineteen, is remarkable. But he never knew of the success of his symphonies. Ten years after his death Mendelsohn and Schumann took his symphony in C to Leipsic, where it was received with much approbation. The song-like melody in these symphonies caused them to be a unique and valuable addition to musical literature.

The versatility of Schubert's mind was wonderful. If he was classical in his operas, church melodies, chamber music, and symphonies, he was none the less of the romantic school in the "Lied," a collection of Lyric songs, "Musical Moments," and "Impromptu." If his symphonies were long, "too long and too difficult" sometimes for successful rendering, it was he who introduced short forms for the pianoforte pieces. It is said that Mendelsohn is indebted to Schubert's third "Impromptu" for the inspiration of his immortal "Songs Without Words," and that Schubert's waltzes were the precursor of Chopin's efforts in that direction.

Even as the poet's lines are tinged by his environment, so the musician's notes partake of the historic or legendary atmosphere in which they are written. During a short stay in Hungary Schubert wove into his compositions some of the patriotic melodies and rhythmic strains of that country there by enriching his own work and leading the way for his contemporaries and successors to add to their music that charm which is to be gotten from the music of Slavic folk whether Hungarian, Russian, Bohemian, or Polish.

Schubert's acquaintance with Vogl was a source of much encouragement to him, as is shown by these words written to his parents after a private evening with the great singer: "I am assured by some that under my fingers the keys are changed to singing voices, which if true, would please me greatly."

To Schubert belongs the honor of introducing lyric song into musical literature. His songs have been an inspiration to musicians who have followed him, none of whom have yet attained the excellence of their leader. It is true that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven wrote some songs, but only incidentally, and they lack that individuality which gives to Schubert's such a charm. This charm is intensified when we note the perfect adaptability of the poem to the music. His songs, when rendered by such a singer as Vogl, have a harmony of melodic and poetic accent never before known. By him the true relation of poetry and music were perfectly understood. He charms his hearers with the sweetness of the music and at the same time sustains their interest in the sentiment of the song.

What Schubert might have accomplished had he lived to a ripe old age is not for us to know, but while he lived he worked, and though taken at the early age of thirty-one, his life work was by no means meager. In his short career he wrote as many as 1,100 compositions, and while some of these may never be of any practical use, yet the worth of their composer remains unestimated. Several modern composers, as Schumann, Listz, and Brahms, are proud to acknowledge their obligation to him. Rubenstein places him among those he considers the five great composers. And in a moment of enthusiasm exclaims: "Once more, and a thousand times more, Bach, Beethoven and Schubert!"

SOUTHERN STUDENTS' SUMMER CONFERENCE.

WALTER E. BLAIR, '98.

The Northfield Summer School, conducted by Mr. Woody, at Northfield, Mass., has for a number of years proved to be an exceedingly interesting and beneficial factor in the young men's Christian work among the colleges of the United States.

The success of Mr. Woody's work has been such that there are four of these Summer Schools each year, and the students of the Southern States have the advantage of one of them in their midst.

On the morning of June 20th, 1896, the Southern Students' Sum-

mer Conference convened for the third time at Knoxville, Tenn. One hundred and fifty of the noblest young men of the South were gathered on the summit of that beautiful hill on which stands the University of Tennessee, overlooking the city of Knoxville to the East, and the Tennessee River flowing along at its foot to the South.

These young men represented the colleges of the Southern States in the Y. M. C. A. work.

There was present also a number of State and City Secretaries, delegates from city Associations, and prominent speakers.

North Carolina's delegation numbered thirty, which was the largest excepting Tennessee.

Among the speakers in attendance were Dr. McBride, of the Virginia University; Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis; Mr. C. T. Studd, of England, who is noted for the interest he has awakened in Foreign Missions; Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago; Dr. S. A. Steele, of Nashville; Pres. J. T. Henderson, of Carson & Newman College, and Robert E. Spear of Pennsylvania.

These men all gave lectures during the sessions of the Conference.

Mr. Studd, who has been a Missionary in China for ten years, gave exceedingly interesting and instructive talks on the condition of the Chinese.

At times Mr. Studd would cause great laughter among the students, as he related in his humorous way, the peculiar habits and customs of these people, and some of his experiences among them; then, again tears could be seen as he told of the wickedness and cruelties which are practiced in that dark land.

Mr. Studd certainly aroused many to see the great necessity of foreign missions who had never realized it before.

Dr. Brooks gave several good lectures, but perhaps his best was one entitled, "What are We Sowing."

Robert E. Spear is known, either personally or by reputation, by students all over the United States as one of the most successful young men of the country in Christian work, and certainly the testimony of all who were privileged to hear him last June is, that we were not disappointed by any means when we heard him, although we expected much.

The forenoons and evenings of the Conference were devoted to Platform meetings and Bible Classes.

Platform meetings were held twice each day, and were addressed by prominent speakers.

The singing was conducted by F. L. Willis of Alabama, whose sweet voice has touched many a heart.

Besides the regular singing, the quartette and solo music added great interest to the program.

The entire afternoons were given to athletic sports and excursions. Mr. A. B. Wagener, the athletic trainer of the Tennessee University had the management of this part of the programme, and provided for each student to enjoy himself every afternoon.

A match game of base ball was played between the men of the Atlantic States and those of the States over the mountains.

The Atlantic States won the game and North Carolina had the honor of furnishing the battery.

One afternoon was set apart for regular field day.

All the States entered the contest, and much college spirit was manifested, although rather between the States than colleges.

Our State won the third place in this contest, Kentucky being first and Tennessee second.

For the past few years Col. Dickenson has chartered a boat and entertained the delegates at "Island Home Farm," which is one of the most beautiful farms and country homes on the Tennessee river.

The colonel did the same thing this year, and you may ask any student who went on this excursion "What is the matter with Col. Dickenson?" and he will tell you "He's all right."

We also visited the Southern Car Shops, which are the largest shops and are said to contain the finest machinery in the South.

The advantage derived from attending one of these summer schools can scarcely be told.

A trip through some of the most beautiful scenery of this country, the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of, and associating with the best young men of the Southern Colleges, and more than all, hearing such learned men as are mentioned above is well worth the effort of any student to attend a Summer Students' Conference.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. M. C. A. reception is the gateway to the best of Guilford College. Here formality is laid aside and students and faculty mingle with ease and simplicity. New students get acquainted and are made to realize for the first time they are members of "the family."

Among the meetings of this kind given, one at the beginning of each term, we have never seen one more universally enjoyed than the one held at the opening this year. The welcome by President Hobbs had the true Guilford ring. The addresses by Mr. Jos. Blair, President of the Y. M. C. A., and Miss Sallie Stockard, President of the Y. W. C. T. U., were both filled with words of cheer, welcome and good-will.

The prayer-meetings of the two Associations have been of unusual interest. The good feeling which seems to have permeated every interest in college at the very opening speaks already of the great spiritual uplifting we may hope for this year.

The Association sent Mr. Walter Blair as its representative to the Southern Students' Conference at Knoxville, Tenn., the past summer. He has returned to us filled with enthusiasm and plans for carrying on the work.

ATHLETICS.

Chick-a-ga-runk, garunk, garee!
Viva-la, viva-la, old G. C!

The interest shown in athletics at the very opening of college was worthy of much commendation.

It is quite evident that there are some young men in school who aim to do their best to see a good foot-ball team in the field this season.

The first day of school a game was played, and nearly every evening since the pig skin has been the object of greatest attention.

Several enthusiastic meetings of the men have been held, the grounds have been put in order, another ball secured, new suits ordered, and the general tenor of things seems to point towards the fact that the long-haired rushers are preparing to meet their old foes. Hard work from the very start, it is realized, is the only thing which will give us any hope for success in the contests this fall. Everybody wants to play foot-ball. That is a great help. Had there been more united effort last year at the opening of school we might not have suffered such a humiliating defeat in November at the hands of the Agricultural and Mechanical boys. We are further helped and encouraged in our efforts this year by the general support of the faculty.

The following officers of the Association have been elected:

President—J. M. Greenfield.

Vice-President—W. E. Blair.

Secretary—C. W. Bradshaw.

Treasurer—W. H. Cowles.

Manager of Foot-Ball—Prof. W. A. Blair.

Assistant Manager—J. O. Redding.

THE FUSION CLASS GAME.

The lively interest taken in foot-ball was manifested during the second week of school when the Juniors and Sophomores challenged the rest of the school for a match game on Friday evening. Moffitt was elected captain of the team which was to face the Junior and Sophomore brethren. Nearly everybody in college was out to witness the game. It was a hot, dry afternoon, and the men worked and panted and looked sad because they were allowed so little water. Every one was jolly, nevertheless, because the teams seemed so evenly matched. Soon after the game opened Moffitt made a touch-down, but after that the long hairs worked up and down and back and forth across the field without doing much but fumble and pile up and try again. Only two minutes remained of the first half when by good blocking Tomlinson got snugly around the right end, then off down the field he went at a brisk trot for sixty-five yards, and the first half closed with a score of four to four.

In the second half Moffitt, made a long run and another touch-down, kicked goal. The Juniors say ten to four is not a bad beat

and want to play another game with the same team. We hope it may be arranged. The men who played were :

MOFFITT'S TEAM.

TOMLINSON'S TEAM.

Bradshaw.....	Quarter.....	Worth, P.
Hill.....	Left-half.....	Tomlinson.
Hooper.....	Right-half.....	Lewis.
Moffitt.....	Full-back.....	Cowles, W.
Short.....	Left-end.....	Kerner.
Hedgcock.....	Left-tackle.....	Blair, W.
Farlow.....	Left-guard.....	Foscue.
Hankins.....	Center.....	Gant.
Brown.....	Right-guard.....	Barbee.
Hocket.....	Right-tackle.....	Glenn.
Tuttle.....	Right-end.....	English.

The foot-ball team has organized with H. S. Tomlinson as captain. John Lewis has been chosen captain of the second team.

CHANGES THE SUMMER HAS WROUGHT.

IN THE BUILDINGS.

During the past vacation a considerable amount of improvement has been made about the College. In the buildings, besides the usual repairs, the placing of new hall lamps in Archdale, etc., the laboratory has received much attention. More desk room for students has been furnished, thus enabling large classes to more satisfactorily carry on their laboratory work.

The sinks are furnished with water conducted through pipes from Founder's Hall. Prof. Augustine Blair has also the working facilities of his department bettered by the addition of some new chemical apparatus. He has recently purchased over two hundred dollars worth of instruments and supplies.

ON THE CAMPUS.

The changes on the campus are quite marked. The residence of Prof. White, near the Y. M. C. A. building has been removed to a position east of Founders. It has been freshly painted and a new veranda added to its front. The cottage north of Archdale,

together with the barn, wagon sheds, and other buildings have been moved and now occupy a place some distance north of Founders.

Thus from many positions all five of the College buildings are now in plain view, while the beauty of the campus, which this year seems greater than ever before, is not marred by the presence of a number of unsightly buildings.

AMONG THE FACULTY.

Owing to the severe illness of her mother, Miss Lillian J. Hill was unable to spend the summer in study, but at the opening of school returned from Indiana, bringing, as usual, packages of china with which to supply her students of the Art Department.

Augustine W. Blair, B. S., Guilford College, '90, and M. S., Haverford College, '96, is now our Governor and Professor of the Natural Sciences. Professor Haviland, whom he succeeded, has been traveling in Europe this summer and the coming year will teach in the Friends' Select School of Philadelphia.

Samuel H. Hodgin, A. B., '95, has this year been elected to the position of assistant in the Preparatory Department. He succeeds Prof. L. M. H. Reynolds, who will this year teach at Archdale, N. C.

IN THE MUSEUM.

The collecting the past vacation was in Florida. From the Gulf Coast of South Florida a number of the most beautiful as well as the most rare tropical birds which occur in that section were secured. Some of them are quite large, having an expanse of wings of eight feet or more. Among the specimens brought back are the cormorant, pelican, man-o-war bird, roseate spoon-bill, anhinga, and dusky duck. Over fifty varieties of shells and other curiosities of the sea were also collected and carefully prepared.

Some curious birds' nests, together with their eggs, secured in the savannahs of South Florida, have also found their way into the cabinet. There have also been some relics and other things of interest placed in the Museum recently by interested friends.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

DIRECTORY.

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SEPTEMBER, 1896.

WE often hear the injunction from some of our professors that very early in the term students should form a program of their work, that it may be done systematically. This advice is worthy the thought of every student and by it we should profit. All of the time should not be employed in the study of text-books when the advantage of a good library presents itself. In the journals, magazines, and other papers which come as welcome visitors to our library, the questions of the day are discussed, and by the reading of them a person comes in touch with the outside world. When our college days are over then will we long to recall past opportunities, that they might be improved. Therefore let us plot a definite plan of work and assign a period for reading.

FOOT-BALL'S debut in the all-comers' game of last Friday two weeks was a success in every way. When the stone wall of the "world" lined up before the sportsman of the middle classes of the college it seemed complete victory for the former, and such proved to be the case. But not until the superior team work of their opponents had often placed the issue in great doubt.

Such a beginning is indeed propitious. The absolute necessity of a foot-ball team in our midst can scarcely be questioned. That foot-ball has come to stay, as Prof. Haviland said in the days long gone by, is literally true. The testimony of competent physicians that the great majority of serious hurts in the game are due to previous physical disability, coupled with the fact that the game is being made more and more mild, should remove the objections of those who cry against the brutality of the game. The way should be thrown wide open for the development of the game. It teaches self-control, energy, quick thought, and tenaciousness.

THAT old saying, "When you don't know what to do better do nothing," has had a striking vindication in the course of student life here during the last year. It was in a call meeting of the students last fall term that an effort was made to dispose of the matter of securing new members to the young men's societies by a committee which should secure the names of all candidates and by lot distribute them to the two societies. There was considerable opposition made to the plan in that it failed to give free choice between the societies to the new men who come in from year to year. The meeting being undecided, after a few expressions of belief in our ability to keep down the misunderstandings arising between the societies at which the new plan was aimed, adjourned; and although the change continued to be advocated no action was taken on the subject. The canvassing season of last spring term came and went with scarcely no misunderstandings. The society work did not so much as before encroach upon the work of the other institutions of the college. Throughout the term there was frequent visiting between the societies. Now at the beginning of this term we have pushed our society work with the usual vigor and we have not seen a conflict between its and our other interests, nor have we heard an unkind word spoken in all the competition between the societies. The efforts of each society have been aggressive and persistent but entirely free from that spirit of littleness and meanness which descends to the level of persons and questions the motives of the society men. It is quite the thing to see friendship between new and old students but as a fact we can remember when such a thing was hard to effect, so great was the apprehension in the minds of both old and new students that any

advance in that way was not real but merely for society interests. So then the course of our student life has led us to the place where we can carry on our society work without restrictions of any kind. Every student is free to join whichever society he likes better. We have not had to bar our societies off from our other college interests, from our religious work, from our studies, and from athletics. For this we should indeed be thankful.

AS students enter the college walls they should have a purpose in view—that of developing their minds in the greatest possible way, and that means should be employed to attain to this end. In the class room the ideas suggested in the text-books are developed, and each day the mind is more and more broadened. But as one kind of food does not satisfy our bodily needs, so a mixed diet is needed for the brain. At no better place may the diet be varied than in the society halls, where the thoughts stored away burst forth in brilliancy and eloquence which act as a stimulus to all who hear them, arousing some to the speaking point and all others to a degree that makes them good receivers and good conductors. Many of our young people desire to become public speakers or lawyers, and in the society may the foundation be laid. The questions of the day are there presented that would not have been met with elsewhere. The societies belong wholly to the students, and as such every one should grasp the opportunity of joining one of them. Should a student go through college without becoming a member of one, at some time, they will sadly regret it.

THE new regulation of the faculty against all hazing marks an important era in the growth of our college life. It met the hearty approval of the student body at large. We had been having a steady education on the subject for years. Governor Perisho, in the years long gone by, had told us the story of Daniel Webster; how that when the tall and ungainly youth entered school he was badly hazed and treated with general contempt by the older students. Said Prof. Perisho with that commanding presence which carries conviction: "Young men, you can't afford to be unkind to a single boy in this institution." The members of

the faculty and *The Collegian* are found to have denounced hazing on all proper occasions. The light of other colleges continually beamed in upon us. The fact that the practice was being entirely abandoned by the Northern colleges had the weight. The fact that the new boy had to be taught his place was equally weighty, and believed with great intensity, so much so that even boys in good standing were still found advocating some mild punishment to those who persisted in being Freshmen in the full sense of the word. They would tell as an argument how much good the pillow fights and wettings did themselves. This kind of talking held in check for several seasons the movement for equal rights to all. "Hoboker" societies flourished, and some of the members doubtless believed that they did Order's service. Finally we see by reference to an old *Collegian* that this band of knights errant was dissolved, and that if hazing was done it was on the sly. For the idea had come to prevail that in Guilford College no student is his brother's keeper to the extent that he shall black and beat him with pillows for a matter of difference of opinion on the general fitness of things. And at this juncture the faculty resolution came in. We most heartily approve of it. It declares of hazing that this unkind and barbarous practice is forbidden.

A RETURNED student to Guilford is struck by the marked change in the appearance of the campus. One hardly recognizes the place. The college buildings, hitherto surrounded by the large barn, cottages and other such structures, now stand entirely free, out in bold relief on the spreading green campus. Indeed the sight is much more pleasing. The crowded, irregular appearance of before gives way to one of freedom and dignity. The oaks are growing to be quite large, and show off to a better advantage, and in every way the natural beauty of the place is improved. The removed buildings now form a cozy village of their own just back of the campus proper. And to one who is so fortunate as to visit this farm yard of the college the sight is really home-like. He becomes fully as much attached to it as to the broad campus in front. For here he knows is the headquarters of the fertile farm which contributes so much to the comfort of the students.

LOCALS.

—College has opened full.

—Have you joined a literary Society?

—Did you see the fusion game of foot-ball?

--Tomlinson, at 12 P. M.: "Only three yards to gain, fellows!"

—Gant brothers make a flying visit home last week.

—Hear Mr. Greenfield, the free silver orator of the west.

—Prof. D.: "What is the Vatican of Rome?"

Wise student: "A great theatre of some kind."

—Preston is anxious to learn the meaning of that stray hickory over President's desk the other morning.

—Where little Weiborn was found the other day: In the museum snugly tucked in the pelican's pouch.

—A great deal of German is talked around the College. A Soph. at the table was heard to call for the bread of "Bear Moffitt."

—If you would have your vocabulary enlarged come in touch with Frazier.

—Tom Cunningham, who served the boys of Archdale so faithfully the past few years has been succeeded by John Rosemen. Tom is at Westown, Pa.

—There is good material in school for a foot-ball team, and the boys are interested. Let's have some match games arranged for soon.

—It is very encouraging to see the interest manifested in Y. M. C. A. work by old and new students alike so early in the term. This is a great power for good at Guilford.

—We are glad to welcome James R. Jones and family to Guilford College. They intend soon to be residing in a new residence on King Street.

—Young men do not fail to patronize those who advertise in *The Collegian*. See new ad.'s in this issue.

—The girls' collection room at Founders' has been reduced in size by partitions and another dormatory fitted up.

—"Peck" was over the other day. He says he is going west to grow up with the grass-hoppers.

—Prof. Blair, the new Governor, is of the class of '90. He is a worthy successor to Prof. Haviland, whom we are loath to give up.

—On last Friday evening the Henry Clay Literary Society discussed the money question. A lively and able discussion resulting in 16 to 1.

—Join one of the literary societies. This is not compulsory but highly important to every boy and girl coming to Guilford College. It is one of the greatest factors of the College.

—The funeral of Charles Ballinger occurred here on the 26th inst. He was well known here having been raised in the vicinity. He died of typhoid fever after a short illness.

—A pleasant party, consisting of Misses Mary Petty, Lucile and Blanch Armfield, Virginia Ragsdale and Henryanna Hackney, Will and Jesse Armfield, Oneil Ragsdale and Herbert Petty, recently came by the college on their way from Western North Carolina, where they had spent several days rambling in the mountains. Henryanna will be at Guilford this year.

—No danger of fresh beef becoming too ancient now. The smoke-house has been remodded and fitted up into a modern cold storage building. Henry still skins the beeves and feeds the cats.

—Among the many old faces at the reception we were glad to see Berta Tomlinson, Ottis Mendenhall, Paul Lindley, Pearl Moffitt and Fleta Brown.

—The Athletic Club is getting in good running order with its new officers. Let everybody join. Out of door exercise is essential to your best health. If you don't play foot-ball you can play tennis.

—The words of Prof. Davis in collection a few mornings since should not be passed on lightly by us. Let us as students be more concerned about laying the foundation than choosing a vocation

—Mr. Richard Newby, of Tennessee, preached at the College one Sunday recently. He is a young man of fine physical appearance and impresses his audience as a man of power.

—Miss Ruth Worth, who spent the past year at the Malone Bible

School, at Cleveland, Ohio, is a member of our present Junior class.

—The Senior Class is glad to welcome Vernon L. Brown as one of its members this year. "Virgil" seems not to have been changed by his year spent in Florida, except perhaps he is a little taller and his over-shoes are a little larger.

—The Senior class has organized with the following officers: O. P. Moffitt, President; Lelia Kirkman, Secretary, and Bertha White, Marshal.

PERSONALS.

J. L. Vest has been engaged the past summer with a civil engineering party on the Southern railroad.

Mr. Pearson reports that on his way from Florida he met J. N. Coltrane in South Carolina. Mr. Coltrane and his brother Frank have charge of a "merry-go-round."

Zella McCulloch was recently married to Mr. Cheek, of Mebane.

John Welborn has a position with the Home Furniture Co., High Point, N. C.

Mamie Pegg has been united in the bonds of matrimony with Mr. Olden, and now resides at Fairview Institute.

S. A. Hodgkin will teach at Tabernacle, N. C., this winter.

We are glad to know of the improved condition of Jos. H. Peel, who has been confined for some time at the home of his uncle, J. Elwood Cox, of High Point.

W. W. Mendenhall made application to the business managers of *The Collegian* for the pass over the Southern railroad. Why does he wish to travel so much over this road? a friend wonders.

Jasper Thompson intends teaching near Snow Camp this winter,

Miss Emma White will teach in the Graded School of Concord, N. C.

E. M. Wilson spent the summer amid some of North Carolina's

beautiful mountain scenery, He was accompanied by a young man from Philadelphia to whom he was tutor.

Eugene Gillespie returned to Hampden-Sidney to complete his course in Theology, after spending the summer preaching at Bennettsville, S. C.

E. O. Reynolds holds a position in a marble yard in Phoenix, Arizona.

W. T. Woodley, '94, has charge of a high school in Henderson, N. C. He will be assisted by his sister, Miss Isabella Woodley.

C. M. Hauser is book-keeper in the Commercial National Bank of High Point.

W. H. Mendenhall is book-keeper in the bank at Lexington, N. C.

E. E. Farlow will remain at the College and teach the public school North of Joseph Parker's.

Miss Mollie Roberts teaches in the academy at Siloam, N. C.

Miss Addie Wilson teaches at Providence, N. C.

Mrs. Mary Finklu, of South Carolina, formerly Mary Hunt, who attended N. G. B. S. in 1855-'56, made the College a visit since the opening of this term. She was delighted with the growth and improvement of the school since she had seen it nearly forty years ago. Her friends hope her visits may be more frequent in the future.

Joe M. Lee writes the following from Augusta, Ga., under date of June 13th, 1896: "I am on my way to New York to live. Have been in the insurance business in Chattanooga for two years and have been promoted to New York. Was married five weeks ago in this city, and am stopping over a few days with my wife's people."

Mary Ann Winslow, together with Elijah Peele and wife, are now visiting Deborah Parker. Mrs. Winslow and Mr. Peele were students here in the forty's.

OBITUARY.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the all wise Creator to remove from this world, on July 11th, 1896, our loved friend, Margaret Edna Farlow, a former member of the Philagorean Society, and graduate of this institution, therefore, be it

Resolved, 1st, That although we know He doeth all things well, still we realize that our society has lost a friend who was ever willing to do what she could for its advancement.

Resolved, 2nd, That we bear witness that she was a devoted Christian, a living testimony of Christ, and we rejoice in knowing that her life ended in happiness.

Resolved, 3rd, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved brother and sister, and commend them to our Heavenly Father, who is the Great Comforter.

Resolved, 4th, That these resolution be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy be given to *The Guilford Collegian* for publication.

BERTHA WHITE,

SALLIE STOCKARD,

CLARA COX,

Committee.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 2.

"CONSIDER THE LILLIES HOW THEY GROW."

I planted, when the snow was thickly falling,
A root of promise in a sheltered spot.
It grew, its tender leaves the warm sun calling,
Each day it grew but still it blossomed not.

For weeks I watched and waited, almost sadly,
To see the buds come with the budding year.
But tier on tier of frond it added gladly,
Nor hasted tho', the Easter tide was near.

At last through Nature's wonderful alchemy
The fullness of the plant's own life had come,
The buds were seen maturing slow and steady,
Then bursting into perfect radiant bloom.

From where Bermuda's balmy airs are blowing,
In spicy fragrance round their island shore,
Fair lillies of the resurrection growing
In alien soil beside my humble door.

* * * * *

We laid when April's skies were softly bended
Our darling sister in a lowly place,
But well we knew that life, which here had ended,
Was opening elsewhere with fairest grace.

And that within our Father's home eternal
The fragrance of her earthly life was sent,
The root was laid in earth, the flower supernal
Was blooming now, its mortal shackles rent.

We look not for a dim and distant waking,
 But see her blessed amid the happy throng,
 Again upon her own fond bosom taking
 The little maiden mourned by her long.

Ah, sweetest hope of all our earthly holding
 Is that, the river of eternal life beside
 We'll stand, the Saviour's love and light enfolding
 All those who living loved and loving died.

Our mortal part is but the young soul's cover,
 Our earthly life the soil and sun and air,
 The rain and tender dew which o'er it hover,
 And start the growth, which finds fruition there.

—*Mary Mendenhall Hobbs.*

GEORGE ELIOT'S POWER.

MARY A. BRYANT.*

There are certain subjective writers whose thoughts now and then become a mirror in which we catch such delightful glimpses of themselves that their personality and their works become inextricably interwoven. When we attempt to separate them, and look for our hero in the facts and incidents of biography, the result is a chilling disappointment. Indeed, they should not be separated; both should have due consideration in an estimate of the author. "A man's life is his poem," says the ungenial critic when he detects inconsistencies; "by that let him be judged." But if it is not his only poem! To say that the book which moves the reader to a high moral purpose has naught to do with the writer, and must have no weight in our judgment of him, is to make genius inspired idiocy and the author an irresponsible being.

The heart sickens at the hopelessly narrow and unchristian criticism which cries out against the novels of George Eliot—works of the highest moral purpose and the broadest brotherly love of any of the century. "Away with them!" A criticism based upon a

* This lecture was read by Miss Bryant at the summer Chautauqua in Tenn.—See Editorial.

knowledge, and that too often but a partial knowledge, of the facts of her life. And these facts, which seem to have made upon charity too large a demand to be met, are as follows: Her first husband, George Lewes, prior to his meeting George Eliot or Marion Evans, had been married to a woman who proved faithless to him, eloping with her accomplice. The law, God's and man's law, granted him a divorce, after which his wife returned apparently penitent, was forgiven and received by her husband, whose charity she rewarded by eloping a second time and with her accomplice. Surely the second offense was graver than the first. But not so said the law, and no second divorce could be granted to the doubly injured husband. It was after this he met George Eliot. It may be well for us to consider what she was when her friend and teacher, Herbert Spencer, introduced her to George Lewes. She had advanced far into maturity. She was known as the most cultured woman in England; a delicately organized musician; an accurate mathematician; a linguist and scientist; but, with all her wide resources, she could never silence the voice of her heart. She walked the art galleries of Europe with as keen a sense of beauty as most minds know; she looked upon the glories of the Continent with eye as lustrous as wonders could make them; she threaded the intricacies of Florentine politics with careful and accurate footsteps, and yet, to her friends in England she sent home letters not filled with ecstasies at what the Continent revealed, but with a heart-wail for the friends from whom it separated her. Early the victim of the most rigid Calvinism, in which she devoutly believed, her faith had had a reaction natural to the broader horizon, and religious differences now separated her from her family. With its many disguises, the ordeal of Maggie Tulliver's estrangement from her brother, was a chapter from George Eliot's own life. In this worse than solitude of human affections she was found by George Lewes, a character with simply a basis of agreement and sufficient unlikeness to her own to strike a responsive note. The law which could grant him no divorce from the woman who had twice wronged him could issue him no license, and thus no marriage ceremony could be performed.

The soul, too, has its deep tragedies, unuttered, and often unutterable, and in its shadow George Eliot lived and died. What were the words the immaculate Saviour wrote in the sand, when others would have cast stones, has never been known. Perhaps it

was something touching the law of love. Charity demands a long perspective. We look at Shakespeare down two centuries and are silent; but George Eliot lives so near us we must needs lift our skirts. Fisher Ames has said of her, "She was at once the greatest and the weakest woman of her time." Yes, the greatest through her intellect, the weakest through her heart.

In Charles Kingsley's writings there is no passage more characteristic of his large soul than the last paragraphs of that English classic, "Hypatia." As the curtain falls on the closing tragedy of the fair infidel's life, he says, "And she went unto her own place." As the Christian Bishop, full of hope, meets his end in triumph, he reiterates, "And he went unto his own place;" and for the fiercest of the Goths, with his sword uplifted against the church, and falling in the carnage of battle, he has no other requiem, "And he went unto his own place, and God knows." With this lesson in charity let us pass on to the novels of George Eliot, all of which we owe to her married life, for it was George Lewes who first revealed to her the secret of her genius. George Eliot, as you know, is not a story-teller in the same sense in which other novelists are. Her plots are not the most skillful, nor her incidents the most thrilling. Even in characterization she may have rivals, but in one respect her province is undisputed, and that is in the subtle analysis of motives. In this nobody has approached her; nobody can deny that her sway is supreme. Her divining-rod turns with unhesitating accuracy to the true source, and thus she lays bare the hidden spring of action, as through the intricacies of the inner life she threads her way with unerring footsteps. Whether the subject be the priest-craft of Machiavelli or the sublime fanaticism of Savonarola, her broad gaze comprehends every aspect, and charity and justice strike hands. In *Bulstrode*, it is said, she has depicted the only possible hypocrite literature has given the world.

Thackeray has no acumen finer than the sentences that drop from the lips of Mrs. Cadwallader. "Dorothea," says Celia, in attempting to account for her sister's having chosen that fossil, Casauban, to love, honor and obey, "Dorothea says he has a great soul." "A great soul!" exclaims Mrs. Cadwallader, "a great bladder to rattle dried peas in!"

The rich flavor of Mrs. Poyser's wit, rich in its uncouthness, is an ever recurring delight. "A woman," says Bartle, the school mas-

ter, "thinks two and two 'll come to five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

"Ay, ay!" says Mrs. Poyser, "one 'ud think the men were cute enough to count the corn in a bag of wheat wi' only smelling it. They can see through a barn door, they can. Perhaps that's they can see no better on this side of it."

"Ah," said Bartle, "the women are quick enough; they know the right of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows them himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser, "for the men are mostly so slow their thoughts over-run 'em, and they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking top while a man's getting his tongue ready, and when he out wi' his speech at last, there is little broth to be made of it. It's your dead chicks that takes the longest hatchin'. However, I am not denyin' the women are fools; God Almighty made 'em fools—to match the men."

"Mill on the Floss" and "Middlemarch" mark the beginning and culmination of George Eliot's genius. Maggie Tulliver is characterization, but she is drawn with a more uncertain touch, less finished execution than Dorothea. Maggie Tulliver is the artist's first manner of depicting a soul struggling with its environments. Dorothea is the last, and, though portrayed with masterly power, she stands the embodiment of the vexed problem of woman's destiny under a system of education which makes a woman's knowledge another name for "motley ignorance;" in that social air, where collisions, like Dorothea's, must occur; where great feelings will take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusions. Her womanly soul looked deep into the question, and saw that the reform in woman's destiny was not to be found in the ballot-box, but in a broader education—the broadest a woman can receive—for it is not a part, but the whole truth that sets one free. That she was a woman, not even her *nom de plume* nor her "Clerican Scenes," presumably written from a man's standpoint, could disguise.

To her power of analysis nothing is a mystery. She probes into motives till she reconciles the most puzzling of inconsistencies, the choice people make in matrimony.

"We became poor, and I was tempted," said Gwendocin. She drifted into marriage as men do into robbery, and with consequences scarcely less fatal. The brilliant position she had longed

for, the imagined freedom she would create for herself in marriage—these had come to her hunger like food with the taste of sacrilege upon it, which she had snatched with terror. She had a root of conscience in her, and purgatory had begun for her on earth.

And poor Dorothea, "enamored of intensity," what seems more natural than her mistaking great aspirations for great powers; and the mustiness of dead, unintelligible thought in Casauban for the flavor of antiquity; as if Milton, or the judicious Howker, had arisen from the grave and asked her to lay her life down on the marriage altar for the honor of being his amanuensis. Enamored of intensity, how could she refuse sacrificing herself in so great a cause; and Lydgate—the victim of a beautiful woman, when her beauty was heightened by a transient sadness, and he read in the tear that glistened on her cheek his destiny. Years after, when the conflict between them had subsided, and no longer hoping to realize an ideal life, even in his ambition, from which he had to descend to coin his brain into money to gratify his wife's desires, he called her his "basil plant." "And what is that?" said Rosamond. "Oh, it was a plant that flourished off a dead man's brain." And into that sentence was crystallized the whole story of poor Lydgate's life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD.

LUCILLE ARMFIELD.

They were a very merry party as they sat around the wide fireplace in the library of St. Joseph's, Judge Rawley's residence—named in memory of his only son who died many years before—situated in the suburbs of Denver. The room was simple in appearance, yet very elegant. Much of the furniture, like the books along the walls, upon close examination and inquiry revealed a world of interest and delight. The dark walnut desk, upon which an English poet wrote his immortal verses; a tea-table of real Moorish design, speaking of sunny Spain in the days of Cordova and Granada; quaint tiles from an old castle on the Rhine; all told

of happy days on the other side of the water. The hard-wood floor, covered here and there with rich rugs, shone like glass in the fire-light which danced so merrily over all.

Judge and Mrs. Rawley were giving a house-party to celebrate the announcement of their daughter Virginia's engagement, and now after a week of gaieties she herself had proposed a fagot-party, since no special entertainment had been arranged for the evening. As the bundles of drift-wood were thrown upon the fire the flames leaped up, sparkling and crackling, playing with each other as the little wavelets play; while above the crackling was heard a solemn roar like that of the mysterious sea. Various colored lights were thrown from the spacious fire-place upon the various faces ranged around. Upon Judge Rawley—a man covered with honor and success, cherishing memories of a happy past and hopes for a happy future—the mellow golden light seemed to fall. The green lights, so fatal to the majority of complexions, enhanced the blonde beauty of his young daughter, making her look like some large, pale-hued opal. While upon Pauline Rawley—her father's wife, not her mother—who sat at one end of the hearth, only the shadows fell, through which her face gleamed like a star, needing no light to beautify it save that of her own dark eyes and brilliant smile. And though more than thirty years had passed over her head that wonderful brightness in her face had been in nowise dimmed. All the red lights seemed to play upon the fine figure and finer face of Virginia's fiancé, Laurence Mitchell, who was rejoicing in the first flush of a great political success; while the purple light shone upon the fair head of his much younger sister, Margaret. By her side sat Campbell Scott, a rather serious youth who was preparing for the ministry, and who had every appearance of having learned another lesson while he was studying theology—a lesson that is older still. Over in one corner where light and shadow met with a charming effect of twilight, Mrs. Rawley's brother, who was a foot-ball hero, and a cousin of Virginia's, a well-known society man, leaned upon the piano in characteristic attitude of grace and devotion. While one of Virginia's college friends played an accompaniment her cousin, Clara Hunt, the one gifted member of the family, lifted up her glorious voice.

As the bundles had been thrown one by one upon the fire, each had contributed something to the general entertainment. There had been an account of a thrilling war experience by Judge

Rawley; the conventional college yarn from the foot-ball man; Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, played with much feeling, a violin solo by the ministerial student; some clever society-verses relating the experiences of the house-party; and a song or two with the accompaniment of guitars. Clara Hunt's turn had come and she was singing "Oh! Promise Me."

"Oh! promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,"

rang out the superb, pleading voice; and then there was infinite pathos in it as it lingered over the words:

"Oh! promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in all the land."

When she had finished there was a chorus of praises, then Virginia exclaimed, throwing a new bundle of fagots on the fire:

"It's your time now, mama. Do give us a love-story, it would be so appropriate."

"But how can I?" asked Mrs. Rawley, shrinking back. "I have never prepared one and indeed I doubt if I could ever tell a story at all."

"Oh! yes, you can, dear, please do," pleaded Virginia in her most coaxing tones. "Tell a really true love-story, if you can, or you might read one in the fire, as that girl of Dickens' used to do. What's her name? Oh! Lizzie Hexam. You remember, mama—the one who used to read things in the hollow down by the flare."

"Do, do," cried everyone, and there was a general closing-up around the fire.

"I will try," she answered, "though I have very little imagination."

"Well, let me see," she began in a gentle even voice, looking quietly into the fire. "There was once a boy—and a girl. It always is 'a boy and a girl,' is it not?" she playfully added. "This girl was a friend of mine years ago, and yet I remember her perfectly—her tall, slim figure with just a suggestion of frailty about it, and the face which never could be handsome, so hopelessly irregular its features were. And yet it was an interesting face, for it was wonderfully expressive; nor could it be otherwise since the soul that looked out of it was one of the most sensitive I have ever known. A friend once said that she always made her think of

Moore's lines: 'The heart that is surest awake to the flowers is always the first to be touched by the thorns.' She had a lonely life, almost without a friend, until she was eighteen, and when this boy—I will not call him man yet—came her way and loved her and worshipped her—for he did love her, I am sure of that, he showed it in a thousand ways—one cannot easily imagine just how much it meant to her. They were friends from the first, almost, although she had seldom given confidence and friendship to any one; for, owing to a sad chapter in her mother's early life she had been taught to be distrustful and suspicious of all. But he was such an open, bright, trustful fellow that it was small wonder that she never had any dark doubts concerning him. He was one to please a more exacting girl: in appearance, like fair-haired Siegfried of old, tall and strong and beautiful; with a singularly brilliant mind; and with all the attraction of enthusiastic youth about him.

"His devotion to her was most touching—nothing could have been more loyal. To her he was always the same bright, faithful friend, whatever her mood might be, and whenever she wanted him most he was sure to be near by. But he never said 'I love you' in those three words; yet he showed it in his eyes every time they rested on her, he let her see it in almost every sentence, but best of all he lived his love every day for two years. Nothing could have appealed to her heart more than this—she gloried and exulted in it so—for it was a pet theory of hers that a deep, true soul would never prattle of its love, not even to the beloved object. She was first convinced"—she paused for breath, for she was speaking very rapidly now, "she told me that she first *knew* that he loved her one day when she gave him some flowers. It was in the spring, in May, and the flowers—I believe she said the flowers were pansies, and she saw the trembling of his hand and noticed the little tremor in his voice as he thanked her. She was a person to think a great deal of little things of that kind.

"But after two years the parting came. She went away to college, and then she discovered just how much he had been to her. She said that she had grown so accustomed to his affection that it had become like the air, necessary to her happiness, though unappreciated till lost. Then she realized that she had given her heart for good and for all into his keeping. To comfort herself she plunged into her studies—she worked hard, but with discouraging

results, trying to make herself worthy of him of whose talents she was so proud.

"Toward the end of her college course she had an awakening. One of the college clubs had undertaken to present 'Romeo and Juliet' and she had been giving the role of leading lady. That night her success was wonderful—complete. A noted actor had coached the girls and he invited his manager to the play. After the performance the manager requested to see the Juliet and raved over her. 'Genius, genius! madam, he cried, grasping her hand in congratulation, 'to create such a charming Juliet with no training!—and then with such a face!' Then she knew, she admitted to herself that she was very ambitious to become a great actress. She had felt it all her life, but had resolutely put the thought aside as being unworthy of her. Now her ideas had been changed in the last few years and her heart began to beat wildly with hope and pride. The manager offered her a position in his company—an unimportant part, of course—but one where she would receive fine training. Flushed with success, happy and proud of herself for once, she accepted.

"She went to her room that night confident of her future, and found a letter in the well-known hand-writing. Then came the hardest struggle she had ever had. All night long, as she lay upon her bed, she fought it out. She saw before her a brilliant, dazzling career, colored in her feverish excitement with rose-hued light—the thing which had been nearest her heart for so many years. But more plainly still she saw those appealing eyes and heard the pleading tones she knew so well, and she thought she would almost rather die than disappoint such a faithful friend. Toward dawn she looked upon that beautiful, alluring life with different eyes. She saw the long days of labor and longer nights of uncertainty—the loneliness of it all came over her—and she gladly turned to another picture, that of a happy wife secure in her own home-nest; for she knew that come what might she belonged, and always would belong, in a way, to another.

"So she simply wrote the great manager that she had changed her mind; she gave up her career, and in a short time went home." She stopped a moment or two and her tone was very impassive as she added: "Her lover was away at the time—he did not return for a year; and just before she saw him, she heard that he was engaged to a beautiful young girl—a great favorite in society."

The fire fell down with a little crash as the last words were uttered, and every one but the speaker started.

"What became of her?" eagerly asked Laurence Mitchell.

"The rest is too sacred," she replied, "for that girl is dead."

To relieve the sadness which seemed to be settling over the company, Virginia exclaimed quite gaily: "All of which goes to prove that higher education and fame and all that sort of thing do not take away a woman's power of loving."

"But one example cannot prove a rule," replied her betrothed. "And then I know of a circumstance which was just the opposite of this one."

"Do tell us about it?" begged the ministerial student who was always eager for anything like an argument.

"It's your time, anyway," urged several others.

"But I have a ghost story which I must get off my mind," he pleaded.

"Oh! let the ghost story go," remarked the society man, "you'll disturb the ladies' slumbers. Give us the antidote to Aunt Pauline's story."

"Since you insist, I will tell what I know, though it is scarcely worth the telling. It all happened so many years ago and was such an unimportant matter that I must have forgotten much of it. But I remember that a fellow I knew well was deeply in love with an ambitious girl. She was rich, clever, beautiful—the most beautiful woman in the world, he always said. Nevertheless, it was a rather strange thing—his loving her. They were so different; he was neither rich nor brilliant, but he had a good mind and the merriest heart, which made him exceedingly popular. Anything like his personal attractiveness I never saw in any one else. Like most young men he wanted to do something great, but his idea of what it would be was rather vague. Somehow he thought that success would come to him without any effort of his own, as hosts of friends had always come. Well, he loved this rich, beautiful girl, who was very studious, rather inclined to be serious, and who appeared to have a great purpose in life. Besides she was very reserved and rather proud—people accused her of being cold and hard-hearted; but I am sure she never was that. And it was stranger still that she cared for him; but I suppose that it was their very dissimilarity which drew them to each other, even though they seemed to have no interests in common.

"A great change came gradually over her. I never saw a rose unfold more beautifully in the sunshine than her heart opened at the touch of love. And he was so changed, too. I remember that I once happened to see her pin some flowers, some carnations, on his coat—it was a strange thing for her to do. Exactly what happened then of course I cannot say, but they had an understanding, and I know that he never was the same fellow afterwards. He was less gay and light-hearted—he seemed to have become an earnest man all at once. The boys—his friends—used to say that it was fine to hear him go on about what he intended to do, what he was going to be, etc., etc., far into the night.

"After a while they both went away to college, she 'way out East. Her family wanted to give her the best possible advantages, for she gave promise of being a famous writer some day. He had the greatest confidence in her powers and sympathy with her ambition, so he would not bind her in any way, but let her go. Even if he had dared, he felt ashamed yet awhile to ask her to give up so much for such an unworthy fellow as himself. So they parted gaily, almost tenderly.

"But soon her letters began to show a great change in her. They were full of her studies, her new interests and associates, and were so cold and indifferent to him. The college life seemed to be what she had craved and needed for her happiness. At first he tried to excuse her coldness, saying that it was not her nature to be demonstrative. 'She was away two years, and I suppose they just drifted apart. He soon left college and entered public life, which must have been a disappointment to her, for she wanted him to be a scholar, a Professor in some college. But of course he was working for her—she knew that. I suppose the college life changed her necessarily—developed her ambition—she could not help it. It was not her fault, of course; only the natural result of her going to college. Often he would get discouraged and long for her sympathy. He used to go into society a great deal at this time, because people praised him and petted him, which was sometimes healing to his spirit. But this could not satisfy him. At last he had been honored in a way of which he might be proud, and he went to her, not in his pride, though, but very humbly, desiring to tell her that every honor was nothing without her love. He found her so changed—I have never seen such a transformation in any one. She would not let him speak of all that was nearest his heart—so hard

and cold she was. She let him understand perfectly that everything between them was over. I don't think he ever blamed her at all,—only her education and her training. You see he loved her so."

The last words sounded so sad, Virginia gave a breathless sort of gasp and asked :

"Is that all?"

"No; the worst came a little later. She married a very wealthy man and went abroad to study and travel."

"And is he married?"

"He is not married yet."

"I am sorry that such a delightful evening must end, said the Judge, rising. 'Remember to-morrow'—that is always my motto."

As the crowd was saying good night, the society man remarked to himself: "I think we have had two ghost stories to-night of which I don't approve at all."

Evidently he had taken them very much to heart.

* * * * *

And were the stories true? Yes, entirely true, with one exception; for the flowers were not pansies at all nor carnations either, but just violets—in both cases, or in the one case, I should say. For though neither ever knew it they had told the self-same tale. You see bits of autobiography are about the truest tales that we can tell anyway. Is it not so?

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND LITERARY ACTIVITIES.

[Extract from Alumni Address.]

By RENA G. WORTH.

To speak for books and authors seems almost an impertinence—they are so abundantly able to speak for themselves. To do so is suggestive. Either our men and women of literature are doing very little, or they are doing very much. And what is the tendency of present-day literary activity?

The fact that there were published in this country last year 1,050 works of fiction alone, besides sixty-four new editions making an

average of twenty novels a week throughout the year, including English and American works and translations, at once puts 1895 on record as the most productive year the American book trade has ever known. Books made here do not always represent American authors, while they *do* extensively represent American readers; nor do books produced solely by American authors by any means cover the whole ground of American culture and our broad sympathies with the literature of the whole world.

America has absorbed traits of many lands and peoples. The cosmopolitan character of our literature, grown up thro' the mixed nationalities of our readers, makes it difficult to define very closely what is American literature. We have an intercourse with the world which is close and unintermitting. The elements of our nationality are in a sense heterogeneous. The languages and customs, and traditions, and modes of feeling of every people in Europe—to go no farther—have come at one time or another, and entered into the ferment of American life. This, perhaps, has given us an unconscious habitude of variety, the “disinclination to cling to one way of life or thought until its perfect conclusion.” These influences are in no part so clearly evinced as in our intellectual yield.

It is too much to expect that we have anything American in the sense that the product of Italy is Italian, or that of France is French. But the broad American mind sees in this diversity of influences the best possible condition for a full and perfect literature.

It was difficult for a people cultured at the outset to break away from all the traditions and customs of the mother-land. And the very fact that the English authors were so easily obtained lessened the necessity for an early American literary product.

For two hundred years after the founding of our colonies, the conditions were most unfavorable to literary production. While the thought and learning in the American colonies began just where it had arrived in England, the physical state and environment of Americans were those of men who find themselves encountering the primitive nature of a savage world. Early literary passions were absorbed in the clearing of forests, the building of homes, and the making of a government.

But with the first repose came a group of cotemperate singers and prose writers whose notes and eloquence have reached all lands. The great in literature has always come from men leaving a nation behind them. It must be so; for “literature of genius is

not the expression of the man who writes it. It is the expression of the deep, united feeling of his people." For more than one hundred and fifty years before the advent of our great writers, New England had had a distinctly native growth.

Hence Boston became the cradle of our classical literature. Boston standing for the whole of Massachusetts, and Massachusetts in the literary impulse meant New England. Massachusetts was peopled by immigrants of pure English stock and grew into a homogeneous and intensely native commonwealth. So it transpires that within a period of less than fifty years Massachusetts gave us Everett, Bryant, Prescott, Bancroft, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Motley, Parkman, Lowell, and we may say Longfellow; though born in Maine we must know that for some time after the birth of Longfellow, Maine continued a part of Massachusetts, and the influences of Portland were Boston influences; and he ultimately was of the Boston group.

At that time New England literature meant American literature. The products of these authors had all the characteristics of a national literature. It was complete in all the departments of romance, oratory, philosophy, history and theology.

Although New England has ceased to be a nation in itself, and very likely will never again have anything so like a national literature, the influence of its varied power still remains.

Mr. Howells says it will probably be "centuries yet before the life of the whole country, the American life as distinguished from the New England life, shall have anything so like a national literature. It will be long before our larger life interprets itself in such imaginations as Hawthorne's, such wisdom as Emerson's, such poetry as Longfellow's, such prophecy as Whittier's, such grace and wit as that of Holmes, such humor and humanity as Lowell's."

The briefest contrast of Middle and Southern conditions with those of New England may emphasize the reasons for this isolated patch of literature. In Virginia there was the feudal policy of dispersion and a contempt for book-learning as compared with active life, which placed a ban upon letters. The courtly, romantic life of the South gave rise to but fragments of literary production. No intellectual change was made so long as human slavery was the basis of its physical life.

It would perhaps be but just to mention the names of William Gilmore Simms, the novelist-poet, Pendleton Cooke, long the typ-

ical Southern poet, whose name is joined with the memory of a single song; Poe and Albert Pike.

Whether or not the old line of greatness continues, we have today a literary activity which is more widespread than that of our master-writers, and in which the influences of our larger life are readily seen. Present-day literature does not show such varied power as the New England literature. Our best writers are all confined to one class—that of novelist or story-teller.

The novel plays such an important part in the literature of today, that to treat it at length would be to almost comprehend our literature. It is significant that such writers as Dean Farrar, Dr. Joseph Parker, and Andrew Lang of England, who have been so popular in other lines, should not feel satisfied without an attempt in the realm of fiction. The majority of the people read for entertainment and the novel entertains. Realizing that the masses of the people are to be reached through the novel, it is no marvel that the best talent is drawn thither.

The work of the novelist is a superior work. He must create plots, situations, characters, personalities, and he must bring these together in lively touch with current sentiment and life. Fiction is the most representative kind of literature.

As to themes and motives, no country offers more stimulus to literary endeavor than our own. The subject matter is here, if only our makers do not become insensitive thereto.

The special tendency of fiction in both England and America today is toward a local fiction—the presentation of local types. Almost every new work of fiction is a study of some section. The value of the local type depends upon the ability of the writer to make it significant of universal traits. This is the secret of Miss Wilkins' power in "Pembroke"—which work Dr. Conan Doyle pronounces the greatest American novel since the "Scarlet Letter." She deals with a little New England village and strongly marked New England types, but works out in that village and through those characters "a drama of human passion and suffering which is local only in the sense that it is placed on a particular stage."

We have schools of writers in the East, the West, and the South; but the attempt to build up a literature on sectional lines is doomed to failure. Whenever Eastern, Western, or Southern life has been strongly depicted, it has proven intensely interesting not because of its sectional, but because of its universal features.

It is perhaps less than thirty years since the West as distinct from New England began to furnish any literature. Among the first of these writers was Mark Twain of Missouri, who became a figure of world-wide fame at Hartford. We hail the school of writers of the West. They furnish some of our strongest and best productions. The Western literary movement contains in the fullest degree the patriotic element. Its spirit is nothing if not American.

Our writers have always been loyal to the voice and inspiration of their time. The literature of greatest strength has been produced in time of intensest thought. With this standard it is not hard to determine the tendency of present-day product. The literature of to-day presents a dozen styles. There is no standard, no conventional type, no good model. It is a "go-as-you-please" age.

The material revolutions of the world react powerfully on its literature. The central note of our literature to-day is the dominant influence of sociology.

When we consider the inordinate productiveness of the present day, it is remarkable that we are forced to acknowledge so few really good books in each of the great departments of literature. An amazingly large per cent. of recent books, while they may fulfill their functions without discredit, scarcely command serious consideration as literature. The first reason for the weakness of present literary production is that so many authors make "pot-boilers" of it. Walter Besant advances the theory that novel-writing can be learned like any other profession, by any young man or woman who will work at it industriously and intelligently! This reminds of the happy hit Mr. Zangwill not long since made. He describes the latter-day prolific writer in the remark he made on Anthony Trollope.

"I always figure'd to myself Trollope's novels as all written on a long, endless scroll of paper rolled on an iron axis nailed up in his study. The publishers approach to buy so many yards of fiction, and shopman Anthony, scissors in hand, unrolls the scroll and snips it off at the desired point."

The greatest danger to our literature, and consequently to the morals of American readers, is the partial if not wide-spread acceptance of the theory of "art-for-art's-sake." It is what may be called the negative spirit that broods over modern effort in letters that the chief menace may be found. This "art-for-art's-sake" mood can

come from none other than the spiritual unrest, or abandonment of religious convictions and ethical ideas which is undoubtedly brooding over the minds of our makers of literature. Whatever is morbid, cynical, and decadent in our present day literature is a sure emanation from the lack of faith and courage following on the loss (or at least change) of definite religious sentiment. We cannot turn ethics out of art. Too often our great realists ignore the two potent elements in aesthetics, viz: taste and selection.

A mere glance at world literature proves beyond peradventure that the moving and permanent forces are those which are healthful, vital, positive, optimistic. It is a fact of which we are proud that the decadent is not *representative* American literature. That it has unhealthful tones we cannot deny, but it is on the side of humanity—it is enlightened—it is in the spirit of Christ.

In the South there has been marked progress in literature. We have developed as a distinct section of our country, and again are lost in the entity of a nation. Southern authors have chosen largely to make use of the simpler elements of life. We have here a fine untrammelled field for letters.

The whole reading world has been turning to the simpler aspects of life. In this worried and harrassed, business-driven and ambition-tossed world, we welcome one who takes us from these things and shows the beauties of simplicity. "America will never be chained to mammon's chariot wheels while she has here and there a son who turns his face ever toward the shining unveiled face of truth."

Now is a time when we gain our poetic light from a multitude of minor singers. We have no brilliant leader, but the average verse is good—so good in fact, that few poems can be said to stand out boldly from the rest. The modern American poets do not show less favorably than the corresponding choir of Great Britain. American verse is more charged with national sentiment than that of the late English poets. England's poet laureate is an incumbent of Queen Victoria's court office, but certainly not the successor of Tennyson. English and American writers have so nearly the same audience that in one sense the literatures are inseparable. Contrasting the two one finds perhaps in the English greater virility and more refinement and spirituality among American writers. It is literature which feeds the immortal part of us. Great books contain the life of our race.

The literary field is so filled with writers of greater or less power,

whose gifts are as numerous as themselves, that to comprehend them would prove but a tedious cataloguing. Looking to the future of American literature we apprehend for it the scope and permanency of which the present output seems prophetic. There is in it a healthful tone which makes our authors worth to be read. And as we have in less degree, so shall we in greater, move forward giving place to none but the good.

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.

BY W. A. BLAIR.

De days am growin' shorter an' de nights am gittin' cool :
 My pickaninnies worries me 'bout gwine off to school.
 Red-meated watermillions am now about all gone,
 De 'backer crop's a failure, and' es sho' es you is bawn
 Everything's agin a niggah ! He ain't got no show ;
 While dey talks Free Silver, he's layin' mighty low.
 Dere ain't no 'scursions runnin' ; times keeps on bein' hard,
 We ain't got a single chicken a scratchin' in de yard.
 Looks like de pig don't grow a bit ; my rabbit dog am dead,
 An' whar to git de hoe-cakes bothers dis niggah's head !
 But,—dat's all right, I reckon,—case I'se got my banjahyit,
 An' a chaw or two o' backer, an' a place whar I can sit,
 An' praise de Lawd forever, an' smoke my ole clay pipe—
 Fur dere's lots o' possums and simmons 'll soon be ripe.

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OCTOBER, 1896.

WE are indebted to Miss Mary A. Bryant, of Pennsylvania, who spent the summer in the village, for the article, "George Eliot's Power." The works of the writer are here viewed by a broadly cultured mind, and we take great pleasure in presenting the article to our readers. It will appear in two divisions.

THE warm weather at the beginning of the term was so oppressive that the students could not use the gymnasium as a place for exercise. As a substitute for the drill received there, the girls have played basket-ball on the campus. This is a comparatively new game, very interesting, and one in which the physical abilities are developed. The players are divided into two divisions as nearly equal as possible, each division consisting of goal-throwers, guards and centres. The game is won by the division throwing the ball into the basket the greater number of times in a given period. Each time it is thrown into the basket scores one point. We hope this game may be permanent at Guilford, since outdoor exercise is as necessary for the development of the young women as for the young men.

WE wish again to directly call the attention of our students to our own advertisers. We have no hesitancy in saying that we wish to form a "ring" and boycott all those who do not advertise with us. That is, provided we can possibly secure our desired purchases from those who place advertisements in our journal. This may not sound very broad spirited. It is business, however. It is fair. It is right. It is necessary. And Members of the Faculty are also invited to enter into this spirit. A college magazine is necessary. And its success is very largely dependent on financial considerations.

AS we go to press the foot ball men are in many ways showing their enthusiasm over the approaching game with the University. "*Men! Can we score on the University? We can if we have the support of the Student Body! Come out and play! Come out and coach! Do all you can for old G. C. Hurrah!!*" This Napoleonic speech of the foot ball captain is nailed up in sight of all the Archdale boys. We give it because it conveys most faithfully the exact feeling here in regard to foot ball. Indomitable courage is certainly manifested. It amounts almost to a heroic spirit. But why should one get so patriotic? The cause is not far to seek. "If we have the support of the student body!" reveals the secret. This bold spirit is aroused by the fact that a large per cent. of the students *need* stirring up. They are not thoroughly interested in athletics. To be plain, some of us are lazy. Oh, such a word! but its true. And perhaps the truth may make some of us free to play foot ball. Let it be so. "Hurrah" at the last, tho', sounds hopeful, and we verily believe that from henceforth even more interest will be taken in athletics. In passing we feel constrained to say that the limited number who have pushed athletics, and we especially have in mind the captain, deserve great credit for their efforts.

"SEIZE the day, trust as little as possible in the morrow," written by Horace, is a motto which we can make our own at the present. In school as the daily opportunities are presented we improve them, thinking nothing of the future. If the daily recitations are satisfactory, the student has no fear of a poor

grade on examination. On the contrary, some students leave their lessons partially learned as they go over them and at examination time they try to learn all they have been over, and of course the result is failure. Time passes very rapidly and so little is accomplished. The day, the present, is the only time we have, and each moment is precious; therefore, let us see to it that each one is seized and some good derived therefrom: for if we "take care of the minutes, the hours will take care of themselves."

DOUBTLESS many students have become dissatisfied with the system of socials as they have been for many years past. After a lecture a few couples who had engagements would stay at King Hall in conversation for half an hour, more or less, while all the other boys and girls would hasten to their respective dormitories. At the beginning of this term the socials began as in the past, with only four couples. Some of our teachers became interested for a reform, and the plan was formed that the young women should be divided into committees, the duty of each committee being to entertain the young men and the other young women. As yet only one of these has been held, but it was a success, and the same plan will be continued during the college year. This arrangement causes the socials to be dependent on the girls, but we think the young men will not object if the old system can be improved.

WE especially call the attention of students to the department of physical culture. The work is now well under way. The days will soon be gone for this year when we can regularly take exercise in the open air.

All students who have not should at once avail themselves of the opportunity before them.

It is a fact, whether some of us realize it or not, that the body should receive the most careful training. You can't grow a good body by chance. It should be cultured none the less than our intellects and our spiritual natures. Never was there greater intellectual advantages. Never was there greater interest centered in the spiritual life of our people. And physical development is at last receiving scientific treatment. To the unthinking the opinion long prevailed that the physical would look out for itself. That natur-

ally it received its share of attention compared with the intellectual and spiritual. It may seem now, on first thought, that physical development receives more attention from the average student than the other two sides of his nature.

But careful observation at least leaves one in doubt as to this, if it does not prove the contrary.

Of course the young person takes exercise before intellectual training properly begins. But in an aimless sort of way ; with great irregularity. His physical life in one way and another is often hopelessly undermined before he knows it. Little or nothing has been taught him about the systematic building of a body. On the other hand, the student for years has heard the importance of training his mind, and for six hours a day. If few have been prevailed on to think rightly about spiritual development, are there not hosts of us who have spent many a miserable hour brooding over the awful consequences, if our lives be spent in sin ?

The average student, and hence the average college, has given little attention to physical life. Not so with this institution, established by that thoughtful people, the Quakers, sixty years ago, Along with their advanced notions as to slavery, war, position of women and purely spiritual religion, they taught with energy the threefold development. At "Old New Garden" physical development was kept prominently before the students. And when systems of gymnastics, grounded on scientific investigation, were put before the country a few years since, our authorities were not slow to investigate the different plans, and as a result the Swedish system was adopted, an expert employed, apparatus secured, and last year one of the very first gymnasiums for scientific training in the South was opened to the students of Guilford College. Some thought and still think the step was a little venturesome, owing to the ample advantages for outdoor exercise already afforded by the grounds, and to the necessarily increased expenditure incurred. But such a course is so manifestly in keeping with the past efforts of Friends to develop the *whole* man and so competent is our present director that we think no fear should be entertained as to the success of scientific physical training at Guilford College. Once begin to think, students, on the importance of much care in your physical growth and we are sure that the department in a large measure has fulfilled its place, for then you will be eager to be trained and will point out its necessity to those who follow you in life.

LOCALS.

—Prof. Hodgkin rides a new wheel.

—Sallie Stockard and Walter Blair are assistant librarians for this term.

—Guilford was well represented at the Bryan speaking in Greensboro.

—The Websterians have recently added a beautiful painting to their hall.

—Some splendid works on political economy have been added to the library.

—The Junior class regrets to have lost one of its lady members—Miss Payne.

—The joint entertainment is expected to be held on Saturday night, November 7th.

—Joseph Glaister, of England, gave a gospel temperance lecture at the College recently.

—We are glad to see Gould Welborn again in Archdale after a short stay at home with fever.

—Farmer Knight continues to make improvements. He is now building an addition to the cattle barn.

—Mr. C. W. Hunt, editor of the *Burlington News*, and his daughter visited the College a short time since.

—A handsome little sum was received for the support of the football, as a result of the Athletic entertainment.

—Two new tennis courts have been prepared on the campus, and the young ladies are the ones who are "in it."

—Guilford sent a good delegation to the Y. M. C. A. District Conference, held at Elon College, October 2d to 4th.

—The many friends of Jos. Peele were glad to see him at meeting a short while since. His health continues to improve.

—It is encouraging to see so many boys in College. Rooms have been fitted up in the Y. M. C. A. building, owing to the incapacity of Archdale.

—A number of Miss Cornelia Roberson's friends gave her a pleasant surprise one evening before she left for Bryn Mawr.

—Emphatic doorkeeper: "Tickets please." Indignant Milikan: "I paid for this ticket and I don't propose to give it up."

—We have never before had better prospect for foot-ball. Our boys are in earnest, and Capt. Tomlinson means business.

—On the night of the 15th inst. Pres. Hobbs gave an interesting lecture upon the subject of primary education in North Carolina.

—The members of the Philogarean Society were most pleasantly entertained one evening not long since in a meeting of the Henry Clay Society.

—It was a pleasure to the young men to have Miss Young, of Raleigh, to lead their Thursday evening prayer meeting recently. A splendid impression was made.

—Mrs. Worth, wife of the State Treasurer, was at the College recently, to accompany her daughter who goes home for rest. We hope Miss Annie will soon return.

—The W. C. T. U. of the neighborhood gave a picnic at the church last week. A program was executed and refreshments were served to raise funds for the S. S. library.

—Frazier is much disturbed. An invitation from the young ladies to the young men in Archdale, cannot possibly be interpreted broad enough to reach his quarters in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

—The students show their usual interest in singing, and are taking advantage of the splendid opportunity afforded at Guilford. The chorus class reorganizes with the greatest number in its history.

—What became of the potatoes and apples that some of the girls had walked so far to get not long ago? They had disappeared and no one seemed to know where. Miss Louise (when asked to secure them) walked up to a girl whom she thought had them and said: "If thee has those apples and potatoes, save me some."

Y. M. C. A. ITEMS.

The District Conference was held this year at Elon College, October 2, 3 and 4. Our Association was represented by eight delegates. Two of our students had exercises on the program, and President Hobbs delivered the final address Sunday night. The delegates speak very enthusiastically of the good time they had, and of the very kind and courteous manner in which they were received and entertained by the good people of Elon College.

The attendance at the mid-week prayer meetings continues good, and the interest is fully as marked as at the opening of school.

At a recent business meeting of the Association it was decided to make some improvements in the room of the Association building in which the meetings are held. The wood work, probably, will soon be stained and varnished.

ATHLETICS.

October 10th the Guilford foot-ball team went over to Chapel Hill and played the University team, losing the game by the score of 26 to 4. This is the first time for four years that a North Carolina college foot-ball team has *scored* on the University, and our men are to be congratulated for having broken this record, and for holding the U. N. C. men down to a score no larger than 26. There was no trick or accident about Cowles getting across the goal line, but it was simply by hard, steady work that the team moved off down the field and put him across for a touch-down within four and one-half minutes after the game begun. The men are jubilant, and it surely looks as though Guilford may have a show this season. Other games will probably be played soon. The men who went to the University were as follows:

Worth, quarter; Cowles, right half; Tomlinson, captain and left half; Jordan, full back; Hill, right end; Petty, right tackle; Farlow, N., right guard; Brown, V., center; Hockett, left guard; Pepper, left tackle; Kerner, left end.

O. P. Moffitt has been elected manager of the Tennis Association. Frank English has been chosen captain of the second team to succeed John Lewis, resigned.

PERSONALS.

Wm. H. Hockett is farming near Centre, N. C.

Joe Hayes is in mercantile business at Gulf, N. C.

Wm. H. Watkins is attending school at Chapel Hill.

Will Cook is clerking in Lindley's store at Pomona, N. C.

J. O. Ragsdale is teaching in the Academy at High Point.

Ben Morris has resumed his medical study at Louisville, Ky.

Whit Barbee is at Raleigh engaged in the carpenter business.

Robt. and Joel Blair are at Western Boarding School this year.

Chas. P. Ragan is in the manufacturing business at High Point.

Miss Gertrude L. Cunningham is teaching at Wilmington, N. C.

R. H. Hayes is practicing law at Pittsboro, Chatham county, N. C.

Naseem Siman is building up a good school at Yanceyville, N. C.

Amy J. Stevens, '96, is keeping house for her father in Goldsboro.

O. E. Mendenhall, '95, and H. A. White, '94, are at Haverford College, Pa.

Miss Bessie Meader is book-keeper for the Globe Furniture Co., of High Point.

Miss Julia White occupies the chair of mathematics in Pacific College, Oregon.

W. W. Allen is in the express business in New York city. His address is Jersey City, N. J.

Arthur Morris has returned home after completing a business course at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The *Earlhamite* announces that on the 23d of September, Prof. Caswell Grave was married to Josephine Grave at the residence of the bride's parents in Richmond, Ind. They go to Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, soon, where Prof. Grave will resume his work as a student.

CLIPPINGS.

INDIAN SUMMER.

While summer days grew brown and old,
A wizard delved in mines of gold.
No idler he—by night, by day,
He smiled and sang and worked away ;
And, misers scorning, with free hand
He cast his gold across the land.

The maples caught it ere it fell ;
Witch-hazel turned before its spell ;
The golden rod's high plumes of green
Wore feathered with its golden sheen,
While barb'ry bush and bitter sweet
Wore berries golden as the wheat.

Still smiling, o'er the trees he wound
Long russet scarfs, with crimson bound ;
He hung a veil of purple haze
O'er distant fields where cattle graze ;
He bathed the sun in amber mist,
And steeped the sky in amethyst.

—*Lydia Avery Coonley.*

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true :
To think without confusion clearly ;
To love his fellow men sincerely ;
To act from honest motives purely ;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

All the bending hedge rows seem
A Joseph's coat of colors. Hues
That shame the rainbow's royal arch,
Set all the harvest-fields agleam
With beauty fresh with fragrant dews,
To crown the season's onward march.

THE MAKING OF MEN.

As the insect from the rock
 Takes the color of its wings ;
 As the boulder from the shock
 Of the ocean's rhythmic swing
 Makes itself a perfect form,
 Learns a calmer front to raise ;
 As the shell, enameled warm
 With the prism's mystic rays,
 Praises wind and wave that make
 All its chambers fair and strong ;
 As the mighty poets take
 Grief and pain to build their song :
 Even so for every soul,
 Whatsoe'er its lot may be,—
 Building as the heavens roll,
 Something large and strong and free,—
 Things that hurt and things that mar
 Shape the man for perfect praise ;
 Shock and strain and ruin are
 Friendlier than the smiling days.

—*Chadwick.*THE DREAM.

A little boy lay a dreaming
 Upon his mother's lap ;
 He dreamed that the pins fell out of the stars,
 And the stars fell into his cap.
 So when the dream was over,
 What did this little boy do ?
 Why he went and looked inside his cap,
 And found it was not true !

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
 Long as thy Science truth shall know,
 Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
 Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
 Long as thy God is God above,
 Thy brother every man below ;—
 So long, dear Land of all my love,
 Thy name shall shine, Thy fame shall glow.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

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To the Guilford Boys :

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**Clothing, Furnishings,
and Traveling Accessories.**

Respectfully,

E. R. FISHBLATE,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

W. R. RANKIN, MANAGER.

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GEORGE ELIOT'S POWER.

MARY A. BRYANT.

"Middlemarch" is the expression of the highest culture and shows the years that bring the philosophic mind. "Romola," though less profound, is more dramatic. And yet, while there is in it the germ of a grand tragedy, it lacks the essential features of the drama—man in action; for, with George Eliot, action is secondary and infrequent. She sits, in gloomy majesty, the arbiter of men's motives, her plummet line thrown out to sound the depths of human thought and reason. The story opens with the handsome shipwrecked stranger, the charming Tito, a Greek so-called, but one of those persons born a cosmopolite, a Greek, an Italian, or even an American, if you like. Yet he seems to be born for the sunny life and crooked politics of Florence. He has on his person rare jewels, which of themselves were enough to commend him to the aristocratic families of Florence, for the De Medicis had created a taste for antique gems. But even without them he could have won his way. He had that gliding tact which never runs into flattery, but is even more effectual in putting others into a good humor, for it had the masterly touch of scholarship which is always wanting in flattery. Now note the fitness for the mission he has to fulfil in the book. His aim is success, and to obtain that with ease to himself he must make victims of others. All this is declared by Romola, the grandest of his victims, whose life, becoming beautifully intertwined with his own, is as rudely severed. Perhaps no work of George Eliot requires as much mastery of plot as Romola, a plot showing the peculiar bent of her genius, a plot requiring less ingenuity in incidents than in subtle analysis of character. Whatever subject her pen touches immediately assumes a metaphysical aspect; for she is eminently a mental philosopher.

The plot demanded in *Romola* was an intimate knowledge of a character like Tito's. This is the ground-work for a grand super-structure, and the book might be called "The Soul's Tragedy." In the whole range of English literature there is not to be found, not even in *Macbeth*, such a masterly picture of the growth of sin—the canker in the heart of the rose that eats into its fiber, defaces its loveliness, extracts its color, absorbs its fragrance, and yet leaves the plan of God visible in its ruin. It was necessary that Tito should bring conflict into every life he crossed, for he crossed it, not, as *Romola* says to Lillo, with "wide thoughts for others," but with purpose relating solely to himself. Hence his amiability, his desire to please, his pliant words which so readily converted truth into a plausible falsehood, were just the disguise he needed to succeed. "The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape," and there is little doubt but *Iago*, the worst villain of literature, would have made a shining archangel, if his power had been directed with equal force to good. There is nothing finer in light and shade than the two characters in contrast—Tito and Baldassarre, her adopted father. It is the picture of the gloom of old age, with its withered hopes and fast decaying faculties, friends accumulating, prosperity dawning, and the whole crowned with the love of a rare woman. These are the thoughts which rush over us, when the prisoner, Baldassarre, lays hold of Tito's arm before the Duomo, claiming a father's recognition in the midst of his success, surrounded by the friends who admire him. It is one of George Eliot's finest touches, with a whole volume of suggestion in it. It is no wonder she had Piero di Cosimo paint it with the look on the handsome face of one who has seen a ghost. This conflict, which begins with Tito's denial of Baldassarre, is too fierce to relinquish its grasp. It is a gloomy setting for the picture, and often in silence we see it brooding, and we feel instinctively that it must last while the picture lasts, and that Tito and Baldassarre must go out of life together. The separate threads, with their intricate windings, crossing and interlacing each other in the life of Tito, and drawing on to their several dooms his victim is, in movement and culmination, strikingly like *Othello*. *Romola* is a long gallery of thoughtful, thrilling pictures at distant intervals. Between them one pauses long to think, to feel, to rest from emotion, and gather strength for the next. Tessa, the pretty contadina, with her guileless, child-like face—Tessa and the children

bring into the picture its only sunlight; and the wit of Nello relieves the sombreness when it threatens to become too oppressive. Baldassarre is so important a character that he never enters without producing a climax. At the Duomo, grasping the arm of Tito, in the back-shed, glaring upon the frightened Tessa, and again in the attempted assassination of Tito; among the prisoners, listening to Savonarola—Romola looking on with a strange presentiment at the supper in the Rucelli garden, baffled again by Tito; age, desolation, and decay of faculties turned against himself to aid in justice and the triumph of the handsome youth, for whose prosperity he had sacrificed his own best gift to be denied by him and brought to greater shame in his own adversity.

There is not a more masterly picture in the whole book; his interview with Romola outside the gates, his kindling interest in life when he believes he has found in her the passion of an ordinary woman, ready to aid in inflicting pain where she has received the keenest pang that womanhood can know; the voice of vengeance galvanizing him into life, when the last breath is fluttering. All these pictures, the result of Tito's perfidy, would be insupportable, a gloomy gallery of horrors, if it were not for the counteracting influence of Romola, that inspiring moral sense, that elevation of life one receives in every contact with this woman, as lofty in soul as she was queenly in person; that aspiration and high ideal of life and its duties, that rises triumphant from the funeral pile of disappointed hopes and beautiful vanished illusions; that transforms the sufferer into the radiant madonna who walks fearlessly through the pestilence to rescue its victims, a picture whose inspiration you can never forget. She has taken a nursing child from the breast of its dead mother. She is holding it in her arms, with its cheek pressed against her own, and her whole attitude and bearing are so strikingly like the pictures of the Virgin that a cowardly young priest lurking outside the city walls and looking through, divided between an inclination to flee the plague-stricken city and the religious teaching which bids him stay, seeing her, falls on his knees and cries: "Holy mother, forgive me; I'll come back!" And feeling himself supernaturally sustained, he returns to the scene of horror and duty.

From the day that Romola attempted to flee in the garb of a man from her husband and the hateful memory of her marriage, and the arresting voice of Savonarola, charged with a message from God,

sank into her heart, the regenerating work had begun; and the whole aspect of life was changed for her. Behold her way of looking into the complicated question of right and wrong. She was Tito's lawful wife, he disgraced her in a thousand ways, but the way a woman is slowest to forgive man—that of taking an unlawful wife. The woman whose heart is untouched by the Gospel of Christ would have turned from this wife, consumed by the memory of her own wrongs. Romola looked pityingly upon her as one of his victims, one of the ravagers in the path of the fell destroyer of her happiness, but also one of the ravagers which she must bemoan like the worldly, selfish woman as a wrong to herself, but repair. Morality may reach sublime heights, too; it may make one noble to an enemy, but the thing which it can never do is to take that enemy to its heart, forgetting herself, smooth out the path of life, care for her daily, nay, love her! Why were Tessa and her children dear to Romola? Why did her queenly soul step down from the high places of earth and pass her life among the lowly to raise them to herself? It was because the Gospel of Christ had informed her heart, "Do the will of my Father and you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," free from the fetters of selfishness that, judging by the intellect alone; seeing rather by illumination from the Sermon on the Mount, that there is a higher right than morality or mere intellect can know. The light that shows one why Christ could die for his enemies fell upon Romola and taught her how to live for them, and as far as possible repair the wrong they had done the world. But even in her less ideal character George Eliot strikes down to the root of good to find the divine plan.

Where, I ask you, does the milk of human kindness flow more freely or taste sweeter than in her pictures of the most faulty of her English clergymen? In the description of Mr. Irwin, in *Adam Bede*, she says: "It is very pleasant to see some men turn round; pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air in winter, or the flash of firelight in the chill dusk."

Joshua Raun comes to complain of the dissenters, the Methodist preachers, Dinah Morris and Will Maskery, and finding the clergyman derelict in the duty of throwing stones, he urges him on by repeating words of a personal attack: "He's been heard to say hard and unbecoming words about your reverence; for I'll bring them as would swear; he called you a dumb dog and an

idle shepherd. You'll forgi' me for saying such things over again."

"Better not, Joshua, better not; let evil words die as soon as they are spoken. Will Maskery might be a great deal worse fellow than he is. He used to be a wild, drunken rascal, neglecting his work and beating his wife, they told me; now he's thrifty and decent, and he and his wife look comfortable together. If you can bring me any proof that he interferes with his neighbors I shall think it my duty as a clergyman and magistrate to interfere with him. But it would not become wise people like you and me to be making a fuss about trifles, as if we thought the church was in danger because Will Maskery lets his tongue wag rather foolishly, and a young woman talks in a serious way to a handful of people on the green. We must live and let live, Joshua, in religion as well as in other things. You go on doing your duty as parish clerk and sexton as well as you've always done it and make those capital thick boots for your neighbors, and things won't go far wrong in Hayslope, depend upon it. And, as to people's saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that any more than that the old church steeple minds the rooks cawing about it."

Now, I think such a sermon as that, with its gentle mixture of reproof and encouragement, is worth a whole volume of religious cant.

But Mrs. Irwin turns to her son and says: "It is really insolent in the man, though, to call you an idle shepherd and a dumb dog, I should be inclined to check him a little there. You are too easy tempered, Dauphin."

"Why, mother," the clergyman replied, "you don't think it would be a good way of sustaining my dignity to set about vindicating myself from the aspersion of Will Maskery. Besides, I am not so sure they are aspersions. I am a lazy fellow, and I get terribly heavy in my saddle, not to mention that I am always spending more than I can afford in bricks and mortar. Those poor, lean cobblers, who think that they can help to regenerate the world by setting out to preach in the morning twilight, may well have a poor opinion of me." What a lesson in charity! How many heated controversies might be shunned by religious leaders if they acknowledge the germ of justice in criticism made against their supposed saintship; and surely the father of infinite purity must smile pityingly at any claim of perfection. But George Eliot

has not finished with her subject, when she has made him speak for himself. Her thoughts cling lovingly to her most faulty characters, and she inevitably returns to them with that keen analysis of motive, that loving desire to touch the very spring of action and have you think well of your brother man, while you pull at the self-same oar on the turbulent sea of life.

For the keynote of all her works is to be found in one of her characteristic sentences: "The cracks and flaws in this poor earlier ware of our humanity, move me to keener fellowship. I am not the finest porcelain myself."

"Clearly," she says, "the rector was not what is called in these days an 'earnest' man. He was fonder of church history than divinity, and had much more insight into men's characters than interest in their opinions. He would probably have declined to give his body to be burned in any public cause, and he was far from bestowing all his goods to feed the poor, but he had that charity, which has sometimes been lacking to very illustrious virtue—he was tender of other men's failings and unwilling to impute evil; one of those men who can know best only by following them away from the market place, the platform and the pulpit, entering with them into their own homes, hearing the voice with which they speak to the young and the aged, and witnessing their thoughtful care for the every-day wants of every-day companions." And this brings us to George Eliot's method of dealing with sin, which constitutes the greatest service she has done for humanity.

We know the Christ-like way. We know that our Divine teacher never condemned a sinner when he could break his heart by tenderness, because to Infinite Purity sin was itself its own deep tragedy. What could a lost reputation be, the busy gossip of idle scorn, to the soul sitting alone among its ruin, the kindly consolation of nature (whose voice is only for the pure) denied; faith a corpse, a dead and heavy albatross, hanging about the neck and bowing the head forever to the earth. Hence, realizing how sin imperils the soul's nobility, Christ, in the sublime movement of the closing tragedy of his life, could look without resentment upon his betrayer, and, receiving the fatal kiss, say calmly: "Friend, art thou come?" Friend still, though betrayer. To the partisan disciple, who cut off the ear of the servant of the High Priest he said, "Put up thy sword," while the hand that was never stretched forth but to heal, touched the ear of the enemy and made it whole.

Human nature struggling toward the divine ideal under any creed—or, what touches our pity more closely while it awakens our wonder—under none, is a sight to touch the angels. I know not whether in matters religious, too, “Heaven lights us, as we do torches not for ourselves,” but I know this: if you have hungered in the wilderness of life, if your rebellious nature would have converted its stones to bread, or reached forth for fruit not your own, George Eliot has said to you by her teaching, you can be an hungered, but you must not be base. If you have ascended the high mountain of ambition, and, overlooking the kingdoms of the world, thirsted for power, looked with covetous eye upon the privileges of the great; if the tempter has so far beguiled you into his worship as to make you bribe for a vote, exchange any lie for a social or political position, traduce another's fame for sake of the wealth that lies within easy grasp, lend yourself to any diplomacy for the gain that may accrue, George Eliot has taught you, you can do without power; it is naught; but if you would have influence you must be true. Whatever be her faith, I speak only of her teachings. I know to climb the height to which she leads, you must have faith. I know that when one is willing to be hungry he may not be base, when he stifles the voice of ambition to sit down in obscurity and perform the humble task that lies nearest him he has triumphed through faith over sin, and where George Eliot leaves him the angels will come and feed him. Have we condemned her? Let us read all that she has written and the criticism will be reversed. The judge and the criminal will exchange places. Into her large-hearted charity she will take our littleness, and it will come out wiser and better for the contact. Have we looked lightly upon sin? In the story of Maggie Tulliver she will tell us we should feel a taint like a wound. Have we found life sad with its disappointed hopes, its tyranny of environment, its taint of heredity and its bitter irony of fate, her heart will strike a responsive note to the deepest pathos we can bring, but she will show us, too, that the triumph over sorrow, over failure, is ever to have “wide thoughts for others.”

[CONCLUDED.]

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

JULIA S. WHITE.

To the eastern man or woman the journey across the continent seems very much more of an undertaking than to the western. This can be accounted for, perhaps, in two ways: First, most of the people who live in the west originally came from the east. They have made the journey once and with memories of pleasant acquaintances and beautiful sights upon the way, the length of miles was forgotten. Second, the easterner imagines himself going to the wild west, to the land of the Indian and the buffalo, in fact, his imagination plays so vigorously that he is almost ready to believe that anything may befall him there. Such thoughts a visit to the west can only remove.

On August 31st of this year (1896) the call to breakfast was earlier than usual in a home in Eastern Carolina, for one of the family was, on that morning, to turn her face westward for a period not yet determined. With breakfast over and packages all strapped, there came the lull previous to the parting moments, which many can testify to be the hardest part of leave-taking. The departure was not unlike that in hundreds of homes in the autumn season, when the younger members of the family are seeking our college halls.

A dusty ride of six miles brought us to the station and soon the train came and "She is gone," were the words upon the lips of those who were left behind.

The ride from Winfall to Norfolk had little to relieve its monotony, save a scene that it might be some time before my eyes should again rest upon the rice and cotton fields of my native State.

The wait in Norfolk was made pleasant by a chance meeting with an old friend. An hour passed very quickly in the discussion of old time acquaintances and newer experiences.

In the afternoon the journey was begun in earnest by a ride across the mouth of the James River. By way of contrast let us remember that at this point one is really in the waters of the Atlantic ocean. By night-fall we had reached the beautiful city of Richmond, Va., and ere we left, at 11 P. M., had found to our complete satisfaction

that the mosquitoes were used to having the Pullman lie over for their benefit.

The next day found us in the midst of the Alleghanies, beautifully picturesque and grand, without being austere. The next morning we reached Chicago. The Windy City is not unknown to many of the people of the United States since 1892, and its wonders need not be described here.

Having secured a ticket for Newbery, Oregon, and a good supply of guide books and time tables, I made my way to Blue Island, a suburb of this metropolis of the West. After spending a few days very pleasantly here, on the evening of September 5th, my cousin took me to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad station, where the train was in waiting, having come in from Boston during the afternoon and now ready to take us on to San Francisco.

Our car, No. 2551, happened to contain a very genial set of people. No. 1 was a Boston man. Poor fellow! he had no teeth, and yet he kept chewing during the livelong day. He had a habit of getting off the car at every medium stop. Once the train was about to leave him, but the engineer kindly stopped and waited. At another place the conductor rushed to the train and ran back to pay his bill at a peanut stand. No. 2 was so exclusive no one got to know him. No. 3 was Mr. Mechanical Engineer, who proved a very nice sort of fellow to have along. His wife is President of the Illinois Epworth League, and he finds no epithet too good for her. No. 4 was Miss San Francisco, who had been spending some time in Boston. Most of the Boston people were in the car in front of ours and she remained with them most of the time. Mr. Divorced man of that car seemed to enjoy her company very much, and once or twice took tea with her.

Perhaps I had better explain here that one of the necessary appendages of an across continent traveller is a lunch basket with plenty of tea, sugar, an alcohol lamp, butter, bread or cake, olives and lemons. With such one can relieve the monotony by making a cup of tea or a glass of lemonade, both of which are very refreshing under such circumstances.

Nos. 5 and 6 were Mr. and Mrs. Chicago. Mrs. Chicago was very nice, spends her life over her fancy work, for which Marshall Fields pays her handsome prices. Mr. Chicago—what shall I say of him—well, he is a horseman. No. 7 was Miss Sixty, a maiden lady with beautiful gray hair, and whose whole appearance was a model

of neatness. No. 8 needs no description, as all readers of this article know her already. Suffice it to say she was a "school marm."

No. 9 was a typical old maid. She left us in Colorado and her place was supplied by Mrs. Maine and her son, a boy of 12 or 14 years.

No. 10 was Mrs. Kansas, with two little girls—very good children and we enjoyed having them.

Nos. 11 and 12 were Mr. and Mrs. Texas. Nos. 13, 14, and 15, Mrs. Iowa and son and daughter.

At 10:30 p. m., September 5th, we started out of Chicago and none of us knew little more till next morning. As we were nearing the great Mississippi, I chanced to awake. The sun was just rising over its eastern bank as we crossed, which made the scene even more impressive. This seen there was plenty of time for another long nap, for there is nothing to be done after one is up,

After cutting off a little corner of Iowa, we reached Kansas at breakfast time. One looked almost in vain for some indication of the Sabbath, but it seemed the world was forgetting it, and ourselves among the number. The Boston car had two song services, but we did not find it out until it was too late to attend.

At Kansas City we had dinner. (On this route they stop twenty-five minutes for each meal station.) Some of us took a walk down one of the streets, but noted nothing strikingly different from any other city. However, as one rides into the city you cannot fail to be impressed with its size and beauty. Whether it is really beautiful or only so in comparison with the plains about it, is a question still unsettled.

From Kansas City to Topeka is a short distance, and in the meanwhile we had seen both the Missouri and Kansas Rivers, muddy steams they are, and are not worthy to be compared with the tranquil James or the winding Susquehanna.

On September 6th we breakfasted at La Junta, in Colorado. Here were the plains, still with trees along the water ways, but soon the scene changed. Pike's Peak, which is visible from the railroad, was hidden from us on account of the hazy atmosphere. By noon we were climbing the Raton Range and seeing nature in some of its wildest moods. (We spent much of the time on the platform and it was here that most acquaintances began.) In climbing this mountain the railroad follows an Indian trail till it enters the Raton tunnel. The darkness of the tunnel over, the descent of

the mountain is very rapid, and at the next station (dinner) we first placed foot on New Mexican soil, and also that of a territory. By supper time we were at Las Vegas, which is near a fashionable resort, and has surroundings which are all the eye could wish.

The next morning found us still in New Mexico, but nearing the Arizona line, and in the very heart of the Indian reservations. Many Indians were at the breakfast station, some with grapes for sale, others just to see and be seen. They could use no English except "twenty-cents" and "forty cents." The papoose was the most interesting sight, a cute little fellow, ready to smile, though the squaw seemed to take life earnestly. This was the beginning of one of the most interesting days, for we could frequently see cow boys herding their flocks—once we saw them catching some wild horses; the country itself seemed different and the people had a decidedly Spanish look when they were not copper-colored. All day long we had nature in her most rugged and grotesque moods, the mountains were bare, the cliffs were bleak, the gorges deep, (one canon) the people un-American—in fact, one had to exercise a sort of broadminded charity to include them among the "We, the people of the United States." The adobe huts were a most novel feature, and this style of house was the most common. Brick and frame houses were seen only in the towns. These huts are a sort of sun-dried mud, shaped so that people can live in them. There was such a scarcity of wood in this section that the posts for the wire fences were so crooked that a Carolinian would not think them fit to burn, much less for any other purpose.

On the morning of September 9th we rose early to see the Needles, which are very sharp mountain peaks(?). This is where the railroad crosses the Colorado River. For a few miles previous to the crossing we made very slow time, for, five days before, there had been a tremendous washout; we seemed to be passing over the sandy bed of what might have been a rushing stream. Everything bore marks of a mighty torrent. The river itself is a muddy stream and had lost all the beauty of the Grand Canon before it reached our crossing. Despite a fruitful introduction to the State of California in strawberries for breakfast, besides the ordinary fruits of the season, this day was the bleakest day of all. We were for twelve long hours, and perhaps more, on the Great American Desert. Except an occasional mirage, or sandstorm, or the bleaching bones of some poor animal, there was little to meet the eye. Where the

train stopped for dinner I saw this advertisement on a wooden shanty, some 8x16 feet, and one story high: "We R Repard to Netain People in a more Hostil Manner than we used to B." A novel feature was the occasional meeting of tank cars, a very necessary provision, as there was probably no water within miles and miles.

The next morning found us busily preparing to leave the train. It almost seemed as if we were only starting; we have become so accustomed to our allotted space.

As we steamed into Oakland and my eyes rested on the bays, which are arms of the Pacific, my mind wandered back to the peaceful Chesapeake. The ferry ride from Oakland to San Francisco is about twenty minutes. The city of the Golden Gate is simply charming. A street car taken at the ferry carries one through some of the most beautiful residence portions of the city and lands one at the very beach of the ocean itself. Flowers grow in great profusion, and many of the potted plants of the east are great shrubs and trees there, especially the fuchsias. Its streets are very hilly and on this account are a constant surprise. In general tone the city impresses one much as New York does.

I spent the day at the ocean and found it the most pleasant day of all. In addition to a very fine beach, a portion of the ocean front is very rugged. On one of these cliffs is built the Cliff House, or a sort of restaurant, with closed verandas, from which one may enjoy the sea in all its vastness while its waves surge and foam beneath you. A little distance from this cliff are two immense rocks, against which the waves dash in all their fury, but on which rest, unmolested, 100 or more sea-lions basking in the sunshine after their morning swim or fishing excursion. These lions keep up a continual howl, heard above the din and roar of the ocean.

One was loath to leave the music of the sea and its beautiful dashings upon the rocks, but time waits for no man, and again I must place myself behind the whirl of the engine. In going from the Cliff House to the ferry, I took the route by way of the Golden Gate. The tints of the late afternoon sun shone upon this peninsula, but with all this I failed to feel the thrill which fancy had said would accompany such a scene.

At 7:30 P. M. our train started for Portland, Oregon. The next morning found us in the midst of the mountains again—the far famed Sierras. I cannot begin to describe, indeed, it seems almost

like desecration to attempt to describe the grandeur of the scenery around Mt. Shasta. For half a day we wound in and out, over and around the foot hills of this great giant, which stood with its snow-capped summit defying the heat of the September sun. Shasta Springs is an ideal place, and many campers seemed to be enjoying rural life in its vicinity. There were two fountains which needed no force pump to send their feathery spray to a height of some 20 or 30 feet. Those readers of *The Collegian* who have seen Round Knob of Western North Carolina, can gain some idea of the beauty of the place.

This route, known as the Shasta Route, is a most wonderful piece of engineering. At one time the road makes a loop, completely crossing itself and having two tunnels in the meanwhile.

Frequently one could look below and see one or more tracks where we either had been or were to go. The deep ravines made one almost quake and a sense of relief was felt when we were again steaming over the rolling plain.

The morning of the 12th brought us to Portland and the afternoon to Newberg, the end of the journey. The whole number of miles passed over between Belvidere, N. C., and Newberg, Ore., was 4,420. Eight days were spent upon the way. To be sure, the journey might have been made in a much shorter time and distance, but the great variety of scenery was well worth the expenditure.

Newberg is a town about 26 miles from Portland, and just out of sight of Mt. Hood. It is nestled in a valley, with the Coast Range on the west, making the sunsets most beautiful at times. The place is new and the resources only partially developed, but the people are active and energetic—full of the vigor of the middle west. The fir tree is the principal forest growth, and the general appearance of the country is not unlike the pine regions of Carolina. Lumbering is one of the industries. The fruits are apples and peaches, still, but plums, (immense things) prunes, apricots and pears are much more abundant. The Willamette River is like our eastern rivers—narrow and deep, on which regular steamboats ply. The college is the dominating influence of the town. The whole community seems interested in its successes, whether it be on the athletic field or in intellectual and literary pursuits.

"THE SAUCY BLOCKADE RUNNER."

J. B. SMITH.

One beautiful afternoon in the summer of 1863 the steamship *Ad-Vance*, the famous blockade runner belonging to the State of North Carolina, with cargo of cloth, blankets, shoes, and other supplies for the North Carolina State troops in the Confederate army, steamed out of the port of St. George's, Bermuda. Her graceful bow headed for the port of Wilmington, N. C., which was at that time closely guarded by a blockading squadron, composed of the fleetest gunboats in the Federal navy, to prevent the very purpose we had in view--that of taking in supplies for the Confederate army. I was serving as signal officer on the ship, being a lad of nineteen years of age.

We had a smooth run of two days and three nights, always keeping a sharp lookout for Federal cruisers, which were kept in these waters to intercept any vessel suspected of contraband traffic. Not being permitted to carry an armament of any kind, our safety depended upon our vigilance and the speed of our ship. To be on the safe side, we would avoid any vessel carrying steam, the smoke being visible before its rigging loomed in sight.

On the afternoon of the second day out, as usual, all hands were called up and told off by the First Officer to their respective boats. It was the purpose of our Captain, Thomas Crossan, if about to be captured, to scuttle the ship, and by means of the ship's boats to endeavor to make our way ashore.

What a motley sight our crew presented! With the exception of our Sailing Master, our officers were Southerners, but the crew was composed of men of every nationality, adventurers attracted to this most dangerous service by the tempting offer of enormous bounties and wages paid in gold or silver.

On account of my youthfulness I was much petted by the officers, especially by the Sailing Master, who was a bluff, typical Scotchman. Heaven bless him! Though by no means of exemplary habits himself, he watched over and guarded me against the temptations to which I was exposed as carefully as a father could have done. He always assigned me to his boat; but Kit Morse, our Wilmington pilot, counted the most skillful pilot and surfman on

our coast, would always whisper to me: "Never mind, Smith, if ever we do have to take to the small boats, you just step in my boat, take a seat by Kit Morse, and if any boat can live through the surf, I will land you safe on North Carolina grit." This always placed me in a quandary, in which obedience to orders and personal safety struggled for the mastery.

It was the intention of our Captain to make the coast of North Carolina at some point about twenty-five miles above Fort Fisher at New Inlet to the Cape Fear River, then to steam down the coast and run in about 3 a. m., which would be flood tide on the bar (our ship being so deeply laden we could not get over the bar except at high water). Owing to our having run off our course to dodge steamers, we made Hatteras light-house about 1 a. m., and although we steamed down the coast under full head of steam, daylight found us some twenty-five miles above Fort Fisher, and brought to view the Federal blockading fleet of five vessels, stretching in a line abreast of Masenboro Sound, and standing off about three miles at sea. The closest scrutiny with the aid of our glasses failed to show any sign of life on their decks. But we knew they always kept up full head of steam. The Captain called Mr. Morse, the pilot, Mr. Morrison, the Chief Engineer, and myself to him and said: "We have either to run off the coast with chance of a long chase from those fellows out there," pointing to the Federal vessels, "and try to get in to-night, or under cover of the fog and smoke from the surf and salt works hanging over the coast line, try to slip by them." Then, after a minute's pause, said, with a sparkle in his calm blue eyes, and with compressed lips, "I am going to take the risk of running by them. Mr. Morrison, be ready to give her all steam possible. Smith, stand by to signal Colonel Lamb to man his guns to protect us. Pilot, take charge of the ship; put her in if possible; if not, beach her."

An extra hand was sent to the wheel, and as I, with my signal flag in hand, took my position on the starboard side of the quarter deck, to the right of the pilot, he said: "Smith, old boy, we are in for it." We steamed on at a moderate speed, hugging the shore line as close as possible to keep under cover of mingled fog and smoke, which stretched like a veil along the coast.

Scanning intently the line of blockaders, I began to flatter myself we were unobserved until we were off Masenboro, and abreast of the line of blockaders, when up went a signal from the

flag ship of the squadron, and in a moment each vessel, having slipped her cable; was in motion under full steam. One steamed in shore to our rear, three came bearing obliquely on our port beam, and one, the "Connecticut," the fleetest of the squadron, steamed to head us off, and we saw that we were in a trap that had been set for us. "Full speed ahead the pilot," signalled the engineer, and the bonny ship bounded forward like a racer. "Up with the colors," spoke the Captain, and the Southern Cross fluttered in the morning breeze from our flag staff astern.

Intense excitement prevailed among the sailors and firemen off duty as they gathered on the forward deck, of which, from our position, we had full view. Among them our chief cook, "Frenchie," who was wont to boast a cap carried off his head by a Russian bullet at Sebastapol.

"Smith," said the Pilot, "twenty miles to Fort Fisher." A puff of smoke, and a cannon ball from the Connecticut skipped the crest of the waves to the forward but short of our ship. I recognized it as a gentle hint to round to and surrender. The motley crowd on the deck, supposing it to be the extent of the Connecticut's ability to coerce, gave vent to their feelings in a suppressed cheer. Alas for the hopes! the last spark of which was soon quenched. The Connecticut, our course not being changed, sent the next shot whistling between our smoke stacks, across the three mile strip of land into the Cape Fear River, as I afterwards learned. "Oh, good God," said Frenchie as he darted for shelter towards the forecastle, but was intercepted by a shot across our bows.

The firing from the fleet had now become general, and amid the whistle of shot and bursting of shell all about us the Pilot said with a smile: "Smith, look at Frenchie dodging about like a partridge in a coop." Just then the signal station highest up the beach hove in sight, and my time for action had arrived which required me to become oblivious to the terrors menacing destruction and death, and by waves of my signal flag spell out, letter by letter, this message to Col. Lamb, commandant at Fort Fisher: "Col. Lamb: Have guns manned to protect us. Signed Crossan, Captain Ad-Vance."

No one can imagine how glad I was at the close of my message to catch the shore operator's reply of "O. K." My official responsibility being now ended, the peril that environed us burst upon

me with full force. Fifteen miles to Fort Fisher! For fifteen miles to be subjected to such an ordeal or that of being dashed to pieces in that fearful surf which mingled its ominous warning with the reverberating roar of the pitiless cannon. I tried to read my destiny in the imperturbable countenance of my companion, a wave of whose hand could consign me to a Northern prison, or perchance to a watery grave. As well seek to penetrate the secrets of the Sphinx as the thoughts of Kit Morse. Yet I knew he loved me, thought of my safety even with this great responsibility resting upon him, for once, as the fragments of shell were falling all about us, he pushed me under the lee of the Sailing Master's cabin, saying: "Smith, that may keep a piece from striking you." How slow we seemed to be running! People ashore likened our speed to that of a bird seeking safety by flight. Minutes to us seemed hours, yet slowly, so slowly as scarcely to be perceptible, we were gradually forging ahead of all except the Connecticut, which was running in a straight line for the inlet, to cut us off, while we had to follow the curves of the shore. On sped the chase! In the press for speed the Connecticut fired only from her starboard guns.

We had now reached the last curve of the shore which projected out seaward, and would have to be turned before we could enter the inlet. This the Pilot traced with his finger and said calmly: "Smith, that will bring us in a hundred yards of the Connecticut. I wonder why Lamb doesn't fire."

Bang! went a gun from the shore battery, and a whitworth shell bored through the hull of the rear vessel, being in point blank range. Suddenly the vessels to the rear gave up the chase and steamed seaward. Not so with that dreaded Connecticut which seemed right across our bows, with our ship as a shield, to protect her from the guns of the fort.

How fast we were approaching her! Every motion of her gun crew became plainly visible, even that of the gunner, as he pulled the lanyard and sent that fearful missile of destruction aimed at our water line, but buried in a wave twenty feet short.

"That got us," said the brave pilot to me. Then, with a quick wave of his hand and a cheery voice of command, "over, hard over." The wheel rolled under the willing hands of the brave steersman; and with the speed of a chased stag, and the grace of a swan, the bonnie craft rounded the point, entered the inlet. The guns of Fort Fisher belched flames of fire, and we were safe.

"Safe! thank God!" burst from a hundred lips!" Even a cheer went up from the deck of the intrepid Connecticut as she headed out to sea. A tribute (as we afterwards learned from a New York paper) from her brave crew to the daring act of the "Saucy Blockade Runner," as they designated us.

Col. Lamb signalled off to know the extent of our damages. I replied: "None visible." He at once pulled off, and as he greeted me with a hearty shake of the hand, he said: "Smith, I knew you to be a truthful boy, but could not believe it possible for any vessel to be subjected to such a fire as that and not be badly damaged." Upon careful inspection, the only damage to our good ship was found to be a dent made by a fragment of shell striking one of our smoke stacks.

The general opinion expressed was that we owed our deliverance to the heavy swell prevailing at sea. The sailor boy thought of his mother's prayers.

Rosedale Farm, Guilford College.

ETHICS IN POLITICS.

H. G.

In these, the closing days of an important epoch in the political history of our commonwealth, it is a good thing if we stop for a moment and take a retrospective view of ourselves.

Seldom have the minds of the masses of the people been in such an unsettled condition. Never before has there been such an awakening among the people on the issues of the times, and never has there been such a pressing need for incorruptible statesmanship as at present.

The exigency of the occasion demands men of very strong convictions and character, who shall be the keystone to hold together and strengthen our great political fabric—men capable of guiding the ship of State thro' the turbulent sea of party discord and sectional strife. For that State must sooner or later go to ruin where ignorance and prejudice and selfishness take precedence of conscience and character. We need men of character because vital

issues are at stake. We need more men like Fabricius of old, whom you could no more turn from the path of honor than the sun from his course.

A man of character may not offer himself for a fixed sum of money and then go home feeling that he has done a man's part for himself, his country and his country's honor. He cannot in any way take undue advantage of those he would defeat. He may not sacrifice the general good upon the altar of a selfish purpose. He will have due respect for those whose opinions may differ in some respects from his own views. He may enlighten, even entreat or persuade, but he may not intimidate, bribe or force. Then if we may measure men by such a standard, how many in this great political crisis must fall! How many, if weighed in the true balance, would be found wanting in the essential points of character? Have we set the standard too high, or have a great many of our so-called statesmen "depreciated?"

We try to believe that the average American citizen is honest and has some idea at least of the great duty and privilege imposed by the ballot, and of its power for good when wielded by a man of character and conscience. On the other hand it is easy to see the evil which may be wrought by a wrong use of this most sacred gift in the hands of the ignorant and vicious. It has not always been that the will of the people as expressed by their ballot has been the law. This thing has not come down to us as an heritage in such a way, and it is not such a trivial thing that men can afford to trifle with it.

Since it is a principle of ethics that men ought to be deprived of those things which they do not use for good, may we not reasonably expect the time to come when we shall be deprived of a much abused privilege? If we try to excuse ourselves on the old plea of ignorance after such a campaign of education and enlightenment as the one through which we have just passed, our feeble argument falls to the ground. Not a single man will vote in this contest who has not had ample opportunity to inform himself on every issue before the people. We are excusable when we do the best we know only when we know the very best possible for us to know.

As sacredly as we deem the right of suffrage, no man has the right to exercise that privilege who does not have the welfare of his country at heart. No man has a right to vote who does it as a mere partisan duty.

He has a right to vote only as an emphatic expression of his will in regard to the deepest and most important functions of State.

If every man would, with a clear conscience and unbiased judgment, without fear or favor, give firm expression of his own will, and all acquiesce in the result, we believe our nation would soon begin to enter upon such an era of prosperity as she has not known before. We are happy to believe that our people, the best qualified for self-government of any, are not yet ready or willing to see ours, the best government in the world, plunged into anarchy and ruin. But let every man know his duty, and, knowing, perform it, and having our banner emblazoned with the watchword, "Character and Conscience versus Ignorance and Prejudice," we shall be able to conquer at any time the most formidable enemy to our country and our country's prosperity, whether they be enemies from choice or enemies—more to be feared—from ignorance. "Be just and fear not. Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's and truth's. Then if thou fallest, thou fallest a blessed martyr."

HOW WE GOT OUR MAN-O-WAR BIRD.

T. G. PEARSON.

In a pass near the Sister Keys, the sloop Mermaid rode at anchor. The tide was running out through the narrow channel and the little vessel, lying at the full length of her cable, swung to and fro in the current. Her prow pointed through an opening in the islands to the broad expanse of the bay beyond. A mile or two astern lay a long, sandy reef, beyond which could be seen the dark, rushing waters of the Gulf, roaring and leaping and throwing up their white hands as if to hasten the coming of the sun, which was slowly descending to their embrace. Into the sunset sailed four fishing boats. Hardy lads of the sea were the men they bore, and accustomed from infancy to the roar of the waves and winds and tide. Little thought they and less they cared for the squall, which one of them had predicted, would come that night from the southwest.

Forward port tied fore and aft to the Mermaid's side lay the fishing boat of Skipper Jim, the captain of the crew.

Scarce had his men doubled the bar and passed from sight behind the mangrove covered islands than, things having been made snug aboard the sloop, we stepped into the fishing boat, hoisted sail, set the jib and bore away in an opposite direction. Soon we were out upon the bay, and turning northward shaped our course towards Bird-key, which we could just make out, a low dark line along the horizon. As twilight gathered numbers of terns and cormorants were seen as by twos and threes, or in small flocks, as they wheeled past on their way to some roost. Once a flock of roseate-spoonbills came into view and passed almost within gunshot as they winged rapidly by, perhaps on their way to a favorite feeding ground on some outlying bar. Ever and anon the derisive cry of a laughing-gull was heard off in the distance.

But the most interesting objects to us were the great giant swallow-like birds, which constantly passed us going in the same direction as we. A swallow with an expanse of wings of seven or eight feet; think of it! But such is the general appearance of the Man-o'-War Bird; a bird of the open tropical seas. It rarely comes inside the bars save to roost, is very difficult to kill and hence is seldom seen in collections of mounted birds.

On Bird-key, the Skipper said the man-o'-wars had a roost, and by care we might secure a specimen. Twilight faded into darkness and half an hour later, from over the water our senses were saluted by all the discordant cries and odors which one experiences when approaching a large rookery.

Soon I was wading ashore through the shallow water, bareheaded, with gun cocked and heart beating a lively tattoo on its muscular environment.

Through the mud and slime of the island I proceeded, crouching low and scanning eagerly the tops of the mangroves.

Every few steps I paused with bated breath as a great bird, disturbed at my near approach, would take wing.

Oh! if I could only see one before it would fly! Is it possible? Yes! There before me, within thirty feet of my gun, sat a man-o'-war bird, in the top of a mangrove. His wings were spread for flight but still he hesitated a moment. How big he seemed there outlined against the sky above! If I could just hit him. A hasty aim, a blinding flash, a roar, and breathlessly I listened. The swish

of hundreds of wings as the startled birds left their perches filled the air, but through the din I caught the sound of a heavy body plunging downward among the mangrove limbs. In the thick undergrowth it was impossible to see a dark object on the ground, but after much feeling here and there I at length had the great bird in my arms and nearly bursting with pride, waded out to the boat. Going ashore again I soon got in several other shots, but found the birds I killed to be either cormorants or pelicans, there being large numbers of these birds nesting on the island.

The squall in the southwest had been for some time gathering head. One by one the stars had been put out. Half the sky was overcast, when climbing down from a mangrove with three great pelican's eggs, Skipper Jim's warning rang out for the third time, "Ho, ashore there, come a-bo-ard!" Gathering up my hat filled with eggs and a bird in each arm, I rejoined the Skipper, who quickly made sail and stood away for the Mermaid. But we had delayed too long in starting to return. Bird-key had scarcely been left a mile astern when our boat grazed bottom, then stuck on a submerged mud flat. There was no time for pushing off. The squall was upon us. Down came the sail and as the skipper loosened the halyards the jib fell flopping into the boat. Hastily we threw out the grapple and wrapped ourselves in the sail cloth.

Then for three mortal hours we lay while the rain and wind and waves sang for us the song that they have sung on the gulf coast of Florida ever since the days when West India hurricanes first began to churn her tepid waters. I had plenty of time for reflection. How I wished I had killed two man-o'-war birds instead of one. How nice a pair would have looked together in the museum at Guilford. But after an hour or two even these kind of thoughts began to grow stale. And then what should get to running through my head in those damp moments but some of the things Prof. Davis had tried to teach us in the Greek class, "*alfa bayta*" I begun, but the wind whirled the letters away, or perhaps I had forgotten the rest. Then I cried, "*enteuthen exelaunei*," but the sentence lost its Greek form and wound up "into Bird-key."

The end came at last. The clouds lifted and I saw the moon had risen. I stood up, poured the water out of my gun barrels, worked my foot to hear the water gurgle in my shoe, then unwrapped my coat from the man-o'-war and looked at him by the moon-light. What a beauty he was! Well worth a dozen such nights.

ATHLETICS,

Guilford foot-ball team met its second defeat at the hands of the University team in Greensboro October 24th. The men did not seem to have much confidence in themselves that afternoon when they met their opponents on the field, and of course were half beaten before the game had begun. The University team piled the score up to 34, while Guilford failed to cross the line. The men took their positions as follows:

Kerner,	Left end,	(Capt.) Whitaker-White.
Pepper,	Left tackle,	Wright.
Hockett,	Left guard,	Neville.
Brown,	Centre,	Joyner.
Farlow,	Right guard,	Carson.
Petty,	Right tackle,	Seagle.
Lewis,	Right end,	Best.
Worth,	Quarter,	Green.
Cowles,	Right half,	Haywood.
Tomlinson, (Capt.)	Left half,	Patterson.
Jordan,	Full back,	Belden.

University won the toss and took the south-east goal with the wind in their favor. Kerner kicks off for Guilford, and the pig skin falls onto a U. N. C. man, who is downed on the thirty yard line. Then by frequent punts and short gains around the ends U. N. C. has her first touch-down. On each kick made by Belden he advanced the ball twenty-five or thirty yards. Kerner now kicks off again for Guilford, and by steady playing U. N. C. has another touch-down to her credit in a few minutes. This time Tomlinson kicks off for Guilford, and by a kick and a fluke U. N. C. has another touch-down, and before the half was over had made another in the same way, Belden kicking all the goals. Score, first half: U. N. C., 24; Guilford, 0.

During the second half Guilford held her opponents down much better than at first, and permitted them to make only two more touch-downs, of which one goal was kicked. Toward the end of the half Guilford, as in the game the Saturday before, braced up and by a series of rushes through the University's tackles and around the ends she slowly advanced the ball from near her goal line into her opponents' territory, and time was called just after

Cowles had made a run of twenty yards around the left end and with the ball on University's twenty-five yard line. For Guilford the best work was done around left end when Cowles, with good interference, made several nice gains of fifteen or twenty yards. Kerner and Lewis did themselves credit at their ends. For the University Belden's fine punting was a factor, and the work of Whitaker and Wright was very good.

GUILFORD AT THE STATE FAIR.

Guilford had an exhibit this year at the State Fair held in Raleigh. The display occupied a considerable space in the educational department, and was pronounced by members who saw it as one of the most conspicuous, as well as attractive of the school exhibits. Two large semi-pyramids, rearing their points ten or twelve feet above the floor and covered with white, formed the perches for twenty of the larger mounted birds and animals taken from the museum. Between and above these was the buffalo head, while the rest of the wall space was taken up with large pictures of the college buildings, farm, etc. Out a little in front of the pyramids were arranged two large show cases. One of these contained about six hundred specimens of minerals, fossils, shells, Indian relics, birds' eggs, etc. Each specimen was labeled and occupied a little tray to itself. The other case was filled with decorated china, which was painted and fired at the college. One could never doubt the attractiveness of this kind of art work could they have seen the hundreds of admiring ladies who bent over this case with all sorts of pleasant ejaculations, such as only ladies can make. Extending from the cases to the floor, and around the railings at the ends, and around the bases of the pyramids, were decorations of bunting in crimson and gray—the college colors.

Many old students and college friends visited the exhibit. In fact, it was a kind of headquarters for all who could claim Guilford in any way as a personal friend. The Quaker college carried off her full share of the prizes also. They consisted of a large gold medal for the "Best display of specimens of geology, mineralogy

and zoology by school;" a gold medal as first premium on the "Best collection of stuffed and mounted birds and animals illustrating the natural history of the State;" and three other premiums on the various collections from the museum.

On the china premiums were awarded as follows: For "Best decorated plates," "Best decorated vase," "Best design of ornament, and "Best specimen of decorated china."

T. G. Pearson and Miss Lillian Hill had charge of the exhibit, and remained with it throughout the Fair.

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NOVEMBER, 1896.

WE ARE UNDER THE LAW.

No more hunting on the college farm. The Trustees said this in a recent message. Some students were indignant. The idea of having their privilege trampled on. Should these have read "Posted" on a neighbors land at home they would have taken the shells out of their guns and walked through the plantation. But no! When they come to college they must have the earth. This is what the average student thinks. The late disgraceful action of the Yale boys is traceable to this opinion. No company but students would have dared paint green the legs of John Harvard's statue. A student can steal all he pleases, some think.

That he could engage in "assault and battery" with impunity was admitted in the past. He could haze a fellow student, cause the tree tops to shake with many a shock, or send him to the bottom of the mill pond; nobody cared. But thanks to broader conceptions of justice those days are forever gone. We are glad the boys are not allowed to hunt; that the Secretary of the Board closed his statement with "Under penalty of the law." Yale students would not have disgraced the nation had they had a few practical

applications of the law under which we live. People who abide by their country's law while in school will make orderly citizens. And then the college it is a great gainer. How much better it is to force a student to treat his fellow student as a gentleman, if he will not do it for other considerations. We rejoice in the great responsibilities that are being placed on students. Let the time come quickly when a student will be as far from stealing—whether it be a pie, an apple or a watermelon—as the common citizen.

DON'T WASTE TIME.

Are we, as students, spending our time in the very best way? When we are studying do we concentrate our minds on the lesson? Does it pay to spend hours on a lesson when it might be learned in a shorter time? Do we get as much from reading a book as we should? Is our conversation such as will bring us to a higher plane, not the idle, useless chat? These are questions which each one must answer for himself. Our future life depends very much on how we spend it at college. If time is wasted there, it will be wasted in after life, and then may we be heard to say, "O youth, return, that the time may be better spent." The time is gliding very swiftly by, and now that the scale has turned on the latter half of the term, we look back and think, so little done. Let us form resolutions that the remainder of the term shall be better spent than the one before, for if we can't live a day over again that is past, we can improve our future.

THE FIELD DAY.

We wish to encourage all efforts now being made to secure a team in field and track athletics. The winter is now drawing upon us. Football must go ere long. This means of exercise is now very popular among the colleges. Guilford should not hesitate. Nothing but talk is what our efforts heretofore have amounted to in this direction. Let us gird ourselves and go into this thing with a will.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

To speak the above is perhaps the first requisite of a successful college paper. The truth has such a charm. Everybody wants it. Too often when we read over certain college news the question comes: Is that so, just so? Almost the same as if we were reading a newspaper. College journalism, is, as a rule, however, pretty truthful. It can't afford to be otherwise. Colleges are too much alike. We know each other too well. But still, how often we never knew, for instance, that football was a failure at many colleges until two or three seasons after such a break down in college life. How do we find out? Well, it is in this way: After two or three seasons meaningless phrases and empty plaudits of how the boys play ball, along will come a journal, in which the editor says: "We mean business; we are playing ball, etc.," names certain match games to be played, and then ends up his remarks by saying that in the past very little interest was taken in athletics. Then, and not till then, do we know officially what a miserable failure athletics have been. Why not state the case plainly at first? The above is true of the many interests of many colleges. And one can satisfy himself by watching long enough. The college will convict itself. Some new man may come in and tell more than a "conservative" editor should. We may grow so strong that we voluntarily tell the failures of the past.

But what we want to get at is this: How much better it would be if college editors were frank about the affairs of the colleges. In the first place a real college man is very charitable. He is not going to think little of a college because its journal points out certain weaknesses. He will rather think more than ever of the college. The frankness delights him so. And then he sees so many such tendencies in his own college. The colleges should be a spur to each other. No student body will be satisfied to be behind another when it absolutely knows that such is the case, and in what particular it is.

The home college will be stimulated by its journal. For the students will seek to make the truth about them more favorable when they know that it will be told on all occasions.

The opening for valuable suggestions will be broader. How often we fail to help because we know not what is needed. In many ways college papers can benefit themselves and their colleges by greater candor.

JUST A WORD ON ORATORY

Bishop Galloway, according to the "Central Collegian," in a recent sermon, speaking of oratory, drew a forcible lesson from the way in which Mr. Bryan was nominated in Chicago. He said: This incident teaches one thing, that the world will never outgrow the influence of powerful and persuasive speech.

But how many in our eastern colleges believe this statement? The truth is, very, very few. So many have been swept off their feet by the onward march of intellectual knowledge. Science has led them to the very borderland of materialism. Few have stepped over, to be sure, but they stand so close the line that their visions and thoughts very often times rest on its bleak and barren fields.

Such a spirit, if we mistake not, is present in many of our eastern colleges. We remember with what disgust a member of a neighboring college declared his weariness of the intellectual rattle to so many of our college speeches and addresses.

And this tendency we think is growing. Its prevalence, of course, means the overthrow of oratory, that product of deep spirituality—this word used in its broadest sense. We have seen free and warm dispositions frozen stiff and the persons turned into mere calculating and speculating machines.

We have seen the true sparks of oratory go out forever under the blighting influence of a limited number of "intellectual" critics. A reaction has, of course, set in, and as a result we find the colleges of to-day writing fiction at a great rate. A step in the right direction, but what a lame one compared with the strides oratory would make if given sufficient encouragement. But why will not oratory, in the future, exert a far-reaching influence? Oh! The newspapers, the books, the periodicals, they say, will fill men's minds. We will not have time for speech-making, and besides, the intellect will have to be directly appealed to. It will have to compare and adjust everything given it. And to do this the mind prefers the material given it in a regular cut and dried manner. A very nice theory this, making the mind a kind of digestive organ. It will not work, however. The mind cannot live by facts alone. Grand passions must ever sweep from generation to generation if the high destiny to which our race is called, shall be reaped; for thus the brightest sparks of intellect are flashed forth.

And it is oratory that most effectually stirs up these hidden feelings of the soul. Why lay oratory on the shelf? The colleges of this State would do well for themselves to reorganize the Oratorical Association, which they let die for reasons inexcusable.

LOCALS.

—Joint entertainment Nov. 21st.

—Junior exhibition the next event.

—Have you noticed that melancholy look on Watkins' face?

—President Hobbs lectures. Subject, "Our Every-day English."

—Ed. Foscue has quit school, and, the boys say, "going to get married."

—Miss Sibyl White, of Indiana, sister of Mrs. Geo. W. White, is at Guilford to spend the winter.

—Wm. J. Armfield was here a short time recently. Was seen only by a few—at Founders'.

—We are glad to have Ada Fields in school again. She and her mother are living at "Arcadia."

—Mrs. Julia Mendenhall Moore, of Goldsboro, recently spent a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Hobbs.

—We were glad to see Ellen Woody at the College a short time since. Old students are always welcomed.

—In the mock Congress of the Websterian Literary Society the free silver bill was passed by a good majority.

—"O, we are going to have German rolls for supper," one of our Juniors very exultingly remarked some days ago.

—Milikan: "Even Bryan himself will vote for McKinley." Frazier: "Of course; he's too nice a man to vote for himself."

—The foot-ball season will soon be over. Can't we have some field and track athletics? We have splendid material in college.

—Much interest is being taken in tennis. Those who do not play foot-ball can do no better than take part in this excellent game.

—Prof. O'Neil Ragsdale, of the High Point Graded School, came over the day before election and gave us as his candid opinion that "William" would be elected president. The Professor is a youth of great wisdom.

—Deborah Tomlinson has given up school on account of her eyes. We hope a short rest will restore her, and that she will soon return.

—Mr. Turner, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was at the College recently. He introduced some new methods in Bible study.

—The Y. W. C. T. U. gave a reception in Founders' Hall on the evening of the 16th. Refreshments were served, and a nice time is reported.

—If you ever work your way to a certain senior's heart, ask her why it is that she can never get to the German class on time. We would like to know.

—Professor Blair's lecture on oxygen, given on the 24th, was much enjoyed by all, and especially the experiments illustrating some of the properties.

—The girls were very enthusiastic on election day and had election on gold and silver. The lady teachers joined with them, and the result was at the ratio of 10 to 7 in favor of gold.

—Walter Blair, Oscar Redding, Henry Hankins, and other zealous voters went home to cast their ballots. Too bad some of us had our hopes crushed in the late election.

—Ask 'um when you see 'um,

Jordan—where he gets his roses.

Miss Annice—how she gets her tardy marks.

Senior S.—where she gets her dignity.

—Henryanna Hackney and Annie Blair drove down to Archdale last week. On the way they had many exciting adventures. Perhaps the most thrilling was when "Perchin" shyed at a Bryan poster and broke the tap off of a bolt in the shaft.

—A lad who takes great interest in reforms, and may himself one day be a great reformer, was found the other day with this notice tacked in his hat: "Germans objecting to the habit of holding the hands in the pockets have formed a society, the Antihandindenhosentaschenhaltenverein."

—There is certainly a deplorable lack of class spirit here this term. Only one class has organized to hold class meetings. That was the Senior class. It met, elected officers, held one meeting; then the interest grew weak, wiggled, gasped and died. What is the matter? Have we all been too much excited over foot-ball or politics, or is it just a general lack of energy and interest?

—A man with a prolific mind thus soliloquized to himself the other day:

"Down, down they fall,
The leaves, the leaves;
Through the trees
To the ground."

We have requested him to write some more for the next issue.

PERSONALS.

Will Hinton this year attends the A. & M. College, Raleigh, N. C.

L. L. Farlow finds employment in a furniture factory at High Point.

Miss Emma Hammond, '94, is teaching in the preparatory school, Wake Forest, N. C.

A. R. Edgerton has identified himself with politics since leaving Guilford, having twice been an electoral candidate on the Prohibition ticket.

F. Walter Grabbs, '94, is pastor of four Moravian churches near Winston, N. C. "Father" Grabbs, as he is popularly known, makes headquarters in Bethania.

Miss Rena G. Worth, '89, has a position as teacher in one of the preparatory schools of Bryn Mawr, with privileges of attending the lectures on English Literature in the college.

[From the American Friend.]

FROM WORKS TO REWARD.

Dr. Dougan Clark died at his home in Richmond, Ind., on the 10th of October. Dr. Clark was one of the most widely known ministers in the Society of Friends. He was also favorably known to the church at large as writer, teacher and minister of the gospel.

Dr. Clark was a native of Randolph county, N. C. He was born May 17th, 1828. Nine years of his boyhood were spent at N. G. B. S. under the care of his father and mother as superintendent and matron. In 1849 he entered Haverford College, from which he graduated in 1852. He was married the same year and returned to New Garden, where he taught for three years. In '55 he commenced the study of medicine in Maryland University and received his degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1861. The remainder of his life was divided between the practice of medicine, teaching at Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., and the work of the ministry.

Dr. Clark's four best known books are: "Offices of the Holy Spirit," "Instruction to Christian Converts," "Theology of Christian Holiness," and "Holy Ghost Dispensation."

His religious service was not confined to the American continent. He spent three years in Great Britain, Ireland and France.

Having walked among men for sixty-eight years, exemplifying and proclaiming the power and the grace of God, he has now entered into his rest.

EXCHANGES.

The article entitled "Art of Conversation" in the *Westonian* is timely, and interesting as well. Conversation is an art which we should cultivate, and we like to see the matter agitated.

Erskinian is welcomed on our table. One of its articles, "An Incident of the War," tells the story of a noble North Carolina woman.

It gives us pleasure to see the *College Message* again. It is always fresh, and shows a relish for good literature.

The Haverfordian tells of the triumphs of the Haverford cricket team in England the past summer. Most of its space is given to athletics. We understand that Haverford has recently been made the recipient of one million dollars.

"The Sea Hath its Treasures," in the *Western Maryland College Monthly*, is worthy our perusal. Truly necessity is a hard school mistress, but she is the best.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

This is an age of advancement, and the college paper must not be behind the times. At least a college journal ought to be a fair representative of its college. There are some which fall below this. How about our western exchanges?

"What shall we dub the class of 1900?" is a question not yet settled upon. Some favor "oughty ought, naughty naught," or "nuf zed," &c. The *Davidson Monthly* decides to leave it to the class itself, which is to bridge the centuries.

In the *Georgetown College Journal* we notice a poem suggested to the writer by an announcement of a convention to be held in North Carolina for the purpose of petitioning Congress to adopt a national flower. The poem is:

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

“The nation’s flower! what shall it be?
 What symbol for the brave and free?
 What token for this glorious land,
 First wooed to bloom by patriot hand;
 Where years ago the fathers fought,
 And with their life-blood freedom bought?
 Oh, Carolina! Hear our voice;
 Be clustered golden-rod the choice.

In burning heat or nipping cold,
 No nature child so brave or bold,
 Sweet flower! It craves no finer earth,
 But glorious in its humble birth.
 Oh! graceful is the beckoning nod
 And fair the gold of the golden-rod.
 Oh, Carolina! Hear our voice;
 Be clustered golden-rod the choice.”

OCTOBER.

O love, turn from the unchanging sea and gaze
 Down these gray slopes upon the year grown old,
 A-dying ’mid the autumn scented haze
 That hangeth o’er the hollow in the wold,
 Where the wind-bitten ancient elms enfold
 Grey church, log barn, orchard and red-roofed stead,
 Wrought in dead days for men a long while dead.

Come down, O love; may not our hands still meet,
 Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,
 Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
 Oh hearken, hearken! Through the afternoon
 The gay tower sings a strange old tinkling tune.
 Sweet, sweet and sad the toiling year’s last breath,
 Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we, too—will it not be soft and kind
 That rest from life, from patience, and from pain,
 That rest from bliss we know not where we find,
 That rest from love which ne’er the end can find?
 Hark, how the time swells that ere while did wane!
 Look, up, love!—ah, cling close and never move!
 How can I have enough of life and love?

—William Morris.

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**Clothing, Furnishings,
and Traveling Accessories.**

Respectfully,

E. R. FISHBLATE,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

W. R. RANKIN, MANAGER.





DR. DOUGAN CLARK.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 4.

DR. DOUGAN CLARK.

The editors of *The Collegian* gladly place on its pages the excellent portrait of Dr. Dougan Clark, a distinguished son of Carolina, who, like many other persons, received his early education at New Garden School, and then spent the latter half of his useful life in Indiana. He became a prominent and able instructor and preacher in the large Yearly Meeting of Indiana.

His father and mother, Dougan and Asenath Clark, were the first Superintendents of the New Garden School, which opened in August, 1837, and were both preachers of the Gospel, Asenath being the daughter of the distinguished Nathan Hunt, than whom no one did more for the foundation of the School.

The following is extracted from *The American Friend* of 10th month 15th:

“The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate
Received and gave him welcome there.

“And led him through the blissful climes,
And showed him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.”

After a life of ceaseless activity and unselfish service for his Master, Dougan Clark passed from our midst last Seventh-day morning, into the life which opens only to those who pass through the gates of death. We cannot follow him in his new sphere, or describe the scenes which broke upon his sight when soul from body parted, but we know he was satisfied when he awoke in His likeness.

He was born in North Carolina, in 1828, of parents who belonged to the "royal priesthood." They were strong in faith and devoted in life, and the early training of Dr. Clark was admirably fitted to produce a fearless character, "who revered his conscience as his king." His father and mother became the first Superintendents of North Carolina Yearly Meeting Boarding School at New Garden, and for nine years Dougan Clark's boyhood was spent in that institution. The two years from eighteen to twenty were spent in study at Providence School, R. I.

After successful experience as a teacher he entered Haverford College in 1849, and graduated from that institution in 1852. Few young men among the Friends of that time had better opportunities for gaining a broad training and for laying the foundations of a useful career. He was married to Sarah J. Bates soon after leaving Haverford, and after teaching three years as Principal of New Garden School, he began the study of medicine at the University of Maryland, and took his degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1861. The rest of his busy life was divided between the practice of medicine, teaching and the work of Gospel ministry in its manifold phases.

His work as professor at Earlham College began in 1866, and was continuous with some interruptions, when he withdrew for the practice of medicine, or in later life for religious service, until within a year of his death.

His religious life began very early and he felt himself to be a child of God, even in the days of childhood. The Holy Spirit moved upon him while a boy, and he knew, as many others have known, that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," if we are only responsive to the Divine touch and call.

He also found, as many others have done, that it is not easy to live the *undivided* life, and as he grew in years of experience he felt dissatisfied with his fluctuating life, a series of victories and defeats, a consciousness of the good and a yielding to the evil.

What he believed he believed intensely and he always spoke with an earnestness which brought conviction. It was not alone, however, his fervid faith that made him a convincing speaker; he was especially gifted to present all the facts and proofs which established the truth he was expounding, and he was one of the ablest doctrinal ministers among Friends during the period of his ministry.

The books which set forth the faith which he held have had a wide circulation, and they will still go on speaking what his tongue can no longer utter. The four that are widely known are, "Offices of the Holy Spirit," "Instructions to Christian Converts," "Theology of Christian Holiness," and "Holy Ghost Dispensation."

Besides his religious service in almost every part of America where there were meetings of Friends, he spent two years and a half laboring among Friends in Great Britain and Ireland.

ON APPROACH OF OLD AGE.

BY DOUGAN CLARK, M. D., AGE 63.

"Multa senem circumvenient inmommoda."—Horace.

My heart is growing lonely. One by one
Friends of my youth have crossed beyond the river;
And if Christ tarry soon I'll follow on,
Struck with a shaft from death's remorseless quiver.
My sun is near the horizon's verge;
The twelve hours of my day are well nigh o'er,
The fleeting moments fast and faster urge
My footsteps onward to return no more.
But praises to thy name, my Savior dear,
My hope still brightens as the years go by,
That I, with blood washed robes and free from fear
Shall walk with Thee in white—for aye, on high.
Be with me, Lord, as near the shadows creep,
And in Thy arms of love, I'll lay me down to sleep.

THE CITY OF JENA.

BY WALTER W. HAVILAND.

Jena is one of the few important towns in Europe, of which American travelers do not often speak. They seldom visit it, for it is a little aside from the ordinary routes of travel and possesses few attractions for the mere sight-seer, but to the student of German literature and history there are few places more attractive.

More than most ordinary university towns, Jena remains unchanged by the currents of foreign influence brought in by students and travelers. In many respects the university is the most conservative in Germany. The town is simple, quiet, purely German, remaining almost as it was in the days of Goethe and Schiller, when it was at its height as the leader of thought in Germany.

Jena nestles on the Saale, surrounded by hills. Its location is ideal, in a peaceful valley of Thuringia, enclosed by little farms, so well tilled and cared for that they look like patch-quilts spread along the slopes of the outlying hills.

On the hills immediately east of the town three castles used to stand, strongholds of robber-knights, who used to plunder the merchants journeying through the Saale vally. Only faint traces of these castles remain, but as one stands on the ruins there is still enough of the barbarian left in him to feel a little thrill of fellow-feeling, as he thinks of the wild enjoyment and excitement which must have filled the daring robbers as they swooped down upon the wealth laden travelers, and darted back with their booty. This was a favorite route between North and South Germany, and many robberies were doubtless committed.

In those days Jena was a walled town. Some parts of the wall still remain, such as the main gate and the corner towers. The town has now outgrown its old limits, its fifteen thousand inhabitants have crowded out a little beyond the old walls. The newer houses are often modern in appearance, but the buildings of the old town, with their quaint gables and tiled roofs, belong to a past age.

On the plateau-like summit of the Landgrafenberg, a group of hills to the north, Napoleon fought the battle of Jena in 1806. The Prus-

sian army held this height. In the night Napoleon dragged his cannon up a ravine and placed the French army fairly beside the Germans while they slept. In the early morning they were awoken by Napoleon's cannon, and after a short resistance were forced to surrender. This is an example of Napoleon's consummate ability to turn up when and where he was least expected. A rough stone without inscription, on the highest point of the hill, marks the spot where Napoleon stood while directing the battle. A German, when asked why no inscription had been placed on this stone, replied that the Fatherland never inscribed monuments to Napoleon.

The old castle, which Napoleon made his headquarters, and the old city church, (Stadtkirche) which his soldiers robbed of its benches to make their fires with, are among the interesting buildings of the town.

The church is one of the oldest looking churches in Germany, and dates back several centuries. Martin Luther preached in it, and from it reform doctrines took quick root, for the strength of the Reformation was in this region. The Wartburg, where Luther was imprisoned for so many months by his friends to keep him from his enemies, is also in Thuringia, west of Jena, and the "Black Bear Hotel," in Jena is where he spent the night on his way from the Wartburg to Wittenberg, after his release, and had his celebrated interview with the Swiss students.

Interesting and important as the historical associations of Jena are, the literary and educational association are yet more so. Jena was the residence of the poet Schiller during the best part of his literary life; it was the frequent home of Goethe, the greatest figure in German literature; it was the residence of the Humboldts and of numerous other scientists and literary men, and at sometime in the life of every great German philosopher, except Kant.

The reason all these men were drawn to Jena was chiefly because it was the seat of the university under the patronage of the Grand Duke Karl August, of Saxe—Weimar, the ruler, who at the beginning of this century made a greater name for himself than any other member of his line. He was a most worthy prince, the most liberal patron of art and learning of his time. He was ambitious to make his university the most famous in Germany, and his court at Weimar, the literary center of Europe.

To this end he bent every effort, and succeeded in gathering about him a most brilliant circle. Goethe and Schiller were the most

prominent; but Herder, the great preacher and philosopher, and Wieland, the brilliant and popular literary "man of the world," are names not unworthy to be joined with theirs in the Weimar circle.

In the days therefore when Weimar was Germany, the University of Jena, fourteen miles from Weimar, was at its height. The most attractive name of all which figure in the university annals is Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller, called to be Professor of History in 1788. The next ten years of Schiller's life were spent in Jena, and as this is the period of his best work, including the "Song of the Bell," "Wallenstein"—his great drama, and his best ballads, everything connected with his life here possesses more than ordinary interest. Every place where he ever lived or worked is furnished with tablet and inscription, testifying to the feeling of the Germans for their best loved poet.

The building where Schiller delivered his first university lecture is to be seen. This is not one of the regular buildings of the university, but was chosen at the last moment as a hall large enough to accommodate the throng of students who were anxious to hear the new poet professor. When the change from the regular auditorium was announced, the rush of students to this hall was so great that people thought there was a fire alarm, and the city fire-watch was called into service.

Schiller's popularity in the university continued until failing health compelled him to give up his professional duties.

He lived in different houses in Jena, having no house of his own until the latter years of his residence there. The year after coming to Jena, he had married Charlotte von Langefeld. The ceremony was quietly performed in the quaint old church in Wenigen-Jena, a little village across the Saale. The wedding took place here because Schiller shrank from the publicity which a wedding in the city church of Jena would involve; his mind revolted against a crowd of gaping students witnessing what was to him a holy sacrament. One cannot help feeling that the little church of Wenigen-Jena has been forever hallowed by the poet's choice.

In 1797 Schiller moved into the modest house which he had purchased. It lay on the Leutra, a rushing little stream, in a beautiful garden outside the town. The garden contained a little summer house, no longer standing, where he did most of his work. A granite block inscribed, "Hier Schrieb Schiller den Wallenstein," marks its site.

He is said to have been in the habit of repeating his poems aloud, as he composed them, before writing them down, and on fair moonlight nights people on the opposite bank of the Leutra used to hear him recite his verse with earnestness and fire.

Goethe liked to visit Schiller in this garden, and the Humboldts often joined in these meetings. The ancient stone table around which they were wont to sit, remains in the garden. A tree close by bears the following inscription, the words of Goethe: "Hier hat Schiller gewohnt. * * * An diesem alten Steintisch haben wir oft gegessen und manches gute und grosse Wort mit einander gewechselt."

No one more fully appreciated the great poet of the ideal more than his friend, the great realistic poet, and not the least pleasant of the memories haunting Jena are memories of the friendship between Goethe and Schiller.

VICTORY OR DEFEAT?

LUCILLE ARMFIELD.

The college campus presented a very beautiful picture that Saturday afternoon in the soft, hazy light of the October sun. Seldom will you see a gayer, more animated scene; for the annual Junior-Sophomore football game was to come off, and an eager, anxious crowd of spectators had assembled. On either side of the field a long line had been drawn up—one bright with the Junior red, the other with the Sophomore gold. The colors appeared everywhere; hat-bands, sashes, sweaters; improvised flags of any available material; full suits worn by a few of the most enthusiastic girls; and ribbons galore. Even the stately campus trees—oak and hickory and maple—were decked in all shades of the popular red and gold.

Everybody seemed to be there—at least everybody of any consequence. Perhaps there were a few luckless mortals, even within hearing of the old bell on the tower, who were prevented from coming; but then nobody missed them. The faculty was out in full force, from the grave, dignified Prof. of Greek to the youngest man, who was proud of his own record on the college football team. All the students—boys and girls—were there, save the elect, the little Preps. being the most clamorous of them all. There were several

young ladies from the two neighboring seminaries, and the small boy of the village was very much in evidence. Everybody was taking sides, and the interest ran very high; for these inter-class games were even more exciting than the games with other colleges.

The weather was the finest imaginable and the best of spirits prevailed for a time. But after waiting for a long while the crowd began to be impatient; for there was much running to and fro by various boys, nobody seeming to know what was the matter, nor exactly what was needed, nor even what he himself wanted to do. Then after much whistling and yelling, guying and cat-calling, on the part of the crowd, a shout went up as the Sophomores, all bundled up in big yellow sweaters, and with their long hair flying wildly, literally tumbled into the field and began a series of performances with the inflated pig-skin, deeply mysterious to the uninitiated.

Five minutes or more were taken up thus, and then another shout, greater than the first, announced the coming of the Junior team. For the space of a minute or two the whole crowd went wild, each side yelling invariably for its own team till the old building echoed with their shouts. But at the sound of the referee's whistle quiet was restored. The Juniors having won the toss, the Sophomores kicked off; and after a wild rush and scramble the upper class-men were seen to have the ball.

They certainly were a goodly sight to look at as they stood lined up against each other, waiting for the ball to be put in play, with every muscle tense, and with a fine look of determination on their faces. It was enough to rouse the sporting blood in the most phlegmatic nature. But to a disinterested looker-on, it would have seemed pitiful to think that one band of these noble-looking fellows would have to leave the field covered with all the ignominy of defeat. But there was no such looker-on, for every one was eager that his own side should win.

There were various emotions in the hearts of those who watched,—every shade of hope and fear, pride and anxiety; but probably the most disturbed of them all was Helen Brantwood, one of the Sophomores. She made a most charming picture in a yellow gown with black ribbons at her throat and waist, which set off her dark beauty in a wonderful manner. She looked like some tall tiger-lily—all black and gold—but it was a very agitated lily, for her cheeks were aflame and her hair all blown about.

Her outward appearance was a fitting index to the tumult within. She was very, very angry with Henry Timberlake, the Junior's Captain—she never remembered having been so angry with any one before in her life. They had had a terrible quarrel—a first quarrel, but a final one, she said—and she was a young person of great determination and strength of character, and usually meant what she said. She had given his letters back and his picture and the little friendship ring, with the forget-me-nots on it; and in a very cold and dignified manner they had promised to be “friends.”

And though it all had happened a week ago, he had not asked her forgiveness nor shown any signs of relenting; so she felt very much piqued and humiliated. She believed that she would hate him after a little while, indeed, she did hate him that minute—which was not altogether uncomplimentary to that gentleman; since she never could have hated him, had she not loved him before.

It was a trivial thing to quarrel about, of course, she thought to herself; there had been a misunderstanding, but it was not the fault of either. He ought to have seen that and said so, but he had seemed proud and indifferent; he must have wanted to make her angry. Well, he should have enough of it, she thought spitefully, and then she remembered with a pang that he did not seem to care now what she did or said. It certainly was all right with *her*; for she was a very proud girl, and she had always known that if her love and pride should clash the former would have to go under. And now that it was all over, she was very glad of it. But she was exceedingly anxious that his side should be beaten. The girls said they had never seen her exhibit so much class-spirit before. She had even promised Jack Hutton to go with him to the concert that night if he would only beat “those Juniors.”

And there were more fellows than Jack who had determined to win; for nearly all of them, like true knights as they were, were striving to gain the approval of “faire ladies,”—some in a general, others in a particular sense. But there was one who thought of nothing but victory. He must win or die, he thought. It did not matter now, any way, how soon he went to the devil, he kept saying to himself, the sooner the better.

He could go it single-handed and alone; many a fellow had had to do it before, and then it was the surest road to success. But when he heard the applause as his team got the ball, he did think that it

would be awfully jolly to have her clapping for him; because she was an uncommonly pretty girl—nobody denied that. How pretty she had looked that night a week ago! It was almost worth a little quarrel to see her cheeks flush and those wonderful, dark eyes light up. And how strange it had been to hear her call him "Mr. Timberlake!" His name had never seemed so long before, and it cut him to the heart to hear it after the pet nick-name which she alone used.

It was a foolish thing to quarrel with her at all and he half wished that he had gone back to beg her pardon; but he suddenly remembered how she had asked him to release her from all her engagements with him—and some of them made the spring before!—and he felt quite savage with humiliation.

"2-875-36-73, x y z, play ball!" he called out in a strange, hard voice, and the struggle began in earnest. The teams were pretty evenly matched, but by dint of slow, steady work the Sophomores went forward step by step, and it soon became evident that they had the greater strength. Slowly and solidly they pushed on—a few yards forward, then a set-back, yet on the whole advancing until their first touch-down was made. The wind of fate or something else was against them, for they missed goal. Then followed a chorus of "bales!" and hisses, which was soon swallowed up by the cries: "One, two, three, four; Sophomore," repeated many times.

Timberlake set his teeth, saying that this would never do, and went to work with a will, putting all his life and energy into the game. No one had ever seen him play so brilliantly before. Back and forth the ball went across the field, the Juniors keeping their opponents from scoring by a series of skilled plays.

"Do you see that little fellow with the brown patch on his jacket?" said a little seminary girl, with a quantity of curly blonde hair, to the young man with her. "He's the Captain of the Junior team—that's the reason he wears it—and he is the best athlete in college. Isn't he fine?"

"Yes, he is very muscular and active. But just look at the centre of the other team! Did you ever see such a well-built, finely proportioned fellow?"

"Oh! That's Jack Hutton; but he is not nearly so fine as Henry Timberlake."

"But Timberlake is small, and I always thought you liked the

big, tall fellows like Hutton," answered her companion, who regretted his own shortness of stature.

"Oh! no, I don't. You know it is not size, but strength, that girls most admire in men."

Helen had heard the conversation, for they were just behind her, and the words kept ringing in her ears: "Not size but strength."

"Yes, he is strong and athletic," she said to herself, but he was small, and she knew that he had a little, narrow mind and a little heart. Now a big man, like Jack Hutton, for instance, always had a big heart and a big soul. He would scorn to hurt a girl's feelings, she was sure.

"Oh-h-h-h! gasped the little blonde girl, and looking up, Helen saw Timberlake break around the right end, free himself from every obstruction, and start on a superb dash across the field. The whole crowd tore off in his direction, yelling and waving flags. She, herself, shouted, not as the little blonde girl did, because she liked him, but because it was a very fine play and it was glorious to see him run! Over the line he went, making a good 70-yard dash of it; a fellow named Thomas kicked goal, and then the Juniors yelled themselves hoarse.

"Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Rah, rah, rah; Tim-ber-lake" went up and down the line in waves. Then they began to yell: "Nothing slim about Tim; Nothing slim about Tim," and kept it going until they set it to a kind of tune which got into the heads of the Sophomore cranks and drove them nearly frantic.

And now it was not long till time was called and the first half was over. Then chaos—a delightful, buzzing, chattering chaos—reigned. Boys crowded around the teams which were being hurried from the field; people were running about in every direction, all talking at once, it seemed, and nobody listening. There was the murmur of well modulated voices; peal after peal of merry laughter and the soft swish-swish of skirts as the girls of the Missionary Society fluttered around, serving lemonade for the benefit of the heathen—on the other side, of course.

Soon after the second half began Timberlake's friends saw that he was excited, and the knowing ones said that he was overdoing the thing. Helen was near the blonde girl again and she heard her say:

"He has the loveliest manners in the world. He is so nice and deferential, even to little girls. I have not seen him much, but

every time he speaks to me I feel as if I were a queen. He is a great friend of John's and he's coming to spend ——"

The rest she could not hear, but she knew who was meant. What did that little fourteen-year-old know about him or his manners? Wait till she knows him a little better, she thought. She, herself, used to think that he had fine manners, but that was a long time ago—before she found him out.

For a long time the score was still in favor of the Juniors and the friends of the gold were feeling very blue. Helen had about decided to go with Jack that night, even if he were beaten. In his eagerness Timberlake fumbled the ball, the other side got it, and started on one of their great interference rushes. One could see from the start that there would be no turning that mighty tide; and though the other fellows fought bravely and well they were out-classed and overpowered. It was no light task, yet the Sophomores went steadily and surely on, till they piled up their score to 10. This raised the excitement to a higher pitch than ever—it was such a reversion of feeling for everybody. Helen was wild with joy.

Just when the players were beginning to show signs of weariness there was a great crash, and they all went down in the scrimmage together. Slowly the mass of humanity unwound itself, each player, by degrees, gaining possession of his own arms and legs, though many looked as if they had not yet realized it. But one figure, with a brown patch on his jacket, did not rise. His men began pulling and rubbing him. They got him upon his feet, but he could not walk, and was not able to re-enter the game.

So he was taken from the field, digging his heels into the earth as he went, and everybody joined in cheering for the wounded hero. Yet he looked anything but heroic as he lay watching the game, wrapped in a long blanket, supporting a very pale face with his uninjured arm. But his men did not lose heart, for they were still conducting nobly when time was called with the ball near their opponents' goal line.

Of course everybody felt "awfully sorry" for Timberlake, and said he had played a beautiful game, but in the general excitement and joy he was well-nigh forgotten. He was placed on a stretcher, and as he was carried past a group of girls, several threw flowers upon him. One large, white rose fell just in front of his face, a slip of paper fluttering from it. He looked at it wonderingly, read it and then fainted away from excitement and exhaustion.

It was a very pale face that greeted Timberlake at the little summer house door, about 7 o'clock, when everybody was at supper.

"I am so sorry you are hurt, and I wish—I wish our side hadn't beaten," she said, in a pathetic little voice. "Oh! I am so tired of getting even with people. I don't want to be ahead of anybody, and if you'll let me, Hal, I'd like to make up—I mean that I would forgive you, or rather—"

"Oh! don't, don't," she cried, as he caught up both her hands. "I just wanted to tell you that I am not mad at all, and if you want me to, I'll go with you —"

He was holding her hands still more closely now. "Oh! I must go," she went on. "You know the concert is at eight, and if you still want me to, Hal—"

She snatched her hands away and ran lightly off before he could say a word.

About 8 o'clock Howard Thomas lounged around to Timberlake's room, thinking that he would wake him, and was greatly surprised to find that individual up and dressed.

"Getting better, arn't you?" he asked. "Never saw you looking better! But are you going to that concert?"

"Why, yes. Why not, old fellow?"

"Because I cannot bear to see those fellows made so much of, and by those girls, too. I tell you, Tim, girls are a fickle, heartless lot."

"The idea of giving a concert to 'the victorious team!' As if they didn't care a snap which side won!"

"That's too true," gravely replied Timberlake, making a mental reservation of one grand exception. "But you must go to-night all the same, for the sake of appearances, to show your generous disposition, and all that."

"Can't help it, but haven't got any when it comes to that crowd."

"O, don't take it to heart so. Never mind! We'll do 'em up next time."

"Your cheerfulness is something vast," Thomas remarked rather sarcastically, as he left the room.

That evening when Timberlake entered the chapel he looked very happy, and beaming as if he might have been Napoleon and Alexander and Hinkey and Casey all rolled into one. He had his arm in a sling of broad, yellow ribbon—the same that had a few hours before rested above a heart which beat fast and furiously for

‘the other side’ and sent the warm blood to cheeks that glowed, with crimson and put to shame the false, deceitful hues of gold.

His men were disgusted, and made up their minds that his losing his head that afternoon was quite inexcusable.

“He needn’t look so confoundedly gay,” one of them remarked. “I consider it very bad taste, under the circumstances.”

But of course they did not know any better than that, for they only saw that he came in with Helen Brantwood, which was a very ordinary occurrence, to be sure.

WORCKE YE WITH DREDE AND TREMBLING YOURE HEELTHE.

PROF. J. F. DAVIS.

Every now and then, in one quarter or another, there springs up a perversion of that passage of Scripture, Phil. II. 12, which the Wiclifite version has so quaintly rendered in the words above quoted. The perversion of the meaning is so evident that it seems hardly worth while to notice it; and yet one meets it so frequently it seems dangerous to allow it to go uncorrected. The latest instance of the misapplication of the text that has come to my notice is found in a most unexpected quarter. The Sunday School Times of Sept 12, in Notes on Open Letters, makes this application of it. “When Paul says ‘Work out your own salvation,’ he does not say or mean ‘work for your salvation,’ but he does mean and say, ‘Outwork—work outwardly—your own salvation.’ If God has given you salvation, let it be shown for others—work it outwards.”

This utter perversion of Paul’s meaning is the more astonishing in this connection inasmuch as the writer a few sentences further on, indicates that he knows Greek. He says that the same Greek word is used for *life*, for *soul*, and for *self*. Now if the writer had not been so positive in asserting that this is the Apostle’s meaning we might have supposed that he was only taking a liberty with the text, as is too often done by religious teachers, to read into the passage his own new-fangled idea, instead of reading out of it the

author's meaning. That the writer in trying to work out a new meaning for Paul's words, has workt all the original meaning out of them, may be seen by comparing the passages in the New Testament hwere the word here translated *work out* occurs.

Any one who knows ten words of Greek ought to know as soon as he sees the word that there is nothing in it signifying *out* or *outwards*. The simple verb not only means *to work*, but is the cognate of the English word, and the preposition with hwich it is compounded in this passage has no suggestion of direction, but is simply *intensiv*.

The same verb is found abundantly in the classical writers. Numerous instances of its use may be found in the writings of Xenophon and Herodotus. Goodwin in his edition of the *Anabasis* defines the word thus;—*to do thoroughly by work, accomplish, bring to pass, achieve*.

It first occurs in the *Anabasis*, Bk. I., 9:20, "Such as he deemed to be efficient assistants in whatever he happened to wish to *accomplish*, (*work out*)."

Again Bk. II., 6:22, "For the *accomplishing* of what he desired, he thought the shortest way to be thru perjury and falsehood and decept."

Herodotus uses the word in the same sense. Bk. V. 24, "Do thou now, therefore, come to me; for I hav it in mind to *accomplish* great things."

Again V., 78, "These things, therefore, show that hwile in oppression they wer willing to be cowards, inasmuch as they wer working (the simple verb) for a master; but as soon as they wer freed, each one was desirous to *accomplish* something for himself."

In Thayer's Greek Lexicon of the New Testament the word is defined thus:—a. *to perform, accomplish, achieve*, (R.V. often *work*.)

Rom. VII. 15, the word is translated simply *do*. "For that hwich I *do* I allow not." So also in verses 17 and 20, "Now then it is no more I that *do* it." In verse 8, "Sin, finding occasion, *wrought* in me thru the commandment all manner of coveting." 13, "by *working* deth to me thru that hwich is good." Rom. XV, 18, "For I will not dare to speak of anything save those hwich Christ has *wrought* thru me."

Eph. VI, 13, "Wherefore, take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, and, *having done* all, to stand."

II. Cor., XII, 12, in the passiv, "Truly these signs of an apostle *were wrought* among you in all patience."

Rom. I, 27, "Men with men *working* unseemliness." b. *to work out* (Latin *efficere*) i. e. *to do that from which something results.*"

The first reference under this head is the passage we are considering, Phil. II., 12. After the reference he adds, "*make every effort to obtain salvation.*"

In Rom. IV., 15, it means to bring about or result in, "for the law *worketh* wrath." Likewise V., 3, "Knowing that tribulation *worketh* patience."

Some of the reference under *a'* above, from Rom. VII., belong here properly.

In II. Cor., VII, Lachman, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Westcott and Hort agree in writing the simple verb in the first clause of verse 10, where many texts have the compound, though all agree in writing the compound form in the latter clause, and in verse 11. In Jas. I., 3, we have the same verb, "Knowing that the proof of your faith *worketh* patience." II. Cor., IV., 17, "For the light affliction, which is for the moment, *worketh* for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." IX., 11, "Which *worketh* thru us thanksgiving to God." V., 5, "Now he that *wrought* us for this very thing is God."

In all these passages the same Greek word is used, and I believe these are the only ones in the New Testament, in which it is found.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

'97.

It was the morning after the boarding-school had closed. All the visitors had left save two or three who living at long distances had delayed their starting until morning that they might be well on their journey before darkness should again overtake them.

Near the building, by one of the side doors, a young couple had been standing for some time. He had taken a book from his pocket, a little bound volume of travels, and given it to her as a parting present. "Thomas," she said in an earnest voice, "thou hast been

good to me; I will miss thee when I get home." The sunlight fell on her face and lighted up her hair and blue eyes until the lad before her felt that his throbbing heart must tell her of the thoughts his tongue had so poorly expressed. With his jack-knife he was nervously cutting on the wall beside them. "Look Elizabeth," he faltered, "there are the letters that stand for our names, I shall not forget thee as long as the brick holds these marks." Her eyes were upon him and he dared not look up after such a bold speech.

"Elizabeth," called the matron, suddenly looking out of the door, "thy father is ready to start. Here, Thomas, take this paper of food out to the wagon, for Jeremiah and Elizabeth will be hungry before they reach Cane Creek."

Soon the old covered wagon was moving off down the road, slowly at first, but as it reached the top of the hill the horses struck up a trot and when Thomas last saw it the high rear end was bounding horizontally as the wheels rattled on over the rough road, Elizabeth's pink sunbonnet just visible beneath the white covering.

* * * * *

It was Commencement day. The College Campus presented an animated scene. Carriages and bicycles thronged the drives. Fashionably dressed people passed continually along the walks. Near the entrance of one of the large buildings stood an old man leaning on a cane. His ragged coat and bent form spoke only too plainly of the hard life of toil which he had seen. There was no room inside, "the auditorium is full," he had been told at the door. "Stand there like a knot," exclaimed a young fellow on a wheel as he turned out of the path to avoid the stranger, then to his companion remarked, "The old owl must never have heard a bicycle bell before."

The burst of applause from within told the aged man that a speaker had just taken his seat. But there was no chance for him to see what was going on so he turned slowly away and passed off through the campus to where a rustic settee invited his weary limbs to rest. He removed his hat and with his coat sleeve wiped the perspiration from his brow. Then with hands clasped over the handle of his cane which stood between his knees he gazed about. "How strange," he murmured, "auditorium, gymnasium, museum, and I don't know what all. And yet—and yet," he faltered, "it is the same old place. Her grand-daughter was to graduate to-day. I came so far to hear her. The lass bears her grand-ma's name

and I wanted to see if she has her eyes and hair and voice too." After a pause he resumed, "Twenty—just the age of her grand-ma the morning she drove off down the road there."

The people came pouring out of the assembly hall. The Commencement exercises were over. No one came near the old man so he remained sitting where he was for a long time. At length he drew from his pocket a paper; it contained some plain victuals which he proceeded to eat in a satisfied kind of way. Then he took up his hat and cane and started towards one of the buildings. "Founders Hall they call it now," he muttered. "They have added a lot to it since my day. Wonder if they have changed the wall any." He had now arrived close to the north side of the building, and adjusting a pair of iron rimmed spectacles to his eyes began eagerly to scan the bricks. With one hand on his hip and the other pressed against the wall for support his stooped form groped carefully along.

The gales of many winters had beaten against the old building, threatening to wear away all marks from its surface. Man also had endeavored to smooth its rude exterior by coats of paint. At last the old man paused before a spot not unlike other parts of the wall, only that years before some one had cut into the hard surface the two letters, "E. T."

Yes, time had not effaced them, there they were in form just as he had carved them that beautiful morning so long ago.

A tear stole down his wrinkled cheek and he softly whispered, "Elizabeth, no one knows our secret, save thee and I and the wall."

A party of young people burst suddenly out of the side door, almost running against the old man. He quickly recovered himself and as the sun had passed its noon-day brightness started slowly away down the dusty highway—few saw him and none knew whither he went. What was the secret he bore beneath his ragged coat?

Had the love of his youth proven untrue, and he, without the strength or manhood to rise above the disappointment, had thus carelessly spent his life? Who knows? Surely each heart hath its own secret chamber.

THE JOINT ENTERTAINMENT.

On the evening of Nov. 21st. the three Literary Societies gave their third Joint Entertainment. The weather was pleasant and a large company had assembled in King Hall when at eight o'clock the curtain rose. The following was the program:

- I. Abt; Country Fair.....Chorus.
- II. Discussion; Resolved, That the United States should competed for the carrying trade of the world's commerce.
Affirmative, J. W. Woody, Jr.
Negative, J. M. Greenfield.
- III. Silent Voices.....Ruth Murray Worth.
- IV. Smith; Creole Love Song, Quartette,
Messrs. Pepper, J. Blair, Redding, W. Blair.
- V. Oration; The Influence of the United States for International Peace.....Oscar P. Moffitt.
- VI. Sandy Macdonald's Signal.....Lena A. Freeman.
- VII. Holts; Dragon Fighter, Piano Duet.....Misses Craven and Snow.
- VIII. House Boat on the Styx. Dramatized.
Act I. A Disputed Authorship.
Act II. Some Theories, Darwinian and otherwise.
- IX. Tableaux.

The exercises opened with the beautiful chorus, "Country Fair." Fourteen of the best voices in College were in this blended in a most pleasing manner. The debate which followed was presented by both parties in an able and interesting way. The earnestness and clearness with which each young man defended his side of the question evinced careful preparation and solicited from the very start the attention of the audience. As to which won the question would have been hard to decide. Miss Worth's paper, entitled, "Silent Voices," consisted mainly of a discussion on the various discoveries which archeological investigation having brought to light have clarified and corroborated many of the statements in the Holy Scriptures. It was well written, distinctly and forcibly read and was met with much favor by the audience. This was followed by the quartette, "Creole Love Song." It was rendered in such a manner as to call forth heavy and continued applause and was evidently one of the most popular exercises on the program.

Mr. Moffitt delivered the oration of the evening. In the course of his address he showed how the United States from its very beginning as a government had always maintained as far as possible a neutral position in national controversies and that as an arbitrator her influence had been far reaching. Her recent part in the attempt to establish a Tribunal of Arbitration between the English speaking people was also dwelt with at length.

Miss Lena A. Freeman then held the wrapt attention of the audience while she recited "Sandy Macdonald's Signal." The recitation was in dialect and one not easily handled, but the speaker showed herself at once master of her subject and her beautiful rendering of it was much appreciated by her hearers.

The one instrumental piece of the evening was a piano duet by Misses Craven and Snow. This ended the musical part of the program which was thought by many to be the best rendered at the College for some time. Two chapters of John Hendrix Bangs' "House Boat on the Styx," had been dramatized and were now played in a very pleasing and laughable manner. The language and the costumes of the young men who took part corresponding to those of the characters whom they represented. The closing exercises consisted of some tableaux, the most beautiful of which was the "Three Graces."

T. Gilbert Pearson was the presiding officer.

The marshals were Miss Annie Blair, from the Philagorean; J. K. Pepper, from the Henry Clay; and C. C. Kerner, from the Websterian Society.

It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that Joint Entertainments at Guilford College can be made a success. They are better than the individual Society entertainment in that the work is less taxing on the few, and having the whole body of students to choose from the program can be made more interesting by securing parties better prepared to take the various exercises.

The next Joint Entertainment will be held the first Saturday night in April.

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SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE'S ENTERTAINMENT.

One Saturday night, not long ago the scholars of the Primary Sunday School gave an entertainment. Miss Sallie White, with the assistance of Miss Tina Lindley, had spent much time in training the children.

It was given in the general assembly hall. The evening was pleasant, the audience large and the exercises a success in every way. Most of the time was taken up with an imaginary trip across the ocean of an old woman and her numerous progeny of all ages, from one to fourteen. Their start, their embarkment, their seasickness and their mishaps in various ways caused roars of laughter from the audience. Uncle Albert Peele especially enjoyed it all. "Little Prince Richard" was there and played well his part; he may get to be a great comedian.

The entrance fees, which were charged, go for a Christmas tree for the children and to buy books for their Sunday School library.

THE FOOTBALL GAMES.

Guilford defeats Greensboro! The last game however, Guilford played this season she failed to beat. The Greensboro Athletic team consisted partially of old expert football players and partially of raw material, but they far out-weighted the Guilford team, the three center men aggregating 640 pounds.

We had three games with them this season. Two on the college grounds and the other in Greensboro. Guilford won the first two by scores of 10 to 0 and 6 to 4. The third and last game of the season was a tie, the score being 6 to 6. Good feeling prevailed throughout all the games. There were no mishaps to speak of, and all who have in any way been connected with athletics at Guilford this year feel confident that football is fast growing in favor with mankind. As Prof. Blair says, "Football is preeminently the college man's game." By a peculiar combination of unlooked-for circumstances the team was prevented from securing a game on Thanksgiving Day.

The season has now closed, the long hair of the players has been shorn and their harness hung on high until another autumn shall invite them forth to conflict and to glory.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

On thanksgiving morning the young men were roused from their slumbers by music stealing softly through their dreams. Like the Franciscian monks of old, the young ladies were beginning the day with anthems of thanksgiving.

At 10 o'clock the faculty and students and numbers of people from the village gathered for services in the chapel at King Hall. Pots of beautiful chrysanthemums decorated the rostrum. An anthem was given, prayer offered and other songs were sung. Mrs. Woody preached the sermon. It was a very spiritual address, filled with thanksgiving and good cheer, and caused the hearts of many who heard it to throb afresh with nobler impulses and purer motives.

At 1 o'clock dinner was served. The matron hurried no one from the dining-room that day. Long the young lads sat and carved the great birds and munched their cranberries and celery to their heart's content.

In the afternoon, as a special privilege, the young ladies were allowed to go over and play on the boys' tennis courts, they being in much better condition for using than those usually occupied by our Founders neighbors.

At night there was a social in the gymnasium. One of the reformed socials. First, a number of the national airs were sung, some marches were given, led by Miss Laura Worth. In one of these everybody took part. In another, which contained some highly complicated movements, sixteen young ladies did the marching. Music was furnished with stringed instruments by the Archdale boys. Prof. Blair announced an Indian club relay race. This was truly exciting. The victor and the competitor who stood second, each received a prize in addition to the halo of glory, which encircled their brows. A chorus of male voices sang "Old Oaken Bucket," and other campus twilight songs.

As the last light went out at Founder's that night, through the dreamy visions of the sleepy maidens, floated the faint echo of the old serenading song, "Good Night, Ladies."—The boys had to have the last word, you see.

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DECEMBER, 1896.

WE EXTEND THANKS.

Through the courtesy of the Earlhamite, Earlham College, Ind., we give to our readers, in this issue, a portrait of Dr. Dougan Clark. It is said to be an excellent likeness by those who knew Dr. Clark while living. The memoir was prepared by President Hobbs, and we are sure he has the sincere thanks of all those interested in putting on record the lives of distinguished Friends.

A WORD ON PATRIOTISM.

The address of Mrs. Woody on Thanksgiving Day was very helpful in many respects. She spoke, among other things, of our apparent lack of patriotism. We have great patriotism, of course, if we were asked especially about it. But we do not seem to abide in that spirit.

The incident of the distinguished German lady who began to applaud while in a large audience upon the mere mention of one of

her nation's airs, struck shame into the hearts of many of us, for in fact, few even knew our national songs. If we had undertaken to sing "America" we would doubtless have made a failure. High conceptions of patriotism invariably marks a high-water mark in broad culture.

Our country should have a high place in our affections. There are few objects more worthy of our love. Too many treat our government as one great joke. These are better acquainted with our officers as caricatured in Puck and Judge, than as statesmen of our grand Republic. And the fault is not in the "haram-scaram" press of to-day; it is in ourselves that we are scoffers. We should look through and beyond all this to the true dignity and worth of our officials. We must respect them. We must have faith in them. Our faith in our government is the basis of our love for it. Study our Constitution. Read yourself into the lives of our great men. Keep before you the continuous growth of our institutions. Being reminded of these things once a year by some orator will not give sufficient knowledge upon which to base a deep and lasting affection for our country.

DISCOVERIES IN BABYLON.

The scientific student, may perhaps, be interested in knowing something of the discoveries which have taken place in Babylonia recently. Prof. Hilprecht, an American, is at the head of the band of explorers now in that country. Perhaps the most notable result of their work is that the history of the Babylonian people is carried back at least 2,250 years further than had yet been known. (It is recorded in cuneiform writing on tablets.) From this statement we have the written evidence that the people of Babylonia existed and were civilized 7,000 years before Christ. Excavations have been made before this, but they were nearer the surface and were ruins of more modern times. Great walls have also been excavated, one of which was found to be 17 feet high and 45 feet wide, and above it another wall of unknown height. The bricks, with which these walls were made, are about 20 inches square, perhaps the largest ever used. Among other things, a number of cuneiform tablets, of Sargon I, have been found, showing him to be a real

character and not mythical, as so many people have supposed. From the discoveries the history of Babylonia is made much richer and there is reason to believe that much history is buried along the shore of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers. The work is by no means completed.

A VERDICT ON FOOTBALL.

Another season over and again football is put on trial. It has been condemned this season in many localities, but not so universally one thinks as three years ago. Then fifteen men were fatally injured, now we know of only three.

This, with about one hundred serious injuries is about all the real evidence we have against the game. Of course some say: "It develops the brutal nature." Such is mere matter of opinion. "To the pure all things are pure."

On the other hand, we claim that football develops the three-fold nature of man.

It is a high test we admit. But do we not need pretty severe testing? A man need not expect to play ball who does not expect to be thoroughly handled. Students need just such a taste of the contentions of the world.

President Twing has just spoken through the Forum of December of the dangers from ease and contentment as fostered by college life. We claim that football stands square over against such tendencies. We are in favor of football going at large for another year. It is not a very gentle game, to be sure. But just for that reason we think it has its place. With one of our local philosophers we say: "It's a little rough on the boy, but it makes the man."

As to football at Guilford, we have reaped just what we sowed. The team trained with a good degree of faithfulness. It won two games from the Greensboro Athletic Association and made a tie of the other. It scored on the University, and that was all, for in both games Guilford suffered defeat. True, we did not get to play as many games as we desired, but that was due to the conservatism of the management of the college, and they are "the powers that be." On the whole, football has made progress.

THE FACULTY RECOGNIZE REFORM SPELLING.

"We must have reform spelling," Prof. Davis has said many times, and we see that it is making rapid progress. The question has been gradually developing among some of our most learned men for a number of years. The standard dictionary has just taken up the reform.

In many instances a change will be a great advantage to students, and especially will it be helpful to beginners who have not yet learned the other method. Heretofore our language has been cumbersome, and without the aid of a dictionary many words are misspelled.

Our faculty have decided to uphold this movement, so every student is encouraged to use the new forms. It is very probable, from present indications, that reform spelling will eventually be used throughout our country, and the coming generations will reap the fruits which are at present being sown by our wise and learned men.

THE PRINCIPLE HELD LONG BY FRIENDS HAS ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

Quakers, with all people who believe that peace between nations is practicable and will be maintained, have great cause for rejoicing. The Venezuelan dispute is at last to be peacefully settled. The United States is to furnish two arbitrators, England two, and the King of Norway and Sweeden is to make the fifth.

The whole work of adjusting the matter will doubtless be completed early in the new year. President Cleveland's course, has, to a large extent, been vindicated. But it seems that the idea of the United States becoming a protector of all American countries has been carried too far. Venezuela will receive the full measure of justice. England has learned that the American people are not so careless and good natured as to allow whole sale aggression.

Honor and respect for our government has increased abroad. But above all, the great principle of arbitration has had a great triumph. It has had many in the last few years, and in the light of these the position of Friends on war seems, indeed, exalted and patriotic. That this is so was difficult to comprehend in the time of our revolution and during the civil war. The Quakers were subjected to the most

severe bodily tortures. Their ideas were ridiculed by the press at large. They were denounced as Tories, Yankees and mugwumps. Historians proved themselves unworthy of the name by putting them on record as cowards and traitors to their country. These writers forgot that principles overlap each other, but still are principles and should be recognized. It looks hard to think the Quakers would not help our revolutionary fathers on the field of battle. But what road is so rugged as the course of development? It was for the Quakers to keep burning the white light of peace. Those who thought it was right went out to battle. And thus it has been throughout the whole course of history. One party contending for one thing, another for another. And who shall judge? Certainly there is no more broad-spirited sentiment than, "Thou art inexcusable, oh, man, whosoever thou art that judgeth." So then, without attaching either blame or praise to any class of men in the development of peace principles; let us rather be thankful to the over-ruling Providence for guiding the nations into the paths of peace.

THOSE WHO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

A college community is full of this class of people. Some effect this unconsciously; with others it is premeditated and plotted. The former class is really more worthy of notice. We rather like that kind of people. But for reasons which may appear, let us briefly notice the ones last mentioned. Who they are is no secret. In very many ways these unfortunate creatures unwittingly show that they desire to attract attention. They would scarcely admit even to themselves this, to be their motive, but it is painfully true to any who care to give such cases notice. One's walk is a good index to his thoughts. That jaunty step, that sway of the whole body, generally accompanied by a sarcastic smile—such a sight is a great tell-tale. It means that such a one is thinking about himself, and that he desires to do the same. Some times he or she succeeds. Often one looks on with disgust, but oftener with pity, that his fellow school-mates cannot find better things to think of than themselves. Then there are those who wear a self-conscious frown. They are thoughtful people and there is hope of them re-

forming. Others have just had their hair cut, mustache shaved or a new dress fitted nicely on. They can't come about you without smiling a weak smile, which shows their whole line of upper teeth. Others effect a carelessness in their dress—come in with the ircoat collar turned up, neck ties wrong way, a fold in one of their pant legs at the bottom. These people are all right, but misled. They are generally from the back woods, and are just becoming adjusted to college ways. They will learn. Then there are those who always have something to say to members of the faculty and to the older students, some witty saying they have coined up. It is utterly worthless, but it serves their purpose to attract attention. Some given no notice become desperate. They will whine and tweedle in a most pitiable manner. On the other extreme others will stare with wild eyed defiance. They will be noticed! Thus it is in the course of a day any student may notice many outward signs of inward selfishness.

Ridiculous, such things are in the extreme. Of course they are! The truth is, man was never born to be selfish. His whole make-up is too noble. He should be altruistic. Selfishness warps one's whole life. And there are plenty of people around you that are able to detect all these deformities. You must be genuine if you wish to appear so, and you must be unselfish if you would be genuine.

DIREGTORY.

HENRY CLAY LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—L. L. Barbee.

Secretary—J. A. Cox.

WEBSTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—J. O. Redding.

Secretary—Gould Welborn.

PHILAGOREAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—Bertha White.

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President—Bertha Whtte.

Secretary—C. F. Osborne.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President—J. M. Greenfield.

Secretary—C. W. Bradshaw.

FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Manager---Prof. A. W. Blair.

Captain---H. S. Tomlinson.

LOCALS.

—No game Thanksgiving day.

—The Junior Exhibition, Dec. 19th.

—There are about twenty bicycles in school.

—Prof. Davis lectured recently on "Reform Spelling."

—Several of the students spent Thanksgiving at home.

—Miss Robeson, of Philadelphia, is spending the winter with Prof. Woody's wife.

—W. H. Mendenhall took advantage of his holiday to spend Thanksgiving at the College.

—The recent heavy fall of snow gave good opportunities for coasting, skating and sleigh-riding.

—One of the Sophs. has adopted reform spelling to an extent and spells through *thro* with an apostrophe before it.

—Miss Mary E. Mendenhall gave a very interesting lecture on the evening of Dec. 5th. Subject, "Life and Works of Hawthorne."

—It has been decided that nine of the Juniors who have written orations will speak. The class will probably furnish some songs in the shape of a quartette or two.

—Owing to the increase in the number of cattle another barn has been constructed, the one already in use not having the capacity to accommodate more than thirty-five cows.

—In order to aid himself and his class in their astronomical observations Prof. White has erected a solid stone pedestal near his dwelling upon which is to be placed a sun-dial.

—Miss Alice Chawner, sister of Mrs. J. W. Woody, was so unfortunate as to fall and break a limb while out walking a short while since. As we go to press we learn that she is improving.

—Rev. J. A. B. Fry, who has lived in the village the past two years, goes with his family to Winston. Mr. Fry is a rising young minister in the Methodist Conference and will hold an important station the coming year. He goes to Grace Church, Winston. We will miss him much.

—It is with regret that we chronicle the late severe illness of Miss Lillian J. Hill. She has been confined to her room for about a month but is now, we are glad to say, able to be around again.

—Horace Ragan drove up to attend the Joint Entertainment and brought with him his sister Annie and also Misses Deborah and Anna Tomlinson. They remained over Sunday at the College.

—Joseph Peele has so far recovered as to be able to be out to meeting frequently. He dropped in at the young men's prayer-meeting the other Thursday evening and gave us some words of good-cheer.

—Miss Moreing, the art teacher, and Miss Long, the assistant music teacher, of Elon College, called at the College not long ago. They were accompanied by Prof. Alderman and daughter, of Greensboro.

—Sunday evening, Nov. 15th the Christian Endeavor Society had a public meeting according to the request made of all the Societies in the State. A special program of much interest was given on this occasion.

—Mrs. Woody, together with other Christian workers, have been holding a series of meetings at New Salem. It is believed that much good was accomplished and the spiritual life of the community quickened.

—There are being numbers of rabbits caught this winter. Rabbit catching is quite the fad. The young ladies have even taken the fever and have been known to capture in their own traps at least two cotton tails.

—The kind of social gatherings which the ladies give this term are such as to call forth the hearty congratulations of the young men. They are so managed that there is no excuse for a young man not being "in it."

—In the piece of woods east of Archdale through which flows the "brook Cedron," some men have been industriously grubbing for the last two weeks. All the trees are to be removed and the soil submitted to the plow.

—Rev. James R. Jones and family have moved into the village. They occupy the Woodley property. Mr. Jones spends most of his time away from home engaged in evangelistic work. Miss Ma-

mie is still pursuing her course in music under Miss Brockman, and makes trips to Greensboro twice a week for that purpose.

—There is no question as to the popularity of the new Governor. All the boys know that they will receive nothing but kindness and justice at his hands. By his very presence he not only commands, but receives the respect of all.

—Since it was learned that Mr. McKinley was the successful candidate in the late election there has been quite a rush for the position of postmaster here. At least three or four candidates are out and others are looking wistfully on.

—Mrs. Moffitt and daughter, Miss Pearl, of Lexington, were here on a visit not long ago. They brought Master Ralph with them who, from the manner in which he won the big girls' caresses, will doubtless be a great ladies' man some day.

—Some time ago Dr. Millis presented the Museum with a fine pair of live copper-head snakes. The larger one, over a yard long, has been mounted, being arranged so that his poisonous fangs are easily seen. Near by it stands a weasel also recently prepared.

—It is a pleasure to note that the gathering on Sunday afternoons for the purpose of practicing hymns is well attended. An hour thus pleasantly spent each week is not only enjoyable at the time, but must, of necessity, have its effect on improving the singing in Sunday School and elsewhere.

—Some of the large oaks which stood between Founders and President Hobbs' residence have been grubbed up by the root. Why? Because they were dying; their tops had been cut out some months ago, and unable to survive the shock, the old oaks were forced to succumb. It is nice to have small trees set out here and there on the campus, but we are always sorry to see an old tree, one which has stood the blast of a hundred winters, hewn down and cast into the fire, with but little thought. There have been from time to time large trees removed which we would gladly have seen remain. We miss their old familiar forms as we would a friend. Just north of King Hall there once stood a large oak, the top of which had died and fallen out. A number of limbs lower down had grown out, and reaching upward, did their best to form a substitute for a top. It was a great favorite of the birds. Nuthatches and chickadees loved to climb about its trunk and hunt for insects

and larva. Beneath one of the large limbs was a favorite place for a little woodpecker to seek shelter on rainy days. Beneath its roots a chipmunk had its home. But the old tree was dug up. Its form was not symmetrical enough to grace even that obscure corner of the campus. The nuthatch and chickadee seldom come that way now. The woodpecker must seek him another shelter, and the chipmunk that used to run about the door step is never seen.

Hew not the campus monarch down;
 Long has it done its duty well,
 And sheltered from the storm and sun
 The singing birds that 'round us dwell.

Beneath its shade, for sixty years,
 As students of this dear old place,
 The youth have paused to gird themselves
 Before they passed to life's stern race.

And when they come this way again
 And miss the tree that stood so high,
 What shall we answer when they ask
 "Did Nature appoint its time to die?"

PERSONALS.

Elbert S. White, '93, is at his dental work, in Philadelphia.

Miss Maggie Hancock is postmistress at Wentworth, N. C.

Julius Frazier is teaching at Shady Grove, near Sumner, N. C.

Chas. W. Petty is contracting electrician, in Greensboro, N. C.

Josie McGee, a student here in '94, is teaching near Jamestown, N. C.

Cecil A. Boren, '95, has charge of his father's farm, near the College.

C. F. Osborn left school recently to accept a position as teacher at Genoa, N. C. *The Collegian* wishes him success in his chosen profession.

Sallie Copeland is now teaching near her home, at Woodland.

Mahlow Cox continues to operate Prof. Davis' farm, near Deep River.

Miss Lola S. Stanley, '89, is principal of the school at Rich Square, N. C.

Harris Bristow is still a horse trader, with headquarters at Bennettsville, S. C.

Charles Cude, a former student here, is engaged in the mercantile business at High-Point, N. C.

A. H. Stack, here in '91 and '92, continues to find employment in the store of G. H. Royster, Greensboro.

Jane Wakefield, an old student of G. C., is spending the winter with her brother, Dr. Wakefield, in Charlotte.

Ellen Harrel, formerly Ellen Marshall, a student of N. G. B. S., is happily married and living at Pilot Mountain.

J. B. White, of Greensboro, has purchased a farm at Jamestown and is farming on a large scale. Success to him.

Wilson Carroll is teaching near Reidsville, N. C. His many friends wish him success in this, his new work, and hope he may return to the College in the near future to complete his course.

Mrs. Mary Hancoc, from Iowa, is spending a few weeks with her mother and friends, near Friendship. She visited the College and noted great changes since her school days here. Students here in the sixties will remember her as Mary Kirkman. She went to Iowa in 1872 as a teacher, and afterwards married a Methodist minister, a member of the Des Moines Conference. This is her first return to the old North State. Her youngest child, a bright girl of 11 years, accompanies her. Web Kirkman, from Georgia, is making a visit to the same family. Age and the cares of life seem to sit very lightly upon him.

MARRIAGES.

Bull-Starbuck.—At Kernersville, Wednesday, Nov. 11th, Miss Anna Starbuck was married to Mr. John Bull.

Durham-Knight.—On Nov. 22d, Mr. Joseph Durham and Miss Ida Knight were united in the holy bonds of wedlock.

Wills-Alderman.—At the home of the bride's father, in Greensboro, N. C., Nov. 24th, Miss Manna Alderman, a former music teacher in the College, was married to J. Norman Wills, of Greensboro. *The Collegian* extends congratulations and best wishes.

Lane-Copeland.—On the 21st of October, Miss Mellie Copeland, one of Guilford's former students, was lead to the hymeneal altar by Mr. Jesse Lane, a promising farmer, near Hertford, N. C., where they will make their future home.

Reynolds-French.—At the home of the bride, in Phoenix, Ariz., on the 3rd of November, the arithmetical rule was again made void and $2=1$. Mr. E. O. Reynolds, '93, more popularly known as Moses, was married to Mrs. Maggie French. Mr. Reynolds has recently accepted a position in the marble yard at Tucson, Ariz. May a long and prosperous life attend them.

DEATHS.

Died, at his home in Western Springs, Ill., Thomas Clarkson Hill, Nov. 9, 1896. He was a student of this institution while it was a boarding school and afterwards spent two years in Haverford College, Pa. He was a prominent and influential Friend.

EXCHANGES.

The Yale Literary we especially recommend to students. Its dignity, and withal simplicity is much to be admired. One of its editors is not a stranger to college life by any means, if we judge him by his article concerning "Sir John Frevelly and others," found in the November number.

One-half of one per cent. of the population of the United States are college graduates. From this comparatively small number are drawn 46 per cent. of the U. S. Representatives, 54 per cent. of the U. S. Senators, 62 per cent. of the Vice-Presidents, 70 per cent. of the Speakers of the House, and 90 per cent. of the U. S. Chief Justices.

The Wesleyan Advance contains an article on Novel Reading. Is it profitable? We would agree that is if the best novels are to be considered. "For without a parable spake He not unto them."

Trinity Archive devotes a great part of its space to historic subjects. "Ku-Klux Klan" was not the least interesting article that it has published. Historic Hillsboro has value. There is sufficient material about old Hillsboro for the ground work of a novel.

We quite agree with the Baylor Literary in saying that it is shameful that American students are not familiar with our national songs. We noticed the same with us, and we do think every American student ought to know "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "The Red, White and Blue," with "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie" thrown in.

The Wake Forest Student maintains its former excellence. Its articles show research. We like the arrangement of it—commend its interest in North Carolina history. The article, "Life *vs.* Science," is very well written.

"How do you know Hamlet had a bicycle?" Because he said "Watch over my safety while I sleep."—Ex.

Ursinus College Bulletin is to be commended for its excellence. We notice an improvement in its literary department. The value of the Classics is worth notice. The study of the classics is the source of knowledge. Poets are the forerunners of inventions. The classics have been the inspiration of our poets, statesmen and others. The plea for the Higher Education of Women is well written.

AD SOCRATEM.

To thee, great seer of ancient days,
Be our best homage and our praise—
Thou who did'st from their lofty throne
The idols of thine age cast down,
And a more perfect one enshrine ;
Who, through the heathen darkness saw,
The coming reign of light and law,
And immortality divine.
In minds of men, in flower or tree,
Enlightened instinct taught thee well,
That in all thee their needs must dwell,
The presence of a Diety,

Whose own indwelling in thy heart
Did peace and joy and hope impart,
And from the cares that vexed the way,
Point e'er above to endless day.

University Cynic.

TO A WATER LILY.

O star on the breast of the river,
O marvel of beauty and grace,
Did you fall straight down from heaven,
Out of the sweetest place ?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
Your heart is steeped in the sun ;
Did you grow in the beautiful city,
My pure and radiant one ?
Nay, nay ; I fell not down from heaven,
None gave me my saintly white ;
It silently grew in the darkness,
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river,
I won my glory and grace.
White souls fall not, O, my poet !
They rise to the Heavenly Place.

—*Ex.*

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapped, in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize ;
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light,
His reign of peace upon the earth began ;
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.



—*The Hymn of the Nativity.*

SUNRISE.

Westward steals the lingering shadows,
And the night is done ;
Eastward turns the black earth whirling
To the morning sun.
Thin, gray lights along the mountain,
Quickly growing bold,
Cast upon the sea of daybreak,
Quivering bars of gold.
Swift Apollo, with his quiver
And his golden bow,
Sends a flood of silvered arrows
Onward thro' the glow.
Then a lay of hope and gladness
From the songster thrills,
Greeting in his noisy welcome,
Sunrise on the hills.

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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and Traveling Accessories.**

Respectfully,

Fishblate-Katz-Rankin Co.,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

W. R. RANKIN, MANAGER.

GUILFORD FOOT-BALL TEAM, '96.



Mill.	Wheeler.	Petty, r. l.	Farlow, r. g.	A. W. Blair, M'gr.	Brown, C.	Hocket, l. g.	Kerner, l. e.
	Tuttle.	Lewis, r. c.	Cap. Tomlinson	l. h.	Popper, l. l.	Glenn.	
	P. Worth, q. b.	Jorden, f. b.	English,		W. Cowles, r. h.		

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NO. 5.

CHRIST AND THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

"Then Jesus beholding him, loved him."—Mark 10:21.

These lines were suggested by Hofman's beautiful picture—"Christ and the Rich Young Ruler"—and are inscribed to my own and all other boys.—*Mary Mendenhall Hobbs.*

As Jesus looked on that young man,
He looks on *thee*, my boy.
If thou that look from Him above,
Canst answer with thy perfect love,
He'll shed o'er thee His joy.

And as He turns on *thee* His face
Oh turn not *thou* away,
Nor deem that any prize on earth
With His great love can be of worth,
Or win the narrow way.

Thy eyes meet His, be not afraid.
Willingly let Him look,
Deep down into thy very soul,
Unfold it as it were a scroll
And write it in His book.

He's nearer than thy dearest friend,
He knows thy every thought,
He stands not as a censor cold,
But gathers thee into His fold
As one His blood has bought.

That look of love He wears for thee,
His life He sacrificed,
While now He stands thy house before.
Oh, hasten, quick! and ope the door,
And welcome in—The Christ.

He will come in and sup with thee,
And if thou willing art,
He will forever with thee walk,
And sweetly to thy soul will talk,
And never will depart.

Oh blessed boon!—to be His friend,
To know His gentle grace,
For His sweet love to daily live,
For His sweet sake to hourly give,
To Him the highest place.

Thou'lt find Him strongest of the strong,
The bravest of the brave.
No weakling He, in every hour,
He manifests His wondrous power,
He *died* the *world* to save.

His life He gave—they took it not.
The choice was His alone,
And for the joy before Him set,
Chose Calvary not Olivet,
And reached the Father's throne.

Then take Him as thy constant guide,
He'll never faithless prove,
But even, as the sparrows fall,
He'll mark thy every feeblest call,
And save thee through His love.

THE COLLEGE ELECTIVE SYSTEM.

ALUMNUS.

At a recent convention of the colleges and preparatory schools of the Middle States and Maryland, the statement was made by an eminent speaker that the wonderful intellectual growth and vigor of Harvard University during recent years has been due in large degree to the free selection of studies allowed by the elective system as employed in that University. The assertion was allowed to pass unchallenged, for the system has been so generally adopted by the colleges of all sections of the country that it is now everywhere recognized as a feature of our educational system.

The elective system is nothing more or less than an arrangement of courses allowing a student to select from certain prescribed subjects those for which he has especial tastes or aptitudes, or which may be of especial value to him in professional or business life. Naturally, in nearly all the larger colleges and universities, greater freedom of selection is permitted than in the smaller colleges. The proportions of elective and required work are rarely found to be the same in any two colleges. In some a moderate amount of elective work is permitted throughout the entire course; in others the work of the first two years is all required, and that of the last two is all elective. Still others permit a small amount of elective work in the Sophomore year, increasing the amount in the Junior and Senior years. At Haverford College, which may be taken as a fair representative of the conservative small colleges in this regard, all the work of the Freshman year is required. In the latter half of the Sophomore year four hours of elective work are permitted; in the Junior year, ten, and in the Senior year, twelve. It will thus be seen that while almost all colleges realize the value of the system, and employ it to a greater or less extent, each varies it to suit the especial needs of its own students.

The advantages of the system are apparent, but a re-statement of some of them may not be out of place here. Certain subjects are, for all students, valuable and necessary up to a given point, both as mental discipline and because their pursuit creates breadth and symmetry of educational foundation. Carried beyond this

given point, they may become still more valuable to some students; but to others whose tastes and interests lie in other directions their further pursuit becomes little more than a tiresome and useless waste of time. The elective system encourages concentration of effort, enables the student to bend all his energies upon his chosen subject, and tends to give unity to his work. It is of especial value to those students who intend to enter professional life, inasmuch as it helps them to shape their courses so that they may be prepared in the best possible manner to begin their professional study: indeed it permits them, in many cases, to complete parts of their professional courses before leaving college, thereby effecting for them an important saving of time and money. The principle of election is the basis of graduate work, and in our busy day of specialization it has become an educational necessity.

There are some colleges, however, which have not yet adopted the elective system. They feel that it is unwise to abandon the older system of a four years' course based upon the three subjects of Greek, Latin and Mathematics, the candidates for any particular degree pursuing the same subjects throughout. This system worked well in a time when educated men were supposed to enter one of the professions of law, medicine, the ministry, teaching, or politics, and when special training was not sought after in other lines of work. It has also, without doubt, a greater disciplinary value, as President Thwing has recently pointed out, in that it accustoms students to the performance of duties which are disagreeable to them; and this fact must be given due consideration when it is remembered that a tendency toward luxury and a distaste for hard work are said to be increasing in our colleges. It was and is at best, however, an incomplete and one-sided system, not at all adequate to the increasing needs and demands of our civilization, and its further existence is only a matter of a few years. Already the new order of things is affecting even the entrance requirements of our colleges, and while there is little prospect of any radical change from the present system, very few of them will much longer demand a hard and fast entrance requirement, in the case of the languages and history, at least.

Guilford has never employed the elective system as such, although the substitution of a few prescribed subjects for other prescribed subjects is permitted. The need has been met to some extent, however, by offering several distinct general courses of study, with

different entrance requirements, and by omitting entrance requirements in Greek and German and giving those subjects correspondingly greater attention in the Junior and Senior years, thus virtually enabling a student to determine for what degree he will become a candidate (and consequently what subjects he will pursue,) even a year after entrance. Even this arrangement, however, leaves much to be desired; and we can but believe that the adoption of the elective system, even though it were to apply at first only to the work, or half the work, of the Senior year would be a distinctly forward step in the history of the college.

The objection may be made that such a step would require a larger number of courses of study, a larger teaching force, and a consequent expenditure of money out of proportion to the immediate, not to say prospective, results. We think this difficulty might be obviated, however, in two ways: first, by opening the subjects now required of candidates for a particular degree to all the candidates of the year, no matter what the degree applied for; and in the second place by decreasing the number of required subjects and increasing the time which might be devoted to one subject.

We are satisfied that there would be no insuperable difficulty in working out the details of the system, and we are equally satisfied that the intellectual life of the college would be aroused, quickened and deepened to a most gratifying extent by the application of the elective principle.

ENCHANTED LEAVES.

BY W. A. BLAIR

It was the last night of December. Allen Woolman, returning from the party, entered his cozy bachelor quarters just as the glad notes of a familiar hymn, sounding forth from the old Moravian church near by, announced that a new year had been ushered in.

He paused for a moment, listening to the music which came so sweetly to his ears, then closed the door of his room, removed his hat and great coat, pulled an easy-chair before the glowing grate,

drew on his dainty slippers, unpinned a red carnation from the lapel of his evening coat, placed it in a tiny vase upon his table, and sat down, at peace with all the world.

Outside the stars were shining brightly, and the gentle moon looked calmly down upon the snow-clad earth beneath.

The winter winds but gently sported, waiting, as it seemed, upon the notes of that Moravian hymn; and yet the frost was fast forming upon the window-panes, and ice stretching out its gaunt, cold fingers along the water's edge.

It was just the night for a successful party, and Allen, after enjoying every moment of the delightful evening, had mounted the stairway to his apartments with quickened step and buoyant tread, intending to write a cheery letter to his dear mother, as was his daily custom, and then to seek sweet forgetfulness in the land of dreams.

But, the sound of that song, which fell so unexpectedly and so sweetly upon his ears as he opened the door, somehow touched his heart, wrought an instant change in his feelings, and threw him into reverie and meditation.

The past seemed spread out before him like a panorama. Here was a success; there, a failure. Here, a good resolution; there, the rocks upon which it had been wrecked.

Here, the ideal character—beautiful and good—toward which he had always striven; there, the real character just as he was that night.

On every side he seemed to see much for which he was thankful, some thing which brought regrets, and perhaps a few which bore something akin to remorse upon their bosoms.

Then he thought of the days to come, and almost wished to lift the veil, far enough, at least, to see what the new year might have in store for him.

He thought of his plans, his ambitions, his hopes and fears, his aspirations and his prayers.

He thought of Nellie, for, somehow, thoughts of her would weave themselves in every web.

Air-castle after air-castle, in quick succession, rose in beauty and grandeur, and as quickly faded into ruin and magnificent decay.

Allen involuntarily quoted those well-known words, "Tell me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine,—and the past;—and the future shall be. * * * Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go

forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

The clock struck one, and the solemn sound, startling our hero, broke off his reverie.

Almost the first thing that attracted his attention as he looked around was an unbroken box of fine imported cigars, which a distant relative, returning from Havana, had sent him for a Christmas present, together with a tender yet playful letter, regretting that his young friend had so far wandered from the paths in which his tender feet had been directed, as to use the filthy weed. Nellie, whom he loved, had expressed to him her surprise that he indulged even in this dissipation mild; and he had, then and there, decided that he would never smoke again.

Thoughtlessly, the young man took the box in his hand and, opening it, regaled himself with the delightful aroma which arose therefrom.

Attracted by the appearance of the wrapper, he selected the middle cigar in the topmost layer, took it out, scanned it closely, clipped off the end with his tiny penknife, lighted it, and again fell into his former trend of thought. Unheeded went the moments by. The clock struck two. Allen raised his eyes to be sure that the little ticker upon the mantle-piece did not deceive him, started, changed color, looked, and looked again.

"Am I—am I dreaming?" he asked aloud, and half arose.

The light, blue smoke from his cigar, curling gracefully about the room, framed before him, strange to say, a picture of Nellie, perfect in outline, feature, and expression.

It was her face, her figure, her hand; and even the wavy ringlets of the hair were hers. There could be no mistake. With peculiar feelings, he watched the airy picture move gently backward and forward and then gradually fade away and disappear. "It's more than strange," he said to himself again and again, half disbelieving what his eyes had seen.

Suddenly he remembered a story Nellie had laughingly told her guests at the party, a few hours before, concerning a tradition which had been handed down from generation to generation, among the Indians, "from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

If a maiden, in her wanderings, should chance to come upon growing tobacco plants, and while the morning dew was still upon the leaves, should, bending over them, gently breath a secret wish

thereon, then the leaves would drink in that wish, together with the sunshine and the dew and the outline of her form and features.

Hidden away beneath a velvet surface, all would remain until the flame applied to the pipe by a stalwart brave would call forth from its hiding place the secret and the picture, causing the one to be revealed and the other to be sketched in smoky outline.

Nellie had added that when with friends in far-off Cuba she visited the fields rich with the finest tobaccos grown, some one reminded her of this tradition. Immediately she ran to the fairest plant in all the field, bent tenderly over it, and laughingly said: "Oh, plant, forget me not! Photograph my face and form within thy most perfect leaf and let me there remain until some one worthy of my love shall apply the flame which may release me from my prison-house. Then let my form come forth before his eyes."

The clock struck three.

Allen looked vacantly around for a moment, arose from his chair with strange determination pictured on his face, reverently knelt in brief and silent prayer, and soon was fast asleep.

The sun peeped into his eastern window long ere he awoke.

The morning hours but slowly passed and his friends remarked that he seemed nervous and preoccupied.

In the afternoon he called at Nellie's home and plainly told her of his great love for her through all these years. He offered her his heart and hand in tender words and told her of all that had transpired the night before.

She answerad not, but ere he went away, with tearful eyes and smiling lips and arms about his neck, she simply said: "Allen, I don't care now if you do smoke."

THE DUST THEORY OF SOIL FORMATION.

ADDISON COFFIN.

You may remember that in 1892, while in Europe, I called attention to the fact that around all the old ruins in Europe and Western Asia and over all the countries where there were means of measurement there had been a deposit of earth from four to ten feet

deep. The deposit seems to be the same in quantity on land under constant cultivation as on waste-land, on hill tops, and all places not exposed to currents of wind and water.

At the time I was unable to account for the deposit but kept the subject in memory and tried to digest the observed facts; one very perplexing fact was the deposit from the overflow of the Nile in Egypt which was identical in character to that on the plains of Italy and southern France. The French engineers engaged in surveying a railroad across the Great Desert in Africa were convinced that the great depressions below sea level were not the beds of former lakes or inland seas but had been made by the wind. The strong winds are ever grinding the sand into dust and carrying it away in vast clouds, thus during unknown centuries slowly excavating great depressions now below sea level.

After returning from Europe I again crossed our continent with an eye out for facts on this perplexing problem and I noticed while crossing the great central treeless region the same evidence of wind being one of the active agents in shaping the face of the country in our desert region. In southern California in the region of Death Valley I was convinced that wind had made the greater part of that excavation for it is still grinding to powder the volcanic ashes, Tufa and sand of that whole valley ready to whirl it away in blinding clouds.

Further east in northern Mexico and southern New Mexico there is an immense sand wave slowly but steadily rolling north before prevailing winds; a close examination of the rocks and hills shows that the wave has evidently been moving for centuries and has come hundreds of miles. During high winds vast clouds of dust are carried northward and eastward and diffused in the atmosphere.

The great Central Valley of Mexico, twelve hundred miles long, abounds in sand regions which add largely to the dust supply. In places whole lines of sand hills look like they were the screenings of sand waves which had become too heavy to carry.

Last winter I was surprised to find the same character of deposits in the States of Tabasco, Chiapas, Campecha and Yucatan that I had observed in southern Europe. In Yucatan, among ruins twelve to eighteen thousand years old there were accumulations in places on top of the ruins three and four feet deep.

If I accept the Dust Theory, that it is the floating dust in the atmosphere that makes it luminous and that an atom of dust forms

the nucleus of every raindrop, I can form a tolerably plausible theory of this world-wide excavating and depositing.

The prevailing north winds of Africa carry the dust of the great Desert to the tropical regions where it comes down in the enormous rain fall of that region and is carried by the streams into the upper Nile and by it borne to lower Egypt and deposited by the overflow. The south wind in like manner carries the dust into Europe, where the rain and snow bring it down in a constant deposit. The Desert furnishes the same kind of dust for the north wind and south wind, so the deposit is the same wherever found. If the reports of the engineers on the surveys from Oran on the Mediterranean sea to Timbuctoo on the Niger and from Algiers to the Soudan there are areas as large as the State of Indiana where the grinding power of the moving sand and the carrying power of the monsoons have made excavations several hundred feet below sea level.

Between the valley of the Nile and the Red Sea there are vast ranges of sand hills slowly moving eastward, which, if given time, will doubtless fill the Red Sea. All along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean the strong west winds are piling the "Sands of the Sea" into moving hills which, within historic time, have advanced several miles inland and from which clouds of dust can be seen carried away by the wind. This same phenomenon of moving sand hills can be seen in our Lake region, especially on the southern and eastern shores of many of the larger lakes. Travelers report the same condition of sand movement from the deserts and great plains of south America and central Asia. So the supply of dust has been and now is equal to the deposits.

One striking fact in this connection is the uniformity of deposits in all countries, the deposits seem to have been made in the same order and governed by a common natural law, and what is still more interesting, these deposits have been going on long before man began to build, for recent discoveries show the deposit below many of the very old foundations, especially is this the case in Europe and western Asia. In Yucatan and Central America this is not seen, for the ancient builders down there cleared away all the soil and loose gravel down to solid bed rock to lay their foundations though the soil thus removed may have been deposited.

It can be seen from the foregoing theory that I do not think the earth is growing larger by meteoric dust, but all the deposits are

made from the home supply. Taken altogether there is an interesting field for speculation and study along this line and I hope some of the students of Guilford College may give it thought, and if they should ever pass the points mentioned have an eye open to see and judge for themselves.

[In treating of the causes for the large accumulations of soil found in all countries and which is particularly noticeable where its depth is marked by the buried remains of ancient ruins, Mr. Darwin says that the deposition of dust has largely aided in this work. But he goes on to say that he regards the deposits of soil caused by the activity of earth-worms to have played equally an important part.

This theory might aid in clearing up some of the difficulties which the dust theory alone would fail to explain. The subject will be found treated at length in Mr. Darwin's book, "Vegetable Mould and Earth Worms."—ED]

OVERWROUGHT SOCIETY.

LENA A. FREEMAN, '98.

Man has certain feelings called propensities, which are based on the fact that he is both a selfish and a social being. The gratification of the selfish propensities generally comes in for the greatest share of blame by moralists, but in the present highly overwrought state of society it seems that the undue gratification of social propensities has become a great evil. In this group are found sociality, imitativeness, approbateness, emulation and rivalry. These feelings as motives to action drive a vast amount of happiness from the human race, and entail countless sorrows upon the children of men.

As a nation we would be far wealthier, happier and better if we were not slaves to society. In early history we hear comparatively little of the social world, but as one generation follows another we perceive an increasing desire for following fashion. At this age society has reached so great a height that more time is trifled away socially than in any other way. If some of the time which is given

to sociality were spent in helping others the world would be far better to-day. There is a constant rush made by the people trying to keep up with the times; some trying to be at the head of society, others trying to keep on an equal standing, until it is getting to be such an outrage that great disaster can but follow.

The gratification of the social propensities is a great consumer of time and money. If a wealthy man loses part of his money he will work all sorts of ways, go in debt, and even do worse, in order to keep up appearances. The end and aim of most men is to secure the luxuries of life, while the women are content to lavish their wealth on dress.

While one is thus striving to keep up appearances it is quite necessary that many things must be done which are very disagreeable. "Calls" must be made, with no object in view but that society demands it. Late hours must be kept and the needful amount of rest foregone. The time spent in shopping would be far more profitably spent at home reading a useful book, in meditation, or attending to some household duty. While the mind is thus distracted, the more necessary duties are forgotten or put off.

Some women spend more time poring over fashion plates than they do in reading their Bibles; more time visiting the milliner shop than their church; and the height of their ambition is to have the renowned costume artists of Paris to make a dress for them, and for which folly they often have to pay most dearly.

One of the great evils of this day, and one that is taking a great hold on the American people especially, is card-playing, and in most cases poker. Poker-playing is essentially gambling, and poker-players are gamblers. If this truth were more widely appreciated thousands of men and women would stop playing it, for gambling has an ugly sound in the ears of the better class of Americans. Unfortunately this truth has been glossed over, until now, by wide consent, poker has been invested with a garb of respectability. A man would not hesitate to say, "I played poker all night," while he would be reluctant to say, "I gambled all night." What but the passion of gambling would keep tired men out of their beds night after night, as late as five or six o'clock in the morning, when they know that the next day's hard work is before them—work on which perhaps depends their very existence, and that of their wives and children! What but the passion of gambling will make men whose means are limited toss down their

pieces of silver as if they were so many pebbles, when every one knows that on ordinary occasions they would haggle over half a dollar in a bargain, hesitate to loan a dollar to a friend, and look twice at a five cent piece before giving it to a beggar?

Poker does especial harm to players through its unfortunate influence on their characters. The soul of draw poker lies in the bluff, and the bluff is essentially a deception. The skillful player must play a role of deceit from the time he sits down to the table till he leaves it. He smiles when his smile is false. He frowns and inwardly rejoices. He cracks a joke, turns to the waiter and orders more drinks, and does this with a studied purpose to produce misleading impressions, to make others believe one thing when just the opposite is true. His one effort is to make his adversary think he is weak when he is strong, and then, having tricked him in a defenceless position, pounce down upon him suddenly and plunder him, take his money away from him, show him no mercy. Has America any reason to be proud of this, her national game?

Tippling, another characteristic American habit, is the worship of whiskey in small and frequent doses. Every day, all over the United States, millions of men catch other millions by the arm, and refusing to take the answer "no," march them into some saloon and practically force them to drink a certain amount, just because their captors happen to want that much. It is a striking fact that every tippler wishes a companion in his tippling. With equal justice these millions of tipplers might pounce upon their fellow citizens at unexpected moments and compel them to eat so many plates of oysters, or griddle cakes, or anything else that struck their fancy. The sin of the tippling habit consists chiefly in that it starts many men on the road to alcoholic excess. It first tempts men to drink who do not wish to drink, but yet do not wish to refuse. Then it brings them successively to the points where they take liquor because they like it, because they crave it, because they cannot get along without it; and so this habit of tippling would seem to be a national conspiracy for the making of drunkards. All of our great cities, with their miles of thriving saloons, testify to this universal craving for strong drink, largely the result of the tippling habit. Let him who may sit on our municipal thrones, but alcohol is king. American politics reek of alcohol, American prisons are three-fifths filled with victims of alcohol, American asylums scream with alcohol. Ask any doctor, or any

health officer, if this is an exaggeration. And bear it in mind that all these drunkards were once mere tipplers!

Nor is tipping confined to men alone, but of recent years women of the large cities have been drawn into the net. Statistics furnish abundant evidence that the women are not only drinking more and more every year, but they are doing so because they like to drink. How often does it happen that a gentleman calls on a lady and is offered, quite as a matter of course, a cock-tail made by her own fair hands, and quite as skillfully compounded as he would wish to get at his own favorite bar! To her other accomplishments the end-of-the-century woman has added that of being an expert mixer of drinks; not only a mixer of drinks, but a partaker of them.

There was a time when we understood little or nothing of the laws of heredity, when we knew almost nothing of the re-appearance of an appetite handed down from father or grand-father to the life of his son, but to-day the student at least has some understanding concerning these things. He knows that alcohol produces an alcohol appetite; that the alcohol appetite, when once acquired, forever craves more alcohol.

Byron, out of whose soul English poetry gushed and bubbled like water from a fountain, went down as an alcohol wreck. Out of the "Carnival of Venice" he writes: "I have hardly slept for a week; I will work the mine of my youth to the last vein of its ore, and then good night; I have lived and am content." But it was only a few years later—his tone, how changed! his spirit, how broken! when he wrote:

"I have squandered my whole summer while 'twas May,
I have spent my life, both interest and principle,
And deem not what I deemed my soul invincible."

And the curtain of night went down on that brilliant life, and the darkness of the shadows of eternity have been cast athwart his pathway from then till now.

And Edgar Allen Poe, who was endowed with poetical gifts of the rarest and most wonderful kind, if he had not given way to intemperance, might have made for himself a name above that of any yet known to American letters.

Fashion taxes without reason and collects without mercy. She first infatuates the court and aristocracy, and then ridicules the

poor if they do not follow in her wake. Look at society—the rich eating up the poor, the poor stabbing at the rich; fashion playing in the halls of gilded sensualism; folly dancing to the tune of ignorant mirth; intemperance gloating over the whiskey jug, the brandy punch, the champagne bottle, bearing thousands upon thousands down to a grave of ignominy and drunkenness. Is there not need of a more vigorous self-restraint from the social follies and vices of the times? Better yield your will to the influence of self love, thirst for knowledge, desire for honest gain and laudable ambition; better be called an egotistic self-seeker, a retiring recluse, a retreating hermit, than to plunge headlong into the muddy stream of the present highly overwrought society, the mouth of which stream is a whirlpool engulfing thousands in financial, mental, moral and spiritual ruin.

THE last train for the day was about leaving. "All aboard!" shouted the conductor; but it was only to an empty yard and threatening sky. What few passengers had alighted had just entered the little station. The train pulled away to meet the fast falling darkness. And I found myself alone with my lantern and mail sack, half a mile from the village post office. Stepping into the waiting room to warm myself before starting I found grouped about the coal-stove four burly men. They were evidently loggers and their weather-beaten faces and hard, rough hands told of the woodsman's life. They were doubtless waiting for a wagon to take them to the camp three miles into the country. "See here Jack what I got!" At this I looked directly into the face of the speaker. His eyes shone like fire as he proudly produced from the inside pocket of his tattered vest a small gold piece. "I tell you I had a time getting it; but I was going to have it. I heard that Doc. Brown got it from the bank for change. When I went to him he said he sold it to John Rankin for a dollar and a half. I went to John and sed, 'Look here, John, youne got that gold dollar and I'm going to have it.' John sorter grinned and 'lowed I'de have to give him a five if I got it. He thought I couldnt buy it. I sed, 'Done!' and pulled out my old stockin'. It took all I had, but I got it, and a fifty bill can't git it." Then all the men looked dumfounded. They handled the coin as carefully and looked at it as lovingly as if it had been a miniature god. We heard the rattle of the wagon and the men went out into the darkness.

I trudged on to the post office and sighed as I thought. As if by instinct the ignorant workman makes capital of the precious gold coin which unjust legislation continues to raise in value or perhaps he had unconsciously learned to be a miser so hard had the world born in upon him. If nothing else a straw pointing toward the way we are drifting.

THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The last Saturday night of the term, Dec. 19th, the Junior Exhibition was given. There are eleven members in the Junior class this year who prepared orations and occupied the rostrum on the evening in question. President Hobbs, in the course of his remarks to the class, referred to the satisfactory work which they had done during the past two and a half years, but said that he regarded the year and a half of work yet before them to be quite equal in value to that part of their College course which had already been run.

The first exercise of the evening was the chorus, "Moonlight will Come Again." This was rendered by the whole class in a truly beautiful manner. The following was the program:

1. Chorus.
2. Oration: Our National Life.....WALTER E. BLAIR.
3. Oration: Wood Carving.....ORA JINNETT.
4. Oration: Characteristics of Scientific Men.....HERBERT C. PETTY.
5. Oration: The Income Tax.....JOHN M. GREENFIELD, JR.
6. Vocal Solo: The Holy City.....MISS ADA CRAVEN.
7. Oration: Thomas Carlyle.....ANNA R. ANDERSON.
8. Oration: The Cuban Rebellion.....PERCY WORTH.
9. Oration: Overwrought Society.....LENA A. FREEMAN.
10. Oration: The Mohammedan Faith.....J. OSCAR REDDING.
11. Oration: Health by Exercise.....ADA M. FIELD.
12. Oration: The Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin.....S. H. TOMLINSON.
13. Oration: True GreatnessJ. K. PEPPER.
14. Piano Duet.

Nine of the above orations were given.

The first speaker was W. E. Blair, who in a very clear cut and forcible manner treated the subject, "Our National Life." He spoke of the home as the unit of the nation and traced its influence in the development of our Government. He showed that our growth has been rapid yet conservative and secure.

Ora Jinnett then spoke on "Wood Carving." She told something of the origin and development of wood carving as an art; spoke of its various forms and of the national types. The production showed careful research.

John M. Greenfield's was closely followed by the audience while he gave a clear exposition of "The Income Tax." The oration was carefully written and well spoken.

"Thomas Carlyle" was the subject of a beautiful biographical sketch which was spoken by Anna R. Anderson.

The next oration, which was "Overwrought Society," by Lena A. Freeman, appears in this issue.

J. Oscar Redding's oration on "The Mohammedan Faith," was a very strong production. He spoke of the origin and history of the creed of the Sultan and told of the influence which it had exerted on its followers and on the world. The speaker conducted himself well upon the stage and kept the close attention of his audience.

"Health by Exercise," was the title of the oration by Ada M. Field. In the course of her speech she spoke of the different forms of systematic exercise by the various nationalities. Speaking of the Chinese gymnasiums, she said there is one movement which has been practiced continuously since the date at least 2600 B. C.

The oration by S. H. Tomlinson was "the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin." It consisted of a biographical sketch of Mrs. Stowe and something of her writings. The speaker has a good round voice and made a very favorable impression.

The last address of the evening was by J. K. Pepper. He spoke earnestly and at length on the subject. "True Greatness."

Miss Craven's rendering of "The Holy City," and the piano duet by Misses Cox and Craven were quite beautiful and thoroughly enjoyed by those who heard them.

Congratulations to the class of '98.

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JANUARY, 1897.

WE regret to announce the resignation of Mr. J. O. Redding, who was local editor during last term. The societies should look with greater care toward securing editors who can serve for longer periods of time. This frequent changing of officers seriously frustrates the purposes of the whole management of the journal. Mr. John M. Greenfield has been appointed to succeed Mr. Redding.

WE have an urgent call for the September and December numbers of the *Collegian* in volume V. Should any one be in possession of these copies it will be considered a great favor if he will inform us of the same. We are very anxious to secure these numbers in good condition, and at once.

SCIENCE HALL.

The movement for the early erection of Science Hall seems to be taking definite form. The Trustees have an architect at work on a plan, the site has about been decided on, and we under-

stand some funds are now ready to be used. Certainly it is time something definite was being done. We do not mean by the sentence above that the Trustees have said a great deal about Science Hall and done nothing. In fact the Trustees have said little or nothing. It is their very silence in the past and general conservative policy that lead us to believe that Science Hall is to be a reality, and that, too, in the near future.

As to the necessity of the building, that has been thoroughly discussed. It is an axiom; we should have Science Hall, and it is a truism, we think, we will have Science Hall.

A COMPLETE RECORD TO BE KEPT.

The new method of keeping the record of students is certainly very complete. It will prove a great satisfaction to future generations. A very large book, planned by Prof. White, has been purchased, containing hundreds of pages, one page of which is to be devoted to every student that enters here from now throughout all time.

On this page, toward the top, is given the student's name, his parents, date of entrance, &c. Then all the studies in the whole curriculum are given opposite spaces in which are written the grades received on the different subjects. At the bottom there is a place for the grades on conduct and on the studies in the special departments of the college.

The book has a good index, and in a moment's time the standing of any student in the institution may be ascertained. By the old method only the record of those graduating was kept. By the new not only the grades of the whole number of students is kept, but we have them in permanent form.

METHODS OF THOUGHT.

Through whatever intellectual atmosphere we look at things so will our thoughts be, and if our thoughts, sooner or later our whole beliefs. Just as through blue glass the flower appears blue, so if we never looked through anything but blue glass everything would

appear blue. In other words our thoughts and beliefs are largely wrought by our *methods* of thought. How easy it to take up some method of thought and interpret everything by it. Or how easy it is to become narrow!

One looks upon himself, the reflection is an egotist. Many look at things through the college in which they live. Their vision of the world is no bigger than the small circle of their college life. Some see out into the world through such little holes—just through their immediate friends sometimes. And so the world is and was. Superstition blinded the eyes of those who lived long ago. The church once cast a dark shadow of ignorance. And according to the authority quoted below, we are now looking too much through the glasses of science. Whether it is true or not we do not know. But there seems to be such tendencies only in the college life around us. Exchanges come in full of speculations based on scientific discovery. Nothing seems too deep for the bold thinkers(?)

It is nothing uncommon to hear the feelings sneered at. Such are satisfied, perfectly satisfied, that intellect above all is to be regarded. But this is not the whole truth. And such a sentiment is doing damage to the spirit of many of our colleges, especially in the east. This is noticeable especially in religious life and public speaking. We need not dwell upon the truth of this; every one of us have seen it. Warm spirited public speaking has been frozen out; orational contests have gone to the four winds; religious life has been stunted in some instances by search for divine things, by mere reasoning, and by an impatience to adjust at once, and perfectly satisfactory, to our previous beliefs, all the new theories, especially about the Bible. To bind oneself in with any opinion is as narrow as to have none. Tightly held opinions bar the way to further development. It will be well for many to take the warning sounded so clearly by Professor Wilson in his great speech at Princeton and not make up their minds on all subjects by the methods of thought used in science. Below is an extract:

Speaking of the work of scientists. * * * "But their work has been so stupendous that all other men of all other studies have been set staring at their methods, imitating their methods of thought, ogling their results. We look in our studies of the classics now-a-days more at the phenomena of language than at the movement of spirit; we suppose the world which is invisible to be unreal; we doubt the efficacy of feeling and exaggerate the efficacy of knowledge; we

speak of society as an organism and believe that we can contrive for it a new environment which will change the very nature of its constituent parts; worst of all, we believe in the present and the future more than in the past, and deem the newest theory of society the likeliest. This is the disservice scientific study has done us; it has given us agnosticism in the realm of philosophy. scientific anarchism in the field of politics. It has made the legislator sure that he can create and the philosopher sure that God cannot. Past experience is discredited and the laws of matter are supposed to apply to spirit and the makeup of society."

CO-EDUCATION GROWING IN FAVOR.

When it was rumored here that Trinity College in this State was to open its doors to women we could hardly believe it. We knew of course that the question was advocated all over the State, but we did not think with a great degree of seriousness. We did not know that the Methodists were about to take such high ground on the education of women. Sometime after the report was confirmed President Hobbs in morning collection in most complimentary terms spoke of the magnificent gift of Mr. Duke and of the satisfaction with which he watched the growth of co-education. His words seemed so timely that we undertake to give below in substance what he said:

No College in the State can rejoice more than Guilford on account of this large bestowal of money to the cause of education in North Carolina; and especially as Mr. Duke, in the largeness of his heart and in great wisdom, has included in his benefaction not only the young men but also the girls of the State. He has thus by one stroke accomplished what otherwise it would have taken years to do, viz: Popularized in North Carolina the co-education of the sexes.

Guilford's rejoicing in this movement is all the greater because ever since August, 1837, when the school at New Garden first opened with 25 boys and 25 girls present the first day, equal advantages have here been offered to both sexes; and when, in 1888, the Institution entered upon its career as a College, there was no discussion upon the subject of co-education on the part of the managers; but it was assumed as a matter of course that the young women should receive the same advantages in the higher courses of study

which throughout the history of the school they had enjoyed equally with the young men.

Guilford having thus been among the earliest schools of high grade in the entire country, and the pioneer in North Carolina in recognizing the economy and the intellectual and moral force to be gained by educating the sexes together, sees in the opening of Trinity to the young women of our State the very just cause for congratulating the management of Trinity on its new departure and career of usefulness and for thanking our friend, Mr. Duke, for his noble gift.

A WORD ON STATE AID TO OUR STATE COLLEGES.

That our State is aroused as never before on the subject of education is certainly evident to all. This fact should be kept prominently before us. It should tower above and overshadow the warfare that is now being waged as to methods. That two factions have arisen should not be regretted so much as regarded as a natural occurrence. Our educational system, especially the higher part of it, has been developing very rapidly. Courses of study have been made broader and more varied. Free tuition by means of large bequests has been made the rule rather than the exception. Within the past few years education in our State, it seems, has just begun to receive the impetus of the advanced thought of our times.

In this transition period, at the opportune time, our State institutions stepped into the field. The State University was led by President Winston with such success that it has been called a new university. Dr. McIver has gathered into the State Normal about one thousand girls within a few years. The growth has been phenomenal. And so all along the line our State institutions have received a great impetus.

Taxes helped them, which, like death, have to be met. On the other hand, denominational institutions have been supported voluntarily, hence have felt the force of the hard times more keenly. They were not so ready to meet the demand for free tuition and to provide sufficiently for the modern systems of education. No great wonder that some have thought it right to call a halt and even up matters. But this is not wise, for education is not to be checked ;

on account of opinions as to whether the State has a right to give higher education or for any other lower consideration. And it will check education to cut off the appropriation to higher education, for the damage done this would not be repaid by the free schools being two or three days longer. There are a great many irregularities in our educational system, but such is always the course of development. If some don't seem to see through and out above these difficulties it is no proof that they are prejudiced or that they are repeating the fable of the dog in the manger. We like President Hobbs' course—not engaging in a discussion as to whether selfish ends are sought, but looking to the highest good of education. He said publicly:

“I have never yet seen the propriety of calling in question the necessity of all the State institutions now in existence in the State, from the university down; and my thought has been all the while that we need to give still greater inducement to men and women of fine qualifications to help by every means in their power in the awakening of more interest in the education of our boys and girls, young men and women throughout the State.

LOCALS.

—No rain or snow at the opening of the term—quite a rarity.

—Miss Laura Worth spent a part of the holidays at Burlington.

—Archie Worth went to Charlotte on his wheel a short time since.

—The meeting-house was furnished with some new stoves not long ago.

—The Trustees were in session at the College one day during vacation.

—The upper room of the Y. M. C. A. Hall is much used by the boys of late as a skating rink.

—Misses Louisa Osborn and Mary E. Mendenhall spent Christmas week visiting in Philadelphia.

—Miss Craven was detained at home a few days at the opening on account of the illness of her brother.

—Miss Hattie Mendenhall, of Greensboro, was the guest of Miss Mammie Jones the first week of school.

—President Hobbs and Professor White attended an educational meeting in Greensboro a short time since.

—A short time since the Juniors, with their highest collars and best neckties, assembled and had their pictures taken.

—The children of the neighborhood were made happy by the presence of a Christmas tree in the meeting-house Christmas eve.

—President Hobbs lectured at the Tabernacle school a few weeks ago. Addison Hodgin, '92, is now the principal at that place.

—Since foot-ball has been laid aside some interest has been manifested in base-ball and a few practice games have been played.

—Mrs. Yarboro, a widow lady, of Bennettsville, S. C., is boarding at Joseph Parker's. She has moved here to put her son in school.

—One evening a short time ago Misses Laura Worth and Henry-anna Hackney gave a tea to the members of the Philagorean Society.

—Nearly every one left the College for the holidays. Of the students only Annie Blair, Sallie Stockard and J. H. Jordan remained.

—Christmas and New Year's dinners were served at Founders by Mrs. Hackney. Many invited friends from the neighborhood were present.

—Hunter Scales and Will Watkins ran out to the College the other day on their wheels. Watkins is in school at the University this year.

—Loy Morris has developed into a whole orchestra himself. He owns seven violins, three guitars and a hat full of harmonicas, jewsharps and bones.

—Some specimens of water birds were collected for the Museum near Beaufort during the Christmas holidays. One of these, which has since been mounted, is a Guillemot. It is a bird of the far north and there is no record of its having previously been taken in this State.

—Walter Hobbs was so unfortunate a short time ago as to wound himself severely in the foot with an axe, but is now able to be out.

—We are glad to note that with few exceptions all of the students who were here last term have returned. Many new faces are also mingled with the old ones.

—To all inquiries received asking about the '95 class letter we will say that for some time past it has been in the possession of Miss Henryanna Hackney.

—Basket-ball in the gymnasium is preeminently the game for winter weather. Class games are not infrequent. The Freshmen defeated the Preps. a short time ago by a score of 12 to 2.

—Miss Mollie Roberts, '96, stopped at Guilford on her way home from Siloam Academy. She has now left for Baltimore to take a business course to better prepare for her duties at the Academy.

—A day or two before the State Normal opened three hacks filled with young ladies wearing the yellow and white visited the College. We are always glad to welcome the ladies from the neighboring institutions.

—The last young men's prayer meeting held before Christmas was led by President Hobbs. The attendance was very large and the interest quite manifest. It is indeed encouraging to have members of the faculty meet with us from time to time.

—It is with regret we have to state that the illness of Miss Hill continued until near the close of the term when she was able to start for her home in Indiana. Upon reaching there she found that her father, who had been ill for some time, had just died.

—The reception given the first Saturday night of the term was a most pleasant one in every way. Miss Lelia Kirkman gave the address of welcome on behalf of the Y. W. C. T. U., and Joseph H. Blair on behalf of the young men's society. Prayer was offered by Rev. James Jones. Music, both instrumental and vocal, was rendered. The beautiful poem, "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler," which appears in this issue was read by Mrs. Hobbs. She composed this poem for her own boys Christmas, but as she remarked before reading it she felt like she wanted to apply the sentiment to all the boys. Pres. Hobbs address was, as usual, full of warmth and good cheer. The rest of the evening was spent participating in various games. A number of visitors were present.

PERSONALS.

Mr. M. F. Skeen is farming near Farmer's, N. C.

Mr. E. J. Woodard, '94, is a broker in Wilmington, N. C.

Miss Fannie Reich is keeping house for Mrs. Millis, of High Point, N. C.

E. M. Wilson, '92, is teaching in the Haverford Grammar School, Haverford, Pa.

Miss Lou Moore, a student here in '94, has a position in the State Hospital at Raleigh.

Mary Kennett is clerking in a dry goods store at Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. Edward Blair, a student here a few years ago, is clerking in a wholesale commission store, Washington, D. C.

We were pleased to find the following in the Greensboro *Daily Record*: "We were delighted to learn through our townsman, Mr. Charles L. Van Noppen, that his brother, Mr. Leonard C. Van Noppen, has recently returned to New York from a two years' trip abroad to have a work of his published. The special field of Mr. Van Noppen's labor has been the literature and history of his native land, Holland. Mr. Van Noppen's present publication is a translation of the best Dutch poems, being the first rendition of them into English verse. The chief of these poems is Vondel's 'Lucifer,' which is nearly three thousand lines in length, and is known as the noblest tragedy in that language. It is to Dutch verse what Milton's 'Paradise Lost' is to the English, and as a matter of fact Milton was largely influenced by this very poem while writing his Master-piece. It is interesting to note that just before leaving The Hague Mr. Van Noppen was presented with a magnificent etching by Joseph Israels, with his autograph beneath. It will be remembered that Joseph Israels is the greatest living Dutch artist—probably the greatest living artist in the world, and those who visited the World's Fair will remember his 'Alone in the World' as the painting which took the first prize in that unparalleled exhibition of art." Mr. Van Noppen, after graduating at Guilford in '90, spent one year at the State University and one at Haverford College before going to Holland.

MARRIAGES.

SOUTHERLAND-MOORE.—On Novmber 18th, 1896, Miss Minnie Moore, here in '91, was married to Mr. William Southerland. Their home is near Goldsboro, N. C.

CHADBORN-CUNNINGHAM.—Cards have been circulated announcing the engagement of Miss Gertrude L. Cunningham, here in '94, to Mr. Stephen Chadborn, of Wilmington.

HARRIS-WELSH.—On the 23th of December, 1896, Mr. Julius Harris and Miss Florence Welsh, a student here in the '80's, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

GRANDTHUM-PETERSON.—On Dec. 15th, '95, Mr. M. F. Granthum, here in '90 and '91, was married to Miss Omelia L. Peterson, of Smithfield, N. C. They will make their home at Smithfield, where Mr. Granthum will engage in farming.

COSTON-SEWALL.—Married, on Dec. 31st, 1896, at Jonesboro N. C., Mr. Thomas W. Coston, here from '91 to '93, to Miss Nannie Sewall. Mr. Coston is engaged in the law profession at Red Springs, N. C., where the new couple will make their future home.

The Collegian extends congratulations.

EXCHANGES.

Then a welcome and a cheer to the merry New Year,
While the holly gleams above us,
With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.—*Exchange*.

The Penn Chronicle says the competent teacher is an inspiration to students. Who shows himself to be a stronger man than the "walking encyclopedia" is an educator.

The Davidson Monthly contains an article on Whittier, whom it designates as New England's poet. "The Storm from the Window" is good. It suggests "Maybel, little Maybel, with her face against the pane."

"Trials and Triumphs of Sidney Lanier" shows the *Trinity Archive's* loyalty to Southern poets as well as Southern history.

"Higher Education for Women," in the *Messenger*, of Richmond College, attracts our attention. It is gratifying to think of the changes in the opening and closing of the nineteenth century.

The Hampden-Sydney Magazine is one of our best exchanges. "On Habits of Study" is worthy of careful perusal by students. The way through college is full of pitfalls into which the most earnest are liable to fall. Active interest, and proper appreciation of duty incumbent on every man to make the best of his opportunities and talents, is possibly all that is needed to make a student. Persistent effort, aided by standing, will overcome sleepiness at night.

The complete novel in the December issue of *Lippincott's* is "The Chase of an Heiress," by Christian Reid, the distinguished Catholic authoress. The scene is in Santo Domingo, a region hitherto unfamiliar to fiction—*Exchange*. Christian Reid is a North Carolina woman.

A few years ago there came from the press two books of apparently contradictory titles—Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World" and Tumbull's "Friendship the Master Passion." The latter seemed that it might have been written as a reply to the former. There is a strenuous argument that love is a thing superior to friendship. "Friendship is the love of loves by the Bible standard.—*Bibleotheca Sacra*.

Ah, so we see at every pane,
Isabel, my child,
To some the storm-king brings but joy,
And pleasure long without alloy.
To others yet his name is woe,
And sorrow keen as winds that blow
From Arctic's wild."

—*Davidson Monthly*.

The Guilford Collegian.

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THE STRANDED BLOCKADE RUNNER.

J. B. SMITH.

[After long hesitation, the writer has consented to let the subjoined article appear in public print. Upon the plea of making a slight contribution of facts, which may, perchance, help future generations to comprehend the motives actuating the followers of the *Southern Cross*, for what otherwise would seem to him an act of sacrilege: exposing to public gaze the emotions, sentiments, and actions, called up by the thrilling events of one's boyhood days, long since passed, but so indelibly stamped upon the plastic memory of early life, they can never be effaced by subsequent events of greater importance.]

During the latter part of January, 1864, the steamship *Ad-Vance* (the famous blockade-runner, belonging to the State of North Carolina) for two nights had been unsuccessful in her attempts to run into the Cape Fear river, with her valuable cargo of supplies for the Confederate troops.

The first night she was prevented by a dense fog and drizzling rain, which obscured all lights and land-marks. The second she was sighted and chased off to sea by the blockading fleet of Federal vessels. The next day (Sunday) we lay off the coast of South Carolina, some distance at sea, keeping a sharp lookout for Federal cruisers, none of which made their appearance, much to our joy. The day was spent by our ship's crew in restful enjoyment of the beautiful weather and tranquil waters.

Some little diversion was afforded in the afternoon by watching a group of sailors in an unsuccessful attempt to hook a large shark (man-eater). Several of them hovered around the ship during the day, attracted by the scraps of food thrown over-board. Towards the middle of the afternoon, a look of anxiety

manifested itself upon the countenance of the captain of our ship, who had spent the greater part of his life in the naval service of the United States, having been entrusted with the command of a United States frigate (as I had heard him say) before he was twenty-one years of age. We were not kept long in suspense as to the change in his usually quiet demeanor, for after several visits at intervals to the cabin on the quarter-deck, in which the ship's barometer was hanging, he approached the group of officers lounging on the deck and said: "Gentlemen, I don't like the looks of the barometer;" then turning to the chief engineer, requested him to take an inventory of his coal and report as soon as possible. After a careful inspection of the ship's bunkers, the chief engineer reported the supply of coal so greatly reduced by our protracted run that, by the exercise of great economy, we would not be able to maintain steam for more than twenty-four hours. This added much to the gravity of the situation, and the captain remarked that "we would either have to run in to-night or run ashore, as we had not enough coal to risk a storm at sea nor a chase by a cruiser," the former of which, he apprehended, would certainly burst upon us within twenty-four hours. Under these circumstances, as soon as night came on, we once more shaped our course for the mouth of the Cape Fear river, and after several hours of steaming, the coast was sighted by the pilot, and we were congratulating ourselves with the hope that we were past all danger, when all at once the ship struck on a sand-bar, with such violence as to throw us off our balance. The engines were quickly reversed, and "full speed a-stern" failed to budge her a particle from the bed she had ploughed for herself in the sand. Then we realized that the ship was helplessly aground, laying almost broadside to the sea, and in all probability would be knocked to pieces by the shells of the blockading squadron as soon as daylight revealed our situation, within range of the guns of the Federal vessels, and yet too far off for the guns from the Confederate batteries to protect us. Apart from this, we were menaced by the approaching storm, as indicated by the barometer, which continued to register lower and lower density of atmosphere. 'Twas a most anxious watch, that which was kept all night by the ship's complement of officers; the impending danger banished all thoughts of sleep from our eyes. Closely and anxiously was the horizon to the seaward scanned at the first dawn of the morning, when, greatly to our surprise and joy, not a

Federal vessel was in sight. Anticipating the storm, they had sought the shelter of a friendly port (of Beaufort, we supposed). Thankful for deliverance from this source of danger, steps were promptly taken to lighten the ship of her cargo. At daylight a message was signalled to the fort, and thence telegraphed to Wilmington, for river steamers to be sent to receive and transport our cargo to that city, and as soon as they could steam down the twenty miles to our position, all was bustle and hurry, transferring boxes and bails of army supplies from our ship's hold to the decks of the steamboats. This work was greatly facilitated by the calm prevailing at sea.

This scene of activity diverted our minds for the time from the impending storm, and inspired us with the hope that, when lightened of her cargo, with the aid of a steam tug sent to our assistance, our powerful engines might pull us afloat again. But alas for the hope! These combined forces proved ineffective. About 4 p. m. the bulk of the ship's cargo was safely discharged, and the impossibility of extracting the ship was apparent. Just as the last steamer was about ready to leave, the captain of our ship had all hands called up and addressed them as follows: "Shipmates, from my experience at sea, I am satisfied we are on the verge of a great storm, and feel it my duty to you to say it is very doubtful about the ship, in her helpless condition, being able to live through the night, but I am determined to stand by her, and would like for as many of you to stay with me as will do so voluntarily; but it must be entirely of your own free will. And those of you who do not care to take the risk are at liberty to go ashore on that boat," pointing to the steamer alongside of our ship. The officers and several of the seamen and firemen signified their determination to remain with the captain. The others, having gotten their bags of clothing, stepped over the sides of the ship to the deck of the steamboat, and orders had been given to cast off her lines from the *Ad-Vance*, when the captain spied his little signal officer standing on board. He quickly approached him and said: "Jump aboard the boat, my lad, and go ashore." The lad, touching his cap, replied: "Captain, I alone can communicate with the shore, and I think I ought to stay with you." To which the captain said, feelingly: "My lad, 'twill be impossible for any help to reach us from the shore. You have a father and mother to live for; jump aboard the steamer or it will be too late." As in a moment of time, 'tis said, the scenes of a

life time are rehearsed in the mind of a drowning person, so, in a moment's time, the images of the loved ones at his dear old home were flashed upon the boy's soul. The old father and mother, who leaned upon him as their oldest son; the helpless little brothers and sisters, who looked up to him as their oldest brother,—these, and all the ties of endearment to home and life, were suspended in the one scale of destiny, while duty and death appeared in the other. *Thank God, the side of duty outweighed*, and the lad said: "Captain, I thank you for your consideration, but feel it my duty to stay with you. I will stand by the ship, and if she goes down, I will go down at the post of duty." The brave old officer grasped the lad's hand and said, as a tear trickled down his cheek: "God bless you, my lad! I would be proud of such a son."

The last line had now been cast off which held the river boat to our ship, the last adieus were waved, and we were left helplessly alone to await our fate. Unobserved, the sailor boy slipped quietly down to his state-room and poured out his soul in prayer to his God, the God of his fathers, commending his loved ones at home to His protecting care, and himself, and his shipmates, to the tender mercies of Him who alone could save, and then returned on deck, happy in the assurance of being in the path of duty.

No mortal pen can picture the awful sublimity of a storm such as that which was soon to burst upon us. The sea had become one vast mirrored surface, not a breath of air to ripple its placid serenity. With notes of warning the sea birds had taken their departure, save the "Mother Caries Chickens," birds of ill omen, which gleefully flitted around our vessel as if in anticipation of the terrible fate that awaited us. A cloud the size of a man's hand now loomed up in the offing. Strange, weird sounds, the groans of the mighty deep came to our ears. A great wave, the skirmish line of the dreaded foe, bears down upon us in one unbroken swell, strikes our ship on her starboard quarter and forces her stern squarely to the sea, from her former position, with broad side exposed to the breakers. "Thank God for that!" exclaimed the Captain. "Now, my lads, if we can keep her stern to the storm there is a chance for our lives. Stand by all hands to hoist sail!" Messages for loved ones are exchanged between shipmates as they pass to their allotted posts of duty, when all becomes still. Our cheeks burn as with the heat of a furnace; we pant for breath; the suspense is dreadful! The little cloud grows greater and greater, approaches faster and

faster, gathering strength and velocity as it comes, until the sea and clouds mingle in dense, struggling, writhing masses, and with the speed of the whirlwind and roar of the tornado this allied force of wind, water and darkness burst upon us, howling and shrieking through the ship's rigging like demons gloating over their helpless prey. Then is the "divinity of man manifested," as with the God-given weapons of intelligence and skill, he seeks to assert His divine prerogative of dominion over the forces of nature. The battle is for existence and every man becomes a hero. In spite of the combined powers of wind and waves a few yards of canvass must be carried to prevent the ship swinging broadside to the breakers. Never with greater alacrity did officers respond to the commands of a Captain than did that brave crew of the *Ad-Vance* to the orders of their intrepid old commander. All rank is forgotten; all hands haul away together on the ropes; all hope is centered upon the ability of a few yards of canvass holding together, and so keep the ship's sharp stern in position to cut asunder the fearful waves dashing in mad succession upon us, at times lifting the vessel upon their crests, and then dropping her upon the sands as if determined to break her keel in two. In spite of all, the staunch craft, though wrenched and twisted by the violence of the waves and knocks against the land, held together, and after a night of mingled hopes and fears, daylight found her lying safe and sound in the placid waters of the Cape Fear. The storm, which seemed destined to destroy the bonnie ship, was made the instrument of her preservation. She was carried upon the crest of the waves across several hundred yards of shoals, over which, otherwise, it would have been impossible to have gotten her to reach the channel of the Cape Fear river.

The rising sun gilded the clouds with gold, they vanished; smiled upon the winds, they abated; kissed the waves, they subsided, and converted a night of darkness, terror and suspense into a day of light, safety and joy. "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

ROSEDALE FARM, Guilford College, Jan. 30th, 1897.

THE NESTORIANS.

MARY C. WOODY.

How much of the religious controversy of the fifth and sixth centuries was a cavil of words based upon ambiguous expressions!

It was a contest over points which never could be expressed except in the phraseology of scripture itself. "The Arian controversy turned on the question of our Lord's proper deity; the Nestorian on that of the two natures in Him, the human and the divine."

One fact, at least, is patent to the student of church history: that in the heat of debate and schism on these mooted questions, spiritual life vanished.

Nestorius—bishop of Constantinople—resented the phrase *Theotokos* (mother of God), then beginning to be applied to the Virgin Mary, but as the conflict deepened, he suggested as more scriptural, and therefore more satisfactory to himself, the expression *Christotokos* (mother of Christ). This concession was not thought sufficient, as this would only support his theory of the two natures, and Nestorius could not brook the other, which, to him, deified Mary as a goddess.

Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, an Arian, led the opposition, but, in the words of a close student of this period, "The real differences between the combatants were often undiscernible amidst the dust and smoke of the combat, and the sharpest feeling of hostility in either party arose out of their mistakes of each other's meaning."

No one, however, can fail to admire Nestorius. When the good presbyter Lampon offered his services to conciliate the two bishops, Nestorius wrote to his opponent: "Lampon's gentleness has conquered me. Nothing is more powerful than Christian gentleness. When I see such a spirit in any one I am seized with fear; it is as though God dwelt in him."

But Cyril would not be appeased until Nestorius, by a council of bishops held at Ephesus, was anathematized and branded as "worse than Cain," "a new Judas." The war continued until the weak emperor confirmed the anathema to Nestorius.

One after another of the followers of the deposed bishop was forced to recant, and poor Nestorius spent the remainder of his life

a fugitive, faring worse among Christians than with the rudest barbarians. He finally found enough quiet in his old age to write a history of the long, bitter fight, which he appropriately named *Tragedy*.

His very name was hated for ages, and to obliterate it, those—though forced to recant—who had continued in this belief were directed by edict to be called Simonians, from Simon Magus.

The followers of Nestorius became very numerous, and were finally driven beyond the bounds of the Roman empire, whence their doctrines spread into Persia, India, Tartary and the heart of Northern China. Of the history of thirteen centuries, and how the Catholic church attempted to unite these Christians in her fellowship is not now to be considered, but this article has to do more particularly with the Nestorians of the present day.

They now live in the mountains of Kurdistan, on the confines of Persia. They are regarded as ignorant, yet in many respects they are more simple and more spiritual than the other eastern churches. They have avoided a multitude of superstitious opinions and practices common in both the Latin and Greek churches.

They reject image worship, and adhere to their distinctive doctrine in refusing adoration to Mary as "the mother of God."

They do not have the so-called confessional; the clergy are not celibate, and into their fellowship the missionaries find an open door. Indeed, the Nestorians are called the Protestants of Asia!

How pitiful that in the past autumn these ancient Christians should fall into the hands of the merciless Kurds!

The Kurds, who had so large a share in slaughtering the Armenians, have long persecuted the Nestorians. The heartless Kurds are a nomadic people, numbering nearly three millions, living in the valley of the Tigris and its affluents, and have scarcely been under the control of either Persia or Turkey. The men are all mounted and armed with javelins and slings, to which modern destructive weapons have been added.

H. Holme, chairman of committee of Deacon Abraham's Orphanage in Persia, gives details of the suffering of the Nestorians in the *London Times*. He says:

"These tribes have for centuries defied the power of Turkey to subdue them, but with the help of the savage and fanatical Kurds they are now surrounded with a cordon of enemies whose policy, aided by the failure of their crops, is to starve them out and en-

tirely destroy them by preventing their caravans from either leaving the country to procure food, or in preventing those that have left from returning. Thousands of these Nestorian Christians have broken through the cordon. Robbed by the Kurds of everything they possessed worth taking, they are pouring over the plains of Oroomiah hungry, naked and utterly destitute, their clothes torn off their backs, and left to face ice and snow and all the horrors of winter without food or shelter. Deacon Abraham writes in agony: 'The mission homes and orphanages are besieged; the orphans are fasting to help the destitute crowding in; no money left; selling the village of Mount Seir, the property of the orphanages, to pay debts incurred.' "

Mrs. Labaree, writing from Oroomiah, Persia, says: "They have started under the protection (?) of the Kurds.....then on some bleak mountain top, where they have no idea how to proceed, the Kurdish guards strip them of every bit of property they think worth taking,—hats, stockings, sandals or shirts—and leave them to their fate. They come to us in bands of fifty to three hundred, utterly helpless, destitute, starving. One refuge room in the mission is packed with sixty-four men, women, and children, so close that there is not room for even a child to lie down. Large parties coming in tell us that hundreds more are on the way or about to start."

Wouldst thou make thy life a poem,
 Or a painting, sweet and grand?
 Wouldst thou scatter rays of sunshine
 Through this world on every hand?
 Then, wait not upon the coming
 Of something great across thy way,
 But, without a thought of blessing,
 Do thy DUTY, day by day.

—W. A. BLAIR.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

L. L. HOBBS.

The people of our State seem to be agreed that our public or free schools must be lengthened in time and improved in quality. How to secure these improvements and at the same time have our taxes come within the constitutional limit of $66\frac{2}{3}$ cents on the hundred dollars worth of property is a great question ; and yet it certainly is not beyond the power of our legislators with the help of the Superintendent of Public Instruction and other interested and able men to solve the problem in a way that will meet with a large measure of satisfaction on the part of our people, and at the same time work a reform in the schools that will greatly benefit the children of the State.

Two things are necessary in order to effect our public schools to any appreciable extent, more money and some system of supervision.

We need more money in order, both to lengthen the time of schools and also to pay larger salaries to teachers.

As to length of term, I should say our people are ready to unite on the period of six months as the minimum limit that our most thoughtful and patriotic citizens would consider as adequate to make our schools such as to meet the demands of a great Commonwealth. This would require, if teachers were paid the same wages as now, a little more than half as much more money as is now expended on the free schools. Add to this at least 20 per cent. more for teacher's salaries than is now paid to them ; so that teachers who now receive \$25 dollars per month shall receive \$30, and a like increase in the case of others. This point needs to be insisted upon from the simple fact that it is always more economical to pay in salary for any kind of work enough to secure thoroughly good work. In the profession of teaching, this simple business principle is not less important, but rather more ; for in a school much depends upon the discipline and upon what may be called the tone of the work as a whole.

For this good scholarship, a reasonable degree of skill, and a nice discernment of the means of bringing out the best qualities of children, are necessary. In order that one may possess these

qualities he must be well trained, must be well educated so far as he has gone, not to insist at present on an extended course of study.

To get such preparation considerable time and money are necessary on the part of the teacher, and for these he must be compensated in salary. For our people to recognize these facts and then to make adequate arrangement on the part of the State to meet the requirements will be our truest economy. It is poor economy to pamper the body and starve the mind. Then it may be added as a momentous fact, that by pursuing a method of underpaying our teachers, we are causing many of our most promising young men and women to leave the State to seek better wages elsewhere, and it is a noteworthy fact that when they go they nearly always find good paying places.

The increase of funds must come in either one or both of two ways. The appropriation of a larger portion of State funds for free schools, say twenty or twenty-five cents on the hundred dollars worth of property, and secondly, by local taxation.

I believe that it will be mainly by the latter method that we shall ultimately do most for the free schools in North Carolina.

This is the method pursued in other States. We therefore can assert on the ground of the history of the free schools in America that the appeal to local need and local pride will secure the most money. It would seem that our counties, with a laudable county pride and a deeply felt need of education for our own and for our neighbors' children, really furnish the suitable *units* with which to bring out the best endeavor in our people for the improvement of our schools. Here we can see the operations of the schools which we have contributed to support, and note the improvement and development of the people who are to administer the affairs of the county, and in many ways reap the benefits of co-operative effort for better education.

On the subject of supervision, I have not much space left to speak, although this phase of the subject is not the least, but for some reasons the most important part.

If one contributes money for the support of an enterprise, he has a right to know how the enterprise is succeeding in accomplishing its purpose. It is conceded that no enterprise will run of its own accord. When large sums of money are spent in counties for the education of our children, it stands to reason that the entire time of a com-

petent man will be necessary for the most useful and economic expenditure of such sums. Experience, devotion and competency in this work are absolutely essential, and the cost for such supervision hardly enters into the question at all. This simple fact is known and acted upon in the States where the schools are best, and therefore may be said to be established by the most competent judges in the United States.

I am inclined to think that those who will be held responsible for the condition of the schools for some time to come clearly see the necessity of supervision and will make provision in the laws of the State for the same. If in some cases two or three counties could with county harmony and satisfaction be, for a time, grouped together into districts and superintendents be provided for such districts with reasonable compensation, and the rest of the counties could stand separate with provision for adequate supervision, it would seem that such a course would result in improvement in the schools to such a degree that our people would be grateful for the arrangement.

A LEGEND OF BRAIDEN CASTLE.

T. G. PEARSON, '97.

On the bank of the Mannatee River, some ten or twelve miles from its mouth, stands the ruins of an ancient building. When it was built no one knows, but its ragged towers yet rear themselves high among the oak and cabbage palms which shade its battlements. In the outer wall are holes once made by leaden bullets and late in the rainy season when the ground around it has been much washed the triangular stone arrow heads of the red men are often picked up. And so the people there about have come to believe that it was a fort and that around it in early days desperate battles between the white settlers and their swarthy enemies were fought. In some way too from father to son there has been handed down the name by which it is known, Braiden Castle.

Many are the stories told by the old ones of how their grandfathers had repeated to them tales which they had heard of a brave

old Indian chief who befriended the settlers and by so doing lost his daughter. Sometimes too when parties of young people from the village, rowing on the river come near the old castle as the twilight gathers they hear weird sounds and the timid ones will grow nervous and beg to be taken back, saying that it is the dead Indian girl singing.

Our siesta was long since over, blankets, provisions, and specimens were packed in the canoe and yet we delayed starting until the sun should sink a little further behind the forest. "And now," I said addressing my cracker guide, "it is a good time to tell me how it came about that the Indian girl was drowned and this old castle destroyed." I seated myself on the prow of the canoe and the old hunter leaning on his shot-gun, with his peculiar dialect, which I shall not attempt to give, told this story:—

A long time ago two Spanish galleons sailed up the river bearing a number of emigrants. They established a colony here and built this strong fort for protection from the Indians, for they made enemies in the very beginning. Soon an open war broke out and all the chiefs for miles around swore in council that every white man in the colony should die. All swore save old Micanopy, who lived on Terraceia Key. He could see no reason for killing the white men, "For," said he, "there is enough fish and venison and white maize for all."

A massacre was planned and Micanopy and his warriors were closely watched that they might give no warning to the settlers. However just before the time appointed, unknown even to her people, the old chief's daughter, Tuscawillo, stole away in her canoe one wild, windy night, passed out of the bay, then up the river a full twenty miles journey to the settlement and gave the warning. Apprised of their danger the settlers were prepared, when at daylight the attack came and successfully repulsed their foes. Fearing vengeance from his tribesmen Micanopy deemed it wisest to move his village within the shelter of the friendly walls of the castle. There was a young officer at the fort who had been much impressed with the intelligent Tuscawillo from the time he first saw her and as the summer wore away would often talk with her and give her flowers. At length with many presents he secured the consent of the old chief to make her his wife. The marriage was appointed for a near day. All was accomplished in secret, Tuscawillo even having no knowledge of the engagement, for the offi-

cer feared the vengeance of her Indian lover. This was Palatka, a young chief and a warrior of great bravery and influence. He had loved her from childhood and was only waiting the permission of her father before taking her to his lodge.

When it was told the maiden that she was to become the wife of the Spaniard she was overcome with grief and for two days refused to leave her wigwam. Her lover fearing the worst, called and invited her to go with him for a row on the river. Here he learned the truth and his rage and anguish were terrible. Returning, as they neared the point of the river where the castle stood, the young officer with others was seen walking along the shore. No one else was visible save a few soldiers lounging around the fort and a solitary sentinel, clad in sallet and cuirass, who lazily paced his beat, occasionally pausing to scratch up the dirt with the point of his long handled halberd. As the Indian caught sight of his hated rival the burst of passion and jealousy within him broke beyond all control. Two days later she was to become the wife of the Spaniard. "By the great spirit and the hand of Palatka it shall never be," he cried.

Those on shore saw him drop his paddle and spring forward. Tuscawillo arose to meet him. For a moment they stood in a last embrace, the warrior's hand sought his belt, there was a flash as of the gleam from a blade and without a sound the form of the maiden fell backward into the water.

With a stifled cry as of an injured beast the red man seized his bow and drawing the cord far back of his breast sent a shaft straight for the watching group on shore. So true was his aim and strong his arm that the arrow sped straight for the hated Spaniard and struck up the gravel at his very feet. Then grasping his paddle with the strength of a giant he sped his canoe towards the opposite shore.

Horried by what they had just witnessed the soldiers at the fort brought their guns and arbalests to bear upon the fleeing savage and sent their four ounce shot skipping after him across the water. Unharmd, his canoe grated upon the margin. A moment later he had climbed the bank and turning fiercely shook his clinched fist at the castle and sent the war-cry of his people ringing across the river. For a moment he seemed to pause and stoop over something on the bank, then turning, the forest hid him from view. Indian scouts crossed the river in pursuit. They followed

his trail far South through the wildest swamps, only to loose it on the great Palmetto prairies that lie in the region of the Caloos-chatchee. Weary the scouts returned and empty handed save that from the fugitive they bore a message. They had found it on the spot where he had landed sticking upright in a broken limb. It was a flamingo feather plucked from his scalp-lock and left as a sign to his people that Palatka would one day come and claim it again. And the old ones who knew him well shook their heads and said that he would not return alone.

Years passed by. The old Micanopy was dead and his people had left the Spaniards and gone back into the wilderness with the other tribes. The young officer had become commander of the fort. Sometimes when drinking with others in his room he would laughingly point to a large scarlet feather over his mantel and say that he kept it for a savage rival of his who would one day come for it. One summer the Indians ceased to come to the settlement to trade. Hunters who went out returned saying that the forest was filled with strange Indians and that a powerful chief was gathering large numbers of warriors somewhere up the river. Many of the settlers were alarmed but the commander of the fort told them there was nothing to fear.

One night in early autumn there was a shout, a discharge of guns and the forest echoed with the blood curdling yells of a savage hoard. In every part of the village they swarmed. They seemed to be numberless. In some way they had gained possession of the castle gate. Into the fort they poured. The small garrison just startled from sleep fought hand to hand with their assailants. There was a loud pounding at the commander's door. He sprang from his bed and grasped his sword. The door burst in. In the opening appeared a tall Indian, clad in all his war-gear and brandishing a tomahawk. It was the chief who had led the attack. His fierce look of revenge and hatred gleamed even through his war paint. The flickering light from a burning house shone through the window and revealed the commander, sword in hand. Just beyond his head and above the mantel piece the Indian's eye caught sight of a waving scarlet object.

The two men knew each other, they had met years before. Without a sound the Indian advanced. The Spaniard raised his sword and drove the blade through the body of his foe. Down in a heap on the floor they fell, the hatchet of the savage striking

deep into the crown of his hated enemy. The Spaniard lay still but the Indian struggled to his feet and reaching up took from its place above the mantel the scarlet object and reeling backward fell to rise no more. Palatka had returned for his flamingo feather and dying grasped it in his hand.

WITHIN THE COLLEGE.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association a few weeks ago, the following officers were elected: President, H. C. Petty; Vice President, John Jordan; Secretary, F. S. English; Treasurer, S. H. Tomlinson. A sum of fifteen dollars was appropriated for the purpose of purchasing baseballs. The treasurer was also instructed to meet the necessary expense of securing the requisite number of tennis balls for supplying the courts. Owing to the unfavorable condition of the weather, but little out-door sports have been indulged in thus far this term. The regular gymnasium classes are doing their work, and occasionally a game of basket ball is indulged in for a variety.

There is the usual talk about track athletics and a field day for this spring, but no move of any importance in that direction has been made. The baseball team is not fully organized. The players have, however, elected H. C. Petty manager.

IN THE Y. M. C. A. HALL.

The young men's prayer meetings continue to grow in interest and to be a source of spiritual blessing and uplift to those who attend. At the recent annual election of officers, the following were chosen for the coming year: Walter Blair, President; John Lewis, Vice-President; C. M. Short, Secretary; S. H. Tomlinson, Corresponding Secretary; S. H. Hodgkin, Treasurer.

An effort is made to keep before the students the subject of missions, and for that purpose public meetings are held, at which various fields and phases of the work are presented.

Y. W. C. T. U.

The Y. W. C. T. U. are endeavoring to make their work a means of great blessing, not only among the young women, but also the young men. Quite recently they were visited by Mrs. Cartland, State President of the W. C. T. U., and received much encouragement and many suggestions in respect to the work. She gave an account of her trip to the National W. C. T. U. convention, which was indeed interesting. There have been some movements made to have a Y. W. C. T. U. contest some time soon, and we hope the plan may be carried out. The Y.'s will assist the young men in the missionary work. The regular Thursday evening prayer meetings are usually well attended and are feasts of great blessing.

THE HAVERFORD SCHOLARSHIP.

It will be of interest to the friends of Guilford to learn that Haverford has lately bestowed upon her an annual scholarship of \$300 for a young man graduate. The holder of the scholarship is privileged to board either in Founders, by paying \$100, or in Barclay Hall, by paying \$200. We understand that the fellowships heretofore given by Haverford to Penn, Earlham, and Wilmington colleges have been withdrawn, and scholarships, as the above, substituted. Thus a graduate from Guilford enters the senior class at Haverford with the graduates from these other colleges.

The granting of this scholarship could have been brought about in the minds of the Haverford authoritatives only by a personal knowledge of the character of the training which students here receive. It is, to say the least, gratifying to know that Guilford's efforts to do thorough work are known and appreciated.

The student body, as well as the faculty, feel, indeed, a sense of gratitude for the confidence which such a gift betokens.

The Haverford scholarship will be confined each year to the graduating class, with provision that if for any reason the student selected by the Faculty cannot accept the scholarship, the Faculty shall then select the best man in sight, the selection in this case to include some previous classes.

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FEBRUARY, 1897.

WE need a new *Collegian* office. Of course, we have a very good one now—a very cosy one. It is time honored. We have a good wood fire. Books, cases and tables are there. But “The office of the *Guilford Collegian*” is not sufficiently private. Too many interests center there. We will not undertake to name them, but suffice it to say—from its long continued use for other purposes, through forgetfulness, or habit, or other reasons, the authorities continue to exercise great freedom in using our room. An office could easily be built in one end of the old collection room. We hope this may be done. Those that are to succeed us in the management of the journal we trust will have a home more exclusive than ours has been. Still, we don't complain. We love very much that part of the office that is ours.

THE winter is passing away, and to many comes the speculation on purchasing a bicycle. A choice of the many makes on the market is indeed a privilege. There is, however, one best. The business managers beg to recommend it to you, and advise you to

purchase a "Columbia." Notice their advertisement. The "Columbia" is built of the very best material, making it the most durable of all wheels. Its workmanship is perfect. It receives the applause of the world, and bears the proud title, "Standard of the World."

THE NEW SCHOLARSHIP.

The road to higher education is more passable each year. The mountains are being hewed down and the valleys filled in, until any student, if he really wants to, may secure for himself the advantages of the best institutions in America.

Such thoughts, and many like them, were suggested when President Hobbs stood and spoke to the students on the morning of January 18. He showed plainly that if any one will but lift his eyes and fix them steadfastly on the high ideals which the best institutions of our country stood for, he can also see a plain road leading to them. He evinced this by the mention of the large and increasing facilities for higher education and their wide distribution throughout our country. He dwelt especially on the number of scholarships and fellowships now being offered. And when he announced that Guilford had been awarded a permanent scholarship by the management of Haverford College, in Pennsylvania, a ripple of applause spread over the assembly room. It meant that the students responded heartily to this opportunity offered for continued study. They have always regarded Haverford College with especial interest. They have always rejoiced in the success of that institution; whether it be in so small a matter as a football victory, or in the recent possession of nearly a million dollars additional endowment fund. And it seems natural that we should. We are associated each day with its representatives, several members of our faculty having taken courses there. We have seen through them that Haverford College stands for thorough and progressive scholarship, and first of all for the right living of life. The feeling of Guilford for Haverford is much more than that of mere casual acquaintance, so it is not strange that the students have received the news of the new scholarship with peculiar pleasure.

The scholarship is limited to the graduating class of each year, however, should no member thereof take the scholarship, it may

be disposed of at the discretion of the Faculty. The young man graduate of Guilford who receives the scholarship is admitted into the senior class of Haverford College, with a cash gift of three hundred dollars, four hundred or five hundred dollars being the necessary expense of the college year.

We have it on good authority, though not officially, that Haverford has withdrawn certain fellowships that she has hitherto granted to some of the best American colleges, among Friends, and instead has offered scholarships, all of which admit only to the senior class. Haverford, then, it seems, is to be, in a sense, the head of higher education among Friends in this country. We hope this supposition is true. In fact, we look for Haverford to grow into a university. She is perhaps strong enough and rich enough, but the field is not yet open for her. It remains for the Society of Friends so to develop their educational facilities as to demand a university. The demand, we believe, will be immediately answered.

Guilford recognizes the great favor offered her in the scholarship; every friend of the institution should be stimulated to greater activities in behalf of this, the only college of Friends in the South.

What the Bryn Mawr scholarship is to the girls, the Haverford scholarship will be to the young men.

DOES THE MIND TIRE?

We will not undertake to answer this question here, but Cicero, in his discourse on old age, declared that it did not. However this may be, it would be well for us to think often that the human mind is ever vigorous, ever on the alert. Supposing this true, you see in striking light the importance of the body. If mind is alike the world over, and you tire before your fellow student in the tasks of the day, this condition must arise from the body. No doubt, the body is always a check to the mind. It is so ordered, perhaps, that through slow development, it may be made durable and powerful to take up the problems of the life to come. With the best conditions of the body, it is hampered sufficiently. Nature does this. But woe unto him, we would think, who knowingly abuses the body, and thus unduly hampers the mind. To accept what Cicero says puts us in strongest possible position from which

to attack those who do not take the proper care of their bodies. But very few are affected by any such attacks, proven by the fact that it is considered no disgrace for a student body to be without a strong inclination to develop their bodies. Say we are not scholarly and you insult us. Say one is sickly and nervous, and he will feel rather good; thinks he is a martyr and that these troubles "were sent upon him." In the first case, one thinks he is to blame, and hence gets mad; in the second, that no one is, unless, perhaps, Providence, and he feels a little self pity and that is all. Perhaps this is many times the case, but many more times an individual is as much to blame for his bad health as for his poor education. But how many believe this? The authorities of this college certainly believed it when they set up the department for physical culture, and thus these Friends have stood to the forefront in this line of development, as they have on the so-called moral questions,—such as slavery, woman's right to preach, war and intemperance. The opportunities here for scientific development should be eagerly embraced by every young man and young woman. Athletics should be engaged in by all with conscientious devotion. It should just be taken as the literal truth that "our bodies are the temples of the living God," not as the saying of some mystic who really did not know what the sentence meant.

SHOULD STUDENTS BE INFORMERS?

The legal definition of an informer is: "One who communicates to a magistrate a knowledge of the violation of law; one who informs against another for the violation of some law or penal statute." In college life, should a student be this thing—should he be an informer? A matter often thought of, no doubt, by each student and settled to his own individual liking. For there seems to be no crystallized sentiment bearing directly on this matter. Every man doeth whatsoever seemeth right in his own eyes in these matters, which require aggressive action in behalf of good order. Such should be the case—a matter we should have no definite ruling on, some will say. We need not be greatly concerned as to what is lawful and unlawful in college. The Faculty attend to that. It is our business to pay our money for a good, quiet room, study

our lessons, behave ourselves,—in short, attend to our affairs and let other people's business alone. This has been, and still is, the sentiment that to a large extent permeates our colleges on the point of keeping order. The better class of students hold it, and to the hoboken it is his highest virtue and most sacred trust always to keep a secret the wrong-doing of the "fellows." And he will tell you this with shining eyes. He is *indignant* if labored with at any length to make known the doers of something against the good order of the college.

This side has many supporters. They cannot be convinced but that "mum" is always the word. And they have much truth on their side. This is what makes it a vexing question, and is one reason why students at large have taken no definitely defined ground. But strong opinions should be held and made known as to whether students should inform the proper authorities of any misdemeanor. There should be a perfect understanding on this point. If they should not, then the Faculty may know that no such assistance is to be expected from the students. If they are to take some aggressive stand, it should be with a perfectly clear and frank understanding. First, let us find out the object of student life. Dr. Butler, of Columbia College, stated it plainly in the State Normal some years ago,—“to make good citizens,”—and the applause that greeted the remark attested its truth. Students should be good citizens in school if they would be good citizens out of school. But a good citizen is jealous of the honor of the laws of his State, and will ride miles in pursuit of *supposed* criminals. So let us not hesitate to decide that students should expose *known* criminals. By so acting a student rids himself of a common habit, namely, “of concealing evil.” He is making himself free to act as an independent and fearless citizen—for such there is great demand to-day. Then, too, he will help his fellow students. A few proper exposures will teach them in a practical way the famous expression of Lincoln: “You can fool all the people a part of the time, and part of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.”

The general good to the order of the college would over-balance a few angry words and mad spells engaged in by those “caught.” But where shall we draw the line? It will not do to be “a telltale.” As to *what* should be reported would depend, but we think every student should have definite opinions about this. Let him study the duties of a grand jurymen and apply them, with due alterations,

to college life. For our own part, we would not allow the stealing of a chicken to remain forever a secret, nor the whereabouts of large quantities of apples, potatoes or honey and other produce of the honest friends of ours living around the college. That crying question, "Who broke that window light?" should be answered, after waiting a due time for a report from the careless doer. Does he smoke or chew tobacco? should not be evaded, especially here at Guilford, where this most hurtful practice and pure possession of depraved animal life is forbidden. To take notice of these things and others like them may seem narrow. Some may not enjoy the thought of informers being in their midst. But this simply arises from the notion, which is now a back number, that students are shut off from the world, and that it don't make much difference, anyhow, what they do. But the truth is, now, college walls are but imaginary lines to the eager, anxious world that is prying in upon us.

THOSE who contribute articles for *The Collegian* will please bear in mind that the editors wish to have the MSS. in hands by the 4th of the month in which they are to be published.

LOCALS.

—The pumps have been frozen up and the water pipes bursted as usual during the cold snap.

—Owing to an attack of La Grippe, Professor White was unable to meet his classes for about a week.

—Berry Parks spent a few days at home recently attending the marriage of her cousin, Bettie Parks.

—There has been an unusual amount of skating and coasting this term. The college pond is a great institution.

—Misses Lena Freeman and Annice Wheeler gave a tea one evening some time ago to a number of their friends.

—Senior—"That young lady is from Massachusetts." Freshman—"Why, she seems to be speaking our language very well."

—We are sorry to note that T. O. Pearson has been called to his home at Goldsboro on account of the death of his mother.

—We are glad to note the recent return of Miss Annie Worth. Her health having prevented her being in school for some time.

—A large owl which strayed around to this part of the country has been mounted and added to the hooting department of the museum.

--The new Haverford Scholarship should be and doubtless is an incentive for better work on the part of many of the young men in school.

—The Library rules are being guarded this time with greater strickness than ever before. The text book clause is especially enforced.

—On the 29th of January our neighbor and friend Addison Boren was called away to his immortal home. He has spent all his life within the sound of this school bell and surely we can call him a friend to the school when he has patronized it for thirty successive years. His sons and daughters are reflecting credit on their parents and are an honor to the school where they were all educated. Addison Boren was a man much respected and led a very quiet, exemplary life. The sympathies of all connected with the college who know the family go out to them in their bereavement.

—We all have our troubles. Kenneth feelingly complains that the large boys like to go with the small girls too well. That leaves him out of it.

—The additions to the Library continue almost constantly. Among a lot just received we notice the Encyclopaedia Britannica of thirty volumes.

—President Hobbs spent some days in Raleigh near the close of last month meeting with other educators of the State in the interest of the public schools.

—George W. Wilson begs to remind the Alumni of Guilford College that he is still treasurer of the Alumni Association and that his address is Elon College, N. C.

—Mrs. Cartland visited the college not long ago. While here she gave the young women an interesting account of her trip to the National W. C. T. U. Convention.

—Miss Craven was called away from the college the first week of this month on account of the death of her grand-mother. She was away from the college for several days.

—Genevieve Mendenhall gave a birthday party on Sunday 7th. A few of her friends were present. Miss Gertrude Mendendall of the State Normal came out for the day.

—The long wished-for consent of the matron to permit of a candy pulling at Founders was given and the other Saturday night an old fashioned corn husk taffy-pulling was indulged in.

—One of the most able and helpful lectures to which we have listened in a long time was the one given by Professor Davis recently on the subject, "Textual criticism of the Bible."

—Miss Lillian Hill has again been called to her home in Indiana on account of another death in her family. This time it was her sister with whom she was called upon to part. *The Collegian* wishes to extend sympathy to Miss Hill in her great bereavement.

—James P. Parker, '94, well-known to many of our readers, an old Guilford stand-by and a former editor of this magazine, has gone into business in a cotton factory near Charlotte. He has begun at the bottom with a view of working up. With the sturdy qualities and good judgment which we all know Jim to have we wish and expect for him the greatest success.

—Beginning with Sunday night, February 7th, Rev. J. R. Jones held meetings at the college each evening throughout the week. The meetings were held in the old collection room at Founders and were well attended by the students. We believe that much good has resulted, many having had their spiritual lives awakened and quickened by His power.

—The catalogue says that a reasonable amount of washing will be done for students at the college laundry, but that for an extra amount extra charges will be made. This last clause however has been a dead letter until a few weeks ago. Upon returning to their rooms one day at noon each student was surprised to find tacked on the inner side of the door a large card on which was enumerated in black and white what a "reasonable amount" of washing means. Five cents extra is charged for every article over the number designated by the poster.

PERSONALS.

Wade Reavis is studying law at Wake Forest this year.

Miss Callie T. Stanley is keeping house at her home at Center.

Bettie Parks was married, February 10th, to Mr. Hart of Aaron, N. C.

Alice E. White has been teaching this winter near her home at Belvidere, N. C.

Peter John will complete his medical course this spring at Baltimore with honor.

F. B. Benbow '91 is reading clerk in the House of Representatives of our State.

Mary Lane finds pleasant employment in instructing the youths near Nicanor, N. C.

H. B. Worth '94, is a book-keeper in the Atlantic Commercial Bank of Wilmington.

Fleta Brown is spending her time at home this winter, learning the domestic side of life.

J. Elmer White, a student here in the 80's, has the management of a Bank in Hertford, N. C.

Miss Lillian Hill, the Philagorean orator of '96, is keeping house for her father at Hill's Store.

Miss Annie Moore, a student here in the N. G. B. S. days, is a professor in Whittier College, Whittier, California.

J. Kerr Pepper, a junior here in the fall term of this year, is studying medicine at Gulf, N. C., under an experienced physician.

We are sorry to learn that Alma McCulloch's health keeps so poor. We were hoping to have had her in school again this term.

R. W. Hodgin '96, has proved so capable a principal of Hamilton High School that his patrons are anxious for him to take the school next year.

EXCHANGES.

Penn Chronicle comes out in a new dress.

We are always glad to welcome the *Westonian*. Our popular use of "thee" as distinguished from "thou" is defended in it. George Elliot uses thee in the nominative. The professor of English at the leading college of the Society of Friends has written that "thee" is now a legitimate nominative. So "thee is" has become correct for our own members as a spoken language. The plain language ought to be used more than it is among Friends for it is most loving and reverential.

We are glad to welcome *Silver and Gold* from the University of Colorado.

It is refreshing to find among a lot of uninteresting fiction now published in such quantities in our college magazines, such an article as that published in the *Central Collegian* on "Hawthorne's place in American Literature."

We read with interest in the *Erskinian* of Henry Timrod, South Carolina's best poet. His lines referring to peace in time of the civil war may well be applied to this the arbitration period. He says :

“But let our fears—if fears we have—be still,
 And turn us to the future ! Could we climb
 Some mighty Alp and view the coming time,
 The rapturous sight would fill
 Our eyes with happy tears !
 Not only for the glory which the years
 Shall bring us ; * * * *
 But for the distant peoples we shall bless,
 And the hushed murmurs of a world's distress.”

There has been a great improvement of late in the *Mount St. Joseph*. One of its writers says that Carlyle may be considered as Browning's twin figure. Both make their home in the sunlight of ideal truth “My Stars” from the German in the same number is also good.

Out from the secret spring,
 Over the lea,
 Ever meandering,
 On to the sea,
 Lost in the shady glen,
 Bright on the plain again,
 So coursed the brooklet its way, full and free.

So are we hurried yet,
 On to the sea,
 Each life a rivulet,
 How long to be ?
 But as we onward flow,
 May we e'er purer grow—
 Nearer the ocean of eternity.

—Georgetown Journal.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender ;
Waving when the wind crept down so low ;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way ;
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain ;
Nature revelled in grand mysteries ;
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,—
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean ;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away.
O, the long, long centuries since that day !
O, the agony, O, life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost !

Useless ! Lost ! There came a thoughtful man
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep ;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life in every line !
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us that last day.

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To the Guilford Boys :

We thank the college students for their patronage during the past term and advise them of a larger and more complete equipment this season in

**Clothing, Furnishings,
and Traveling Accessories.**

Respectfully,

Fishblate-Katz-Rankin Co.,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

W. R. RANKIN, MANAGER.

The Guilford Collegian.

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No. 7.

GIOTTO AND SOME OF HIS PICTURES.

FLORINA G. WORTH, '89.

The history of a whole period may find its central light in one figure, as does in marked degree, the period in Italian Art which witnessed the great paintings of Giotto di Bondone.

'Twas about the year 1286 when one day Cimabue, the master painter, rode from Florence to the little village, Vespignano, and found in the field a boy of perhaps ten years, who as he watched his sheep, drew upon stones with bits of charcoal. Cimabue recognized the boy's talent, and obtaining permission of his parents, took Giotto—for it was he—to his studio in Florence.

So rapid was Giotto's progress that ten years later we find him doing some of his most renowned work. It is worth while to remember, as bearing upon the life of the painter, the intense religiousness of the thirteenth century.

The church had never been more powerful, nor had it been more threatened. The whole life of the period had to do with the emancipation of the individual conscience. The revolution came from the hearts of the people and had for its end the wresting of sacred things from the hands of the clergy.

In the north this revolution became incarnate in cathedrals; in the south in saints. The thirteenth is sometimes called the century of saints. These cathedrals were the common houses of the old cities, and the best talent of the time was employed in their decoration. The new priesthood of the south was the antithesis of the priesthood of the Catholic Church. The mission of the saint was not proclaimed by his apparel, but by his life and his words.

Francis of Assisi was preëminently the saint of the Middle Ages.

He may be called "the incarnation of the Italian soul at the beginning of the thirteenth century." He had died fifty years before the birth of Giotto, yet so real was religious faith, and belief in the saint, that traditions of his life filled the minds of the people, and the Order which he had founded existed to perpetuate his name and works.

The architects and artists of the period had scarcely any other work than that of building and decorating churches and chapels, consequently the paintings were almost wholly religious scenes. Giotto understood the true Christian spirit and powerfully represented it. He became the great painter of the Franciscan churches.

The Upper Church at Assisi contains twenty-eight of his frescoes. Among them are scenes from the youth of St. Francis, and the dramatic scene in which St. Francis parts from his father when the latter had indicted him for selling his goods and giving the money to the church. The scene is marvellously realistic. One instinctively recoils from the rage-knotted brow of the angry father who is in the act of throwing a stone at his son. Children run mockingly after St. Francis and are held back by the women, while the saint, naked but for the robe which the bishop is putting about him, is possessed and calm.

The contemporaries of Giotto were filled with amazement and admiration at the human passions he could put into pictured faces. He made the melancholy look sad, the happy glad—a wonderful departure from the old conventional type of face. Giotto was the first artist who could do this and the critics said his paintings looked more real than the things themselves. With our superior knowledge of anatomy we do not think his figures over life-like, but we do feel them to be real.

The resources of his art were in their infancy. Knowledge of the human, linear and aerial perspective, and the conduct of light and shade were little known. Giotto's attainment was the highest possible and his work produces even now little sense of imperfection. "His art resumes and concentrates all the attainments of his time not less truly than all the attainments of the crowning age of Italian art are resumed and concentrated in Raphael."

The earlier Byzantine and Roman workers had bequeathed the high abstract qualities of their art, but it remained for Giotto—"the disciple of nature"—to be the first of his countrymen to give life to art. He had the power to stimulate what Mr. Berenson calls the

"tactile imagination." He sets it at full play and we care little that his pictures have faults. We do not think whether the types correspond to our ideal of beauty—we do not say the figures are too massive—we forgive all these and do something better than criticise—we admire.

Probably the finest, certainly the most numerous of Giotto's works are to be found at Padua. With the exception of the choir, which exhibits later paintings, the whole of the Arena Chapel of the Scrovegni is decorated by Giotto alone. The vaulting is adorned with medallions containing busts of Christ, Mary and the prophets.

On the walls of the nave and on the choir arch are twenty-eight frescoes representing the history of the Madonna and of Christ.

"Christ Before Caiaphas" is perhaps one of the most remarkable of the frescoes. Christ stands before Pilate, who, seated, is throwing himself back in rage, tearing his garments open from his breast. Christ has just been smitten by one of the angry mob who has his hand raised for another blow. Nothing could be finer than the pictured action of Christ as he turns with calm dignity to look upon his smiter. Giotto has given Christ a supremely fine face. The countenance possesses a benign sweetness, showing Christ's perfect mastery over his emotions even in a moment of surprise. The surrounding faces are brutal with rage and hate.

The "Visitation of Mary to Elizabeth" is one of the most beautiful of the thirty-eight frescoes that adorn the walls. Such deep feeling is exhibited in the remarkable face of the old Elizabeth. You seem to see that "Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost."

Mr. Cole says in point of color this fresco is one of the finest of the series. There is a suggestion of the later Venitian coloring. Mary's drapery has a soft maroon tone, while her white sleeve coming out finely against it makes the highest point of light in the picture. The overrobe of Elizabeth is a delightful tone of yellow over a rich, soft shade of brown. There is also a fine contrast in the fresh complexion of Mary against that of Elizabeth which is brown and weather beaten. The sky is of a bright blue. The scene is placed just outside the door to give space for the action.

Giotto seems never to have omitted just the details which made the picture strong and unmistakable. He possessed dramatic force to a remarkable degree. See how he has pictured "Inconstancy," found also in the chapel of the Scrovegni. It is as a woman with

blank face, arms held out aimlessly, her feet on a wheel, a wheel at the back of her head. It fairly makes one giddy to look at her.

"Hope" he has painted in one of the strongest figures contained in art. It is a figure sustained by no visible support, with hands upheld to receive a crown which is shown as offered by two hands emerging from the sky. The draperies fall back to show forward, upward motion and suggest a fine figure beneath the folds.

The fresco of the death of St. Francis in Santo Croce at Florence is a work in which the feeling of grief is most stirring and passionate. As a composition it is pre-eminent in the perfection of its arrangement.

An open cloister is shown with the saint reclining upon a bier, surrounded by brothers of the Order. They bend over him in various attitudes of affectionate grief, while the cardinal in his red robe ermine bordered, kneels by his side with his hand upon the wound in St. Francis' side. Others kiss the stigmata of the hands and feet. To them appears an angel and the saint is borne to heaven.

Many others equally wonderful and full of expression and energy are to be found among his frescoes.

Giotto was not only an artist, he was architect and poet as well. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of Dante, of Petrarch and of Boccaccio. Dante celebrated him in his verse, Petrarch bequeathed in his will a Madonna by Giotto and mentioned it as a rare treasure of art. Boccaccio wrote a merry anecdote of the painter's wit.

Many of Giotto's most forcible ideas probably came from Dante and to counterbalance this we have from Giotto the finest and most favorable portrait of Dante.

Giotto was popular and beloved in his life. He was a great realist and in the highest light an idealist. In him we have the founder of the earliest worthy school of Italian art. At his death in 1336 he was buried in the cathedral of Florence, where a monument was erected to his memory, near the tomb of Cimabue.

BRYN MAWR, PA.

*THE "ROCKS."

A. W. B., '90.

Ye rocks ! Could you but speak, and tell to us
The history of that time so long ago,
When ocean old washed on your lonely shores,
And rolled along, beneath its surging waves,
The sands and stones which form your mighty mass;
Could you but tell, how on your rugged coast
There wandered neither beast nor bird of prey,
Nor flower filled the air with rich perfume,
Nor fish swam to and fro beneath the wave.
But, all around, the air was hot and close,
No fit abode for man or beast or plant;
And in the sea strange creatures moved about,
Washed here and there with hot and seething tide.
And could you further of your story tell,
How cycle after cycle rolled along,
Each cycle adding slowly to your mass,
Until the ocean westward moved its shore,
And you alone were left exposed to mark,
Beneath a frowning sky, his former bounds.
The long centuries were but days for you,
And when at length some thousands of these days
Had left you little changed from what you were,
A mighty force from out the bowels of earth,
Raised you suddenly from your silent beds.
Now, in the unbroken stillness of the woods,
You rest, a relic of the ages gone;
And here, as from an ancient book all torn,
We read the record of those far off times.

*Lines suggested by a visit to a place in Montgomery Co., Pa., called the "Rocks," supposed to be the remains of the earliest formed beach of which any record has been left us.

RICHARD REALF.

MARY. A. BRYANT.

Mark Twain gives some striking episodes in the life of a well-known Englishman, who arrived at distinction, and achieved military renown by means of a series of stupid mistakes. The case is no doubt exceptional ; for luck, or the special providence supposed to be vouchsafed to fools, does not often lead a man to the dizzy height of fame, although it may fill his barns with plenty. But granting that such cases are exceptional, the phenomenal success of the ungifted, is not more surprising than the melancholy failures of genius.

Who of us have not been stirred to the depths by Alton Locke, and felt that genius stitching at the tailor's bench, or making shoes for bread, was a sight to move the angels? But the history of genius, however, has generally been that, sooner or later, the stone has been rolled from the sepulchre where it lay buried, the grave-clothes of adverse circumstances loosed, while it came forth into the full light of day to meet recognition and welcome.

Chatterton, it is true, gave over the struggle. His genius stood wistfully for a brief season, like the Peri, at the gate of Eden, catching upon glowing wings the divine light with which the entire soul might have become flooded, had it ever been set free from the struggle for bread.

Along down the line of English writers instances are not few of unrecognized genius, or genius recognized when the life forces were spent in the struggle. We are in the habit of saying, however, that such failures on the part of the world towards her gifted children, are experiences of the past.

The lives of two poets in our own day and time, in our own democratic America, rise up to contradict and condemn us. In the manacles of poverty and ill health, Sidney Lanier struggled on towards maturity, and died in his prime; not till he had sung sublimely, not till he had proven in that glorious poem, called "Corn," that the poet, gifted with deep spiritual insight and living close to the heart of nature, may reveal her secrets in music, and, on the written page, may not only sing space but paint sound. His struggle is the history of a few years past ; so few, indeed, that the

tears still rise in the eyes of those of us who love and lament the author of "The Ballad of the Master," whose every written page has taught the lesson, lived by the true poet, that the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty are never far apart. But that life closed all too soon. Except for delayed fame, ill health and insufficient means to arrest disease, Sidney Lanier might still be among us, singing in a yet bolder and loftier strain. In a wealthy Southern city, where the jewels that sparkle on the fingers of a few fashionable belles would have sufficed to detain a noble life, the manacled spirit of Sidney Lanier was set free by death, and Baltimore lost the brightest diamond in her coronet.

But our sin against the sublime art of song-craft did not end there. We praise Keats *now* ; we have annotated editions of Coleridge ; but how many of us know the martyred poet, Richard Realf, who soared as high as either, and died in our midst, unrecognized, un comforted and unwept ?

For deep spiritual insight ; for poetry that touches the loftier aspect of life and feeling, where are there lines to surpass the following ?

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer ;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer ;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter ;
And never was poem yet writ but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing ;
Never a river that flows but a majesty scepters the flowing ;
Never a Shakespeare that soared but a stronger than he did enfold him ;
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden ;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden ,
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite tissues of feeling ;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater ;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator ;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving ;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit ; the deed is outdone by the doing ;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing ;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine ;
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

If any of the readers of the *Mosaic* are unfamiliar with this rare poet, a delightful experience awaits them.

The poet's laurel never touched his brow, but in 1878, in poverty and neglect, in San Francisco, he went to his reward, and through death received his crown of martyrdom.

In the pathetic strain which follows, he sang his own requiem the night before his death :

“De mortuis nil nisi bonum !” When
 For me the end has come, and I am dead,
 And little, voluble, chattering daws of men
 Pick at me curiously, let it then be said,
 By some one brave enough to speak the truth,
 “Here lies a great soul, killed by cruel wrong.
 Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth,
 To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song
 And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
 He wrought for Liberty, till his own wound
 (He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art
 Through wasting years, mastered him, and he swooned,
 And sank there where you see him lying now,
 With that word ‘Failure’ written on his brow.”

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
 World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
 Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
 Daily by those high angels, who assuage
 The thirstings of the poets—for he was
 Born unto singing; and a burthen lay
 Mightily on him, and he moaned because
 He could not rightly utter to this day
 What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
 Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame
 And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
 And benedictions from black pits of shame,
 And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
 And a great hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred,
 With thick fims—silence ! he is in his grave.
 Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
 Yet brake his heart in trying to be brave;
 Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
 The popular shibboleth of the courtier's lips,
 But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb,
 And all his arching skies were in eclipse.

He was aweary, but fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light,
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet:—
Plant daisies at his head and his feet.

THE BATTLE OF ELIZABETHTOWN.

SUSAN STROUD ROBESON.

With the exception of a letter written in 1845 by Robert E. Troy, Esq., and which has since appeared in *The Robesonian*, of Lumberton, N. C., no correct account of this battle has been published. The historians, while acknowledging its importance, have deplored their inability to obtain exact data. Wheeler says, "This action produced in North Carolina as sudden and as happy results as the battles of Trenton and Princeton in New Jersey;" yet he gives but a meager description of the momentous event as sent him in a letter which contains many inaccuracies.

Mr. Troy's article tells the story as detailed to him by James Cain, a participant in the fight, and from it I quote freely, for I am the fortunate possessor of a copy of this document, as well as much other information for this paper, through the courtesy of Mrs. Mary M. Harris, of Westbrook, Bladen Co., N. C., a lineal descendant of the hero, Col. Thomas Robeson, Jr., who, with his brother, Capt. Peter Robeson, did such service that Wheeler says of them, "Robeson and Irwin were the Percys of the Whigs, and might justly be called the Hotspurs of the Cape Fear."

In the summer of 1781, 400 Tories under Col. Slingsby occupied Elizabethtown, while at Brumpton, only about four miles away, on the same river, Col. Fanning commanded 500 more. Quite a number of their men were "singed Tories," or those who acted from compulsion and not from principle or choice. These two bodies of Tories pillaged, burned and insulted to their hearts' content, for the Whigs, under Col. Thos. Robeson, Jr., numbered only 180, and felt themselves too weak to defend their homes, or make an attack on

the Tories in a body. Capt. Peter Robeson's house had been burned by the cruel Fanning, and his wife and infant of a few days old turned out of doors on a bitter night when the ground was covered with snow.

The situation was most desperate; both the Robesons had seen much service; they were officers at Moore's Creek, Raft Swamp and Stuart's Creek,* near Davis Bridge, Cumberland Co., but for the present they felt that "discretion was the better part of valor," and hesitated before attacking, when so greatly outnumbered. In fact, Col. Thos. Robeson's commission had expired, and the force would have been under the command of Col. Thos. Brown, if he had not been wounded in a skirmish with the British near Wilmington, and so rendered unfit for service. Col. Brown and the Whig soldiers requested Col. Robeson to take the command of this forlorn hope.

For three weeks did these brave 180 Whigs hide themselves in the swamps seeking re-enforcements, and endeavoring to cut off stray bands of Tories. They gained no recruits, and encountered no Tories. They then marched through Duplin, Johnston, Wake and Chatham counties and part of Cumberland, hoping to increase their number. They were kindly received and found many friends, but although three general musters were called, they could not find one man willing to face what appeared certain death.

At the end of this tour of six weeks they were in Duplin county with only 71 men, the others having deserted, or obtained leave of absence upon one pretext or another. They were mounted on emaciated horses, the bones of which were almost protruding through the skin. Few had a change of clothing, and the elbows, knees and shoulders of nearly all were without covering. In this condition they arrived at the house of Gabriel Holmes, a firm patriot, and then and there Col. Robeson announced his intention to return home and scatter the Tories or perish in the endeavor, and asked all who were willing to accompany him to step forward, and all but one responded. This brave band, worn out, half starved, and with but scanty ammunition, marched forth early one morning to attack the 400 that with nearly three times their present force they had felt too weak to face.

They were goaded on by despair, for at every resting place during their fruitless march they were met by horsemen who told them

*Note.—Capt. Peter Robeson was in command at this fight; the Tories were completely routed. Hundreds of dead lay unburied until the women of the county covered the bodies with sand just where they lay.

of fresh atrocities committed upon their defenseless families. They must conquer or die; they could no longer live in this distress.

After two days of hard marching, through an unfriendly and desolate country, they found themselves at dusk on the river opposite Elizabethtown. They had partaken of no regular meals in that time, and the horses were forced to subsist on what they could get by grazing during occasional halts. The early hours of the night were given to rest, but a short time before day, just as the moon ceased to give her light, on the morning of September 29, 1781,* they arranged to make their attack.

One man was left with the horses, and the other 69 were divided into three companies of 23 each. They then undressed, and fastened their clothing to their heads; each man grasped his gun by the barrel and turned the breech up so as to keep the lock out of water, then plunged into the stream, which was breast deep for the tallest, while the short ones with difficulty kept their heads above water.

They were to make the assault on three sides, but not to fire until fired upon by a Tory sentinel. Then all were to rush furiously upon the sleeping camp, the watchword "Washington" to be continually shouted, whilst the commander gave orders to fictitious companies to advance.

So well was this plan carried out that the Tories fled in wild disorder, imagining that Washington and all his host was upon them. Most of the Tories fell headlong into a deep gorge which is still pointed out to the passengers on the boats which ply the Cape Fear as the "Tory Hole."

When the conflict ended the day was dawning. None of the Whigs lost their lives and only four were hurt, while Godden, one of the Tory leaders, was dead, and Slingsby, the other, mortally wounded, and seventeen of their men killed.

A grand-niece of Col. Brown says: "Aunt Brown often related to us the circumstance of Col. Brown being wounded and at his

**Note.*—Wheeler, the historian, says the battle of Elizabethtown was fought in July, 1781, while Fanning's "Narrative" states that he encamped at Elizabethtown in the first days of September, 1781, *before the battle*. Mr. Hamilton McMillan, Red Springs, N. C., who has furnished several items for this paper, says that he is in possession of an old letter written by Col. Sampson *September 19th (old style), 1782, dated Sampson Hall, N. C.* This letter was published in *University Magazine* about 1860. The writer informs his correspondent that a messenger had arrived late at night with the news of the battle fought that morning. New style would make this date the 29th, 1781.

As a further corroboration of the date of this battle Mr. McMillan writes that he had the calculation made at Nautical Almanac in Washington City, and the result proved that the moon set about two hours before day Sept. 29th, 1781.

home the night of the battle. Next morning, knowing nothing of it, and walking to his landing, he saw a row boat going down towards Wilmington, and from the boatmen he learned of the battle and that they were taking Slingsby to the doctors. Col. Brown, seeing his condition, urged their return to his (Slingsby's) home about seven miles above, but he died in the boat before reaching there."

The power and spirit of the Tories was completely gone after this most courageous and successful encounter on the part of the Whigs, and they made very little further effort to plunder or murder on the Cape Fear, and in their fright at the sudden power the Whigs had gained some of them fled for protection to Wilmington, which was then in possession of the British under Maj. Craig. For many years afterward stories were current of the experience of these terror stricken Tories in their wild flight, for many of them ceased not to run until they reached their homes. All who were not dead, or wounded, fled; no prisoners were taken, but much valuable booty fell into the hands of the Whigs.

One man ran into the nearest thicket, rushed wildly on until he reached his home in Robeson county, only stopping to beg food at the houses of his Tory friends. As he went, he told how the entire Continental Army, headed by Washington, had suddenly surrounded them. He felt sure he was the only man who had escaped, for he had to make his way through rank after rank of the American Army. His comrades lay prostrate in every direction, and he was forced to walk over their dead bodies to make his escape. Cannon boomed incessantly; he ran before one, but it only *snapped* at him, otherwise he would not have been there to tell the tale.

The dauntless Whigs felt like pushing their success further. Maj. Craig was still at Wilmington, so a few of these invincible patriots, joined by kindred spirits from the County of Brunswick, 30 in all, encamped on the river a few miles above Maj. Craig's force. The British commander resolved to exterminate these intrepid men by a sortie in such superior number as to make no doubt of the death of the entire band, for his orders were to show no quarter, all were to be killed. Unfortunately for him these commands were overheard by the Tory who was to be the guide, and he felt he could not be a party to the butchery of his neighbors. He, therefore, pretended to be lost, trusting that the noise of their tramping through the woods would arouse the Whigs.

A party of Maj. Craig's Highlanders were in ambuscade at a bridge thrown over Hood's Creek near the Whig encampment, waiting to cut off all possibility of retreat, when the slaughter should begin. So much time was taken up by the guide in leading the attacking party from swamp to swamp, that the defenders of the bridge grew impatient, and one of them blew a blast from a bugle. This alarmed the Whigs, and three or four of their number were sent to the bridge to reconnoitre, but in attempting to cross one was killed by the party in ambush, but the others escaped unhurt. As soon as the firing began the Whig camp dispersed without molestation, for the guide was still misdirecting his comrades.

As a reward for service to their country, Bladen, the native county of the Robeson brothers, was divided, and the new county given the name of Robeson. This empty honor was all that was bestowed upon them. Col. Robeson paid his men from his own private funds.*

The Robeson brothers were not only brave but true to their word, be the cause a public or a private one. A certain Jno. McPherson, who had been on the Tory side, wished to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, but feared the vengeance of the Whigs. Peter and Thomas Robeson believed him to be sincere and promised him protection. In 1783 he went to Elizabethtown and took the oath. Immediately the Whigs gathered in a goodly force with the intention of putting him to death. The two Robesons guarded him for twenty miles, and until his pursuers gave up the chase. Col. Thomas rode by his side and Peter acted as rear guard.

They were of Scotch origin, descendants of Andrew Robeson, the first who bore the title of Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania. Their father, Col. Thos. Robeson, Sr., came to North Carolina in the first half of the 18th century.

From the Colonial Records of North Carolina we glean that Thomas Robeson was in the Assembly from 1773 to 1776, and a member of both the Hillsboro and Halifax conventions, also one of a committee appointed by Provincial Congress, November 25,

**Note.*—Mr. Hamilton McMillan, says: "In May, 1868, I examined the papers of Col. Thomas Robeson, then in possession of his grandson, the late Jno. A. Robeson of Bladen. Col. Robeson paid off his Command and took notes from the soldiers with the promise of repaying him if the United States ever rewarded their services. These notes amounted to \$80,000 and I have preserved the names of many of the recipients. The notes were burned in 1868 when the residence of Jno. A. Robeson was consumed by fire." They appear to have been taken to prevent the men from being paid twice, for Col. Robeson made no claim himself against the government, and exacted a promise from his children that none should ever be made. His wishes in this respect have been carried out by the succeeding generations.

1776, to consider ways and means for apprehending and bringing to justice the Tories of Bladen county. Two cousins of Thomas and Peter named, William and John Robeson, were members of the Committee of Safety of North Carolina, and Mrs. Harris writes that all of the name in that State were Whigs, not one Tory.

Bertram B. Robeson, a lad of seventeen, served under his father, the colonel, in the Battle of Elizabethtown. Thomas Robeson's plantation, known as "Walnut Grove," is on the Cape Fear, 64 miles above Wilmington, and is still occupied by a descendant of the sixth generation. His brother, Capt. Peter Robeson's, home was on a high bluff just opposite.*

As we read of these, and similar horrors of war, does it not make our hearts rejoice that we live in time of peace? Even now the question of arbitration is upon us and our British cousins are asking us to join them in abolishing war. Shall our Government turn a deaf ear, and intelligent and enlightened citizens make no protest?

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves Pilgrims shall be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

*Note. — Their k'ndred in the North were equally patriotic, save one who left the country, while his only brother served as an officer on the Whig side. Capt. Edward Yorke was of Robeson blood. His residence on Arch Street, Philadelphia, was pillaged and most of its contents burned by the British. During the time of the greatest suffering of the soldiers for want of clothing, he came home on a furlough in such a ragged condition that his own children did not know him. His wife made trousers for him out of her white satin wedding gown, and a coat from a blanket using the old fashioned rose embroidered ends for the tails.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

The class in Astronomy has been interested in studying the phenomena of the sun spots, and on Inauguration Day, about the time William McKinley became President, our telescope was pointed to "Old Sol" to observe the prognostications of the future. The eight immense spots on the Sun's disk made the superstitious think the omen indicated "Hard Times," while others prophesied eight years of prosperity for McKinley and his country.

The sun in January and February had a very large spot visible to the naked eye; but as it rotated on its axis this vast cavern became hid from view and on the re-appearance of the spot district several others were observed. They are noticed to return to the same position in $27\frac{1}{4}$ days and this is the synodic period of rotation relative to the earth; but the true period is about $25\frac{1}{2}$ days. As the spots near the center of the Sun's disk move faster than those nearer its edge this is taken as a proof that the Sun is in a liquid or gaseous state as the movements of a solid body could not be effected in this manner. The number of spots on the sun sometimes amount to 200 and at other periods the surface has the purity the ancients gave it in the time of Scheiner. It is strange that the periodicity of these spots is nearly regular, having a maximum about every 11.1 years and still more strange that electric storms on the earth are decidedly more frequent when the spots are the most numerous. If then we are approaching the maximum period we may expect an unusual number of storms with thunder and lightning and other magnetic and electrical disturbances during this Spring and Summer. If Hershel's theory of abundant crops should not prove true there may be a harvest for the lightening-rod dispenser from the coffers of the unwary.

Every student of science should keep a sharp eye on the sun during these days; for remarkable changes are in process and the faithful observer may be rewarded with unknown facts. When sudden movements occur or very wide spots are seen the Astronomer infers that gigantic storms in the sun are so whirling the solar material that these caverns become so vast that they are computed to be sometimes not less than 186,000 miles long. What an abyss one like this must be at the bottom of which our earth could lie like a football in the Crater of a Volcano!

AS THEY USED TO DO.

Along a rough path through the forest one summer's day rode a stalwart man clad in gray coat and a broad brimmed hat. Behind him on a pillion sat his daughter, a young woman of perhaps sixteen years. As the horse trotted roughly on over the roots and stones the maiden clung with one hand securely to her father. From beneath her homespun gown protruded a foot not the smallest in the world but to her of particular interest just now as it was clad with stocking and shoe, something unusual for girls her age in the summer time.

Occasionally kicking at the leaves on the limbs as she passed the couple came to a turn in the road beyond which could be seen a number of horses tied among the trees by the highway. The smooth-shaven face of the Friend wore the calm look of a man who is performing a known duty. This was the wedding-day of his daughter and in yon log sanctuary were the nuptials to be held.

Soon they reached their destination and followed by others who had been standing around under the trees went in the meeting-house.

For an hour the horses stood dreaming in the shade occasionally arousing enough to stamp or switch at a fly. For an hour no sound stirred the drowsy forest save the songs of the cricket, for those good people believed not in loud prayers or the singing of hymns. After a while the horses moved and looked toward the house; the people were coming out. The maiden mounted upon a pillion and rode away behind a man with a broad-brimmed hat—but he was too young to be her father.

Next day there was a general assembling of neighbors in the oak woods of the new homestead. All day the creek bottom rang with the stroke of axes, shouts, and loud bursts of laughter. Trees were felled, logs stripped of their bark and by night, almost as if by magic, a new house had arisen, small to be sure, but nevertheless a place for a home. In the afternoon the women had come with baskets and by dark all gathered in for the house-warming. There was much eating and drinking and general enjoyment in the one small room.

Swains courted their bashful sweethearts or kissed them in the games. At an early hour the newly wedded couple climbed to the loft where they were abundantly supplied with pork and cabbage

by their feasting friends below. Here they stayed for the night. Such of their guests as could not well go home remained in the lower room.

Simple in manners but generous in nature were the founders of our nation. A trifle odd do their customs seem to us now, but such were the ways of Friends scarcely a century ago.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Owing to the fine weather of late interest in out-door sports have been on the increase. The tennis courts are in constant use when school is not in session and one or more new ones have been constructed. The young ladies are often taken by Miss Worth for long walks in the afternoon. Basket-ball, however, seems to continue to be their chief source of diversion.

The boys are playing base-ball nearly every evening. The other day a class game was arranged, the Seniors and Juniors taking sides against the Sophs. and Freshmen. The girls came out to the grounds to cheer for their class-mates. One of the Juniors brought a trumpet to toot when her side should make runs but to the regret of some it sounded only five times while the score book showed that their opponents crossed the plate eleven times. Petty '98 and Blair '97 ran one battery, while Kerner '99 and Ballinger '00 composed the artillery for the other. The game was exciting from start to finish and every man evidently did his best.

An entertainment was held a short time ago to raise funds for the Athletic Association. A program was given, the first exercise being a paper, "Physical Culture among the Greeks," by Joseph H. Blair. A farce of five characters caused much merriment on the part of the audience. In this John Lewis was the hero, whose household arrangements were much disturbed by the unwelcome visit of an old maid, and the persistency with which the cook received her beau in the parlor. T. G. Pearson read a paper entitled "Prophetic of a Cherished Hope." The "cherished hope" having reference to the long looked for grand-stand with which the athletic men fondly hope the college authorities will one day adorn the ball-ground. These exercises were interspersed with music. Miss Carrie Smith of Summerfield gave one of her beautiful solos during the evening.

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MARCH, 1897.

THE COLLEGIAN would like in some way to protect its exchanges while in the college library. We notice many of them torn, full of pencil marks, with backs off, and mutilated in other ways. No one cares to read any comment you may make on the journals, nor to read your name or that of your friend. And especially don't tear out the leaves. We think a little more thought is needed on the part of students. We think, however, it will not become necessary to remove the exchanges to the office.

WE wish to call attention to the article "The Battle of Elizabethtown." It is a new but no doubt the correct account. This is another proof that much of the popular history of our state is based on a false foundation. The writers of the previous contributions are known to COLLEGIAN readers, and their productions will be found profitable.

THE Legislature has taken no backward steps in the way of appropriations to higher education. We understand that five thousand dollars extra have been appropriated to the University and the State Normal has received double the usual amount.

IN looking over the columns of one of our dailies not long ago, we were somewhat surprised to notice the subject; "University Open to Women." The article was read with much interest, and from it we learned the present Legislature had decided to permit young women to take post graduate work at the University. It is true this step will not enable a large number to pursue their course in this State, but it will be an advantage to some, and is indeed a step toward making the University co-educational. North Carolina needs University training for her girls, and we hope the day not far distant when all the classes of our State University shall be open to young women. Why should they not be? The girls are certainly capable to compete with the young men, as has been proven in many of our Northern colleges.

Co-education is rapidly growing in favor among our people, as within the present college year two very important steps have been taken.

FRENCH AT GUILFORD.

Should not French be taught at Guilford? Some of us have been thinking of this, and although we do not have the say-so in the matter, it appears to us that it would be a wise thing to do. Haverford College gives Guilford an annual scholarship, and as it now stands when our Guilford men go there they are required to take a year's work in beginning French. If they could get that year of study here they would then, upon entering Haverford, have just that much more time to spend on such elective studies as they wish to make their specialty. All the leading colleges in the country, as well as those in our own State, teach this language. There are not many who would be willing to lay claim to anything like a rounded education in a cultured circle of friends if they had no knowledge whatever of the French language, so universal and wide spread is it taught in our institutions of learning. Why then should students at Guilford not have the advantage of, at least say, two years of this study?

That it may soon be added to the college curriculum and thus fill in a noticeable gap in her course of study, is the cherished hope of some of her best friends.

THE CLASS GAME.

The recent class game in base ball brought to light some points we think worthy of notice. They all bear directly on the student life.

There was plenty of enthusiasm manifested. In fact, it was so great that every one seemed to lose his identity. Class spirit was lost in that of the multitude. Of course some thought of the fact that they were members of college classes and acted accordingly. There is one of two ways to explain this disintegration of the community. Base ball has a very strong hold on the student body. They have left their college life for it, and are unitedly seeking its success ; or, on the other hand, class spirit has no strong hold and is easily given up.

For once we will not express an opinion. If it is base ball that is so strong that it breaks up class spirit, it should be shorn of its power.

If class spirit here is like a wave of the sea driven and tossed there is something radically wrong. For how to right either of these supposed unhealthy conditions, the editor will make an exception by offering no advice at present.

* * * * *

Another thing noticed was that the upper classmen, while they certainly were experienced in the game, showed a sad lack of practicable ability to play. They saw where the ball ought to go but could not throw it there, so clumsy were their arms. They struck squarely at the ball but it was too late. They knew they ought to run toward the first base but speed was lacking.

In a word they had little use of themselves. We could see they had departed from the ways of their youth. They had for some reason neglected physical development for some time. And here is just the trouble. There is an idea prevalent that the upper classmen should not go whole-handed into athletics. They must withdraw from the sports of the play ground, and live reserved and dignified lives. As a consequence they are stiff limbed and awkward. It is certainly a great mistake to get out of touch with the athletic interests of the college.

* * * * *

The regard of the spectators among the boys for the young ladies who were seated along the west side of the diamond was

very commendable. Heretofore, whether in foot ball or base ball, it has been the hardest matter to keep the enthusiastic fellows from congregating wherever the game was most exciting, thus oftentimes cutting off the view of the young women. Such conduct, of course, was thoughtless, to say the least, but was excused on account of the excitement.

Now the young men have tried remaining on the east side. They find that they can see the game just as well. When this is the case the game is more fully enjoyed by the young women. So it ought to be considered by all not the thing for the boys to take possession of the west side, or rather, we should never stand in front of the young women when we have invited them out to see the game.

* * * * *

Few members of the Faculty were present. Only two were there. These did valiant service, however. One was umpire, the other cheered on the leaders of the forlorn hope. We will not criticise the faculty. We have learned from instances of the past that to do this seldom produces any good results. We suggest, however, that the Faculty in larger numbers come out to the ball ground. The reasons for their being there are numerous.

PERSONALITY.

If there is one thing a student feels more than another it is the force of character resident in his superiors. But we have no definite idea what this power is. Some in fact never think of the influence of others. The saying, "I am a part of every man I meet" is considered very wise indeed. We stare at it and wonder if it is really true.

Then of course we admit that it must be but we do not really know and feel its truth because we have never stopped to inquire the *how* of the way we are influenced.

We are certainly very ignorant on this point. We do not know what it is in others that effects us. We call it a mysterious something and in a half superstitious way we worship men and women. As a result of our ignorance we sometimes find ourselves admiring very little people.

All this arises largely from the fact we do not know ourselves

as a condition for knowing others. We get mad if we are told our faults; say they are nobody's business and remain in the dark. Then when we do begin to think a little we despise ourselves and begin to imitate. We try to live in the life of others. Thus we lose our individuality. We are then certainly unable to know people, and if we do not know them we cannot know their influences.

But it is highly desirable that we should know these influences. Then we can classify them and take only the best. We must be willing to know ourselves before we even attempt to read the character of others.

* * * * *

Personality, meaning character, but a much larger word, is defined to be individuality existing in itself. It is made up of consciousness, character and will.

These three things exist well balanced in any person who has a real personality, that is one whose influence will last. Some people seem to have neither of these. They are unconscious fossils, or devoid of moral rectitude. Some while in Rome always do as Rome does. But we seldom meet people of this description. Our associates are apt to be those who have all three qualifications but held in poor balance.

Some are all consciousness, and they are either great brags or will blush if you mention their name. These are the extreme types. For a woman it is thought best for her to be very unassuming, at least the blushing girl is rather admired. As a rule the man may be blustering and egotistic just so he has enough intellect to back it. But at Guilford of course the boy and the girl are judged by the same standard in all cases. If we see what seems to us too little or too much consciousness displayed it is not safe to follow that person. His personality is not to be trusted.

Character of course is either good or bad. Every one is an extremist as to character. There is no intermediate ground. Still we are oftenest misled in our judgments as to character. It is practically impossible to know a person's heart. The surest tests are his conversation and his company. If these are faulty that person will not do to be followed one step.

Character in the general sense is one-sided or symmetrical. A person who rides hobbies, however, keen his intellect or indomitable his will does not possess an enduring personality. A strong

will power is the most prominent part of a strong personality. This if powerful in an individual apparently triumphs over the two other requisites and makes him for a time a great leader of men. Napoleon was such a man as this. Every great leader but Christ had as his chief requisite will power. People with strong will power are perhaps most to be admired. They are also the most dangerous. They are generally extremists. They are dogmatic and not to be trusted in all things. No men or women we know either from their faults or our own seem to hold the three requisites of personality in true balance. This is true in your case therefore men should never be followed.

* * * * *

A personality such as will reach the inner consciousness of men and assert itself in their lives is a possession devoutly to be wished. And every body consciously or unconsciously, for good or for evil, for selfish or unselfish ends is striving after this very thing. But some have wrought in vain. They have made desperate failures to impress people. And this is well. It would be better if most people we know had less influence than they do exert. The efforts of a great many to assert themselves and their opinions should be suppressed, but some good people who do not make themselves felt should be encouraged to develop their personality.

* * * * *

"I don't know whether to go out to the base-ball ground or not, said a good and rather dignified person—there is so much howling down of a fellow. You don't want to cast your pearls before swine." This expression reveals what seems to us a false idea of a person's attitude toward those around him. Still there is some truth in the last line. But man can hardly be compared to a pearl. He is a living, moving organism, capable of transforming society of any grade. This he should always have in mind and seek to do. But the point we wish to make is that one's personality is increased by much contact with men. This would not be true according to the opinion of it some dignified people seem to have, viz: That influence should gush out from one and subdue all flesh as a mighty strain; that our force of character is to be turned on and off at will like the water from a faucet. We are not to be elegant machinery for generating power. Sensible people are not effected by a kingly bearing and dignified frown. Such as this is seldom, even the

accompaniment of the highest personality. A man of great influence must, of course, have a clean, clear cut life. But he must also be able to fit it to the lives of his companions. And how can he do this unless he knows the shape and size of the minds of those about him. To accomplish this difficult task requires intimate association. It may require some thought to keep from being contaminated. It is a good, strong test to one's patience sometimes to have a thoughtless crowd at his feet. But just such as this we think is necessary to the development of strong personality. We favor much contact with all men on the same grounds that we have always stood by foot-ball.

* * * * *

We think that nothing but strength can result to an individual who from a good motive associates much with a whole student body. But on the other hand some students may be injured by too much attention. It will not do to answer every question asked. You should turn a deaf ear to most talk that is considered foolish. This point is based on the fact that if you give some an inch they will take a foot. We are sorry this is ever the case. It makes impossible much pleasant intercourse. The faculty and its earnest supporters, however, dare not fail to recognize this last point. To disregard it is fatal to the development of sturdy and honest character.

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LOCALS.

—Holiday February 22nd.

—Four of the lady teachers ride wheels.

—Six or eight of the young men attended the Y. M. C. A. State Convention in Winston.

—Twenty or thirty students went from here to hear Dr. Talmage when he spoke in Greensboro.

—One evening in the early part of the month the girls of Founders gave a tea to the cottage girls.

—James Wray has been round to see us. Since leaving school he has been filling a situation in Philadelphia.

—Miss Louise Peele, a young lady from Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending the spring months with her uncle, Joseph Parker.

—Mr. J. G. Kerner, president of the Reuben Rink P. & D. Co.' was here not long ago to bid for the remodeling of the Henry Clay Hall.

—John Benbow dropped in at the College on his way to Raleigh just before the Legislature closed. As a lawyer he is rapidly climbing.

—We understand that the young ladies have another new tennis court. We trust that it may be a success and meet their greatest expectations.

—Miss Ruth Worth returned to College after an absence of two weeks at Mocksville, where she had been assisting in a series of revival meetings.

—At a recent meeting of the Websterian Society speakers were elected for the oratorical contest in May. Six men will represent the Society this year.

—O, did you see the class game? It certainly was glorious, at least from a Soph or Freshman point of view. Moffitt caught well and Dick did a lot of talking, but somehow Kerner and Barbee and English and that crowd of old standbys managed to walk about over the home plate until the score stood 11 to 5. You ought to have been there.

—Waldo is a lost boy. He has a study in each of the four college classes and does not know to which one he belongs. Can not some one tell the anxious young man where he is *at*?

—Chalmers Glenn, John Ferree and Benjamin Millican left school duties the first of the month to attend the inauguration in Washington. Millican says the capital is a mighty fine place.

—Several young ladies from the State Normal have been visiting at the College this spring. Among these are Misses English and Stevens, who were the guests of Bertha Snow and Clara Cox.

—Prof. A. W. Blair attended the meeting of the State chemists in Raleigh, the object of this gathering being to affect an organization for the furtherance of chemical research among its members.

—It is expected that a book of Guilford views will be issued this spring by the College authorities. A Greensboro photographer was out the other day and took a number of views, from which plates will be made.

—Owing to the unsatisfactory working of the pipes in the chemical laboratory the class in Qualitative Analysis has been much bothered in its work. Where is the water pipe that will never get out of fix? Surely it is not around these parts.

—Mr. Frank Mahan, of Charlotte, has visited Guilford in the interests of "The Woman's Exposition of the Carolinas," to be held in Charlotte from May 1 to June 1. Guilford will probably make an exhibit which will consist largely of specimens of natural history and geology, together with pictures of the college buildings and farm.

—Most fellows are reasonably fond of the ladies. No exception to the rule is John, the Sophomore. But he was overcome the night of the athletic entertainment, and in his dire extremity was heard to call out "enough." To a friend he since explained that refreshments for six at a stroke was more than even McKinley prosperity would permit of.

—The first missionary meeting of the term was given on February 28th. The evening was devoted to the subject of India and the following was the program: "The Religions of India," O. P. Moffitt; "The Social Customs of India," Annie Blair; "The Present Condition of India," J. M. Greenfield. It is the thought of the

Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. T. U. to hold similar meetings each month during this term.

—On the evening of February 19th we, the members of the Philagorean Society, were invited to attend a meeting of the Websterian Society. A most excellent program was rendered, consisting of a song, paper, poem, declamation and debate. The subject of discussion was: "*Resolved*, That the Reading of Good Fiction is More Beneficial than the Study of the Ancient Classics." After the exercises an interesting feature of the evening was the "serving of refreshments." Nuts were passed and within each was a conundrum to be guessed. Lena Freeman gave more correct answers than any other member, and for this she received a handsomely bound volume of "*Dream Thorp*." The evening sped rapidly and too soon we had to wend our way back to Founders. The occasion was indeed an enjoyable one and one which will occupy an important place in the memory of the Philagoreans long after we have left Guilford.

PERSONALS.

Marion Chilton, '93, is teaching at Mizpah, N. C.

Will Kennedy is clerking in a drug store at Goldsboro, N. C.

Miss Nellie Wakefield is living at her home at Friendship, N. C.

Rephelius B. Kerner is in school at his home, Kernersville, N. C.

Milton R. Stevens, here in '94-'5, is now attending school at Smithfield, N. C.

Miss Martha Woody is keeping house for her aged father at Saxapahaw, N. C.

Henry Cude and his sister, Miss Rose, have both been teaching near Colfax this year.

Miss Effie Williams, here a few years ago, occupies a position in the State Hospital at Raleigh.

Albion R. Winslow here last year has a paying position at the Benbow House, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Ellen Woody is accompanying Rev. James R. Jones in his evangelistic work in the mountains of this State.

Miss Jane Wakefield, an N. G. B. S. student, is keeping books for her brother, Dr. Wakefield, of Charlotte, N. C.

Among the large crowd that witnessed the inauguration of President McKinley was Mr. Walter H. Mendenhall, '95, of Lexington, N. C.

Mr. A. N. Perkins, here in the N. G. B. S. days, has left his position at the Benbow Hotel and gone into the grocery business on East Market Street, Greensboro, N. C.

Earnest Benbow, here a few years ago, more popularly known as "Peck," is now at Bloomington, Ohio. We learn that he has just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.

MARRIAGES.

HEARN-KING.—On December 6th, 1896, Mr. Sid. Hearn and Miss Minnie King were united in wedlock. They live at Burlington, N. C.

SMITH-SMITH.—On the 10th of February Mr. James Smith was married to Miss Eva Smith. The ceremony took place at the home of the groom, near the College. This will continue to be their home. Miss Smith was in College last year.

KENNEDY-MCCLEMMY.—Near the middle of February Mr. J. Richard Kennedy, an N. G. B. S. student, was married to Miss McClemmy of Wilmington, N. C. Mr. Kennedy is mail agent on the Wilmington, New Berne and Norfolk Railroad.

FARLOW-REICH.—At the home of the groom's brother-in-law, Mr. John Rush of High Point, N. C., Edgar E. Farlow, '96, and Miss Fannie M. Reich, a former student here, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Thursday February 11th, Rev. Kelsey of the Friends church officiating. They will make their home at High Point, N. C. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations and best wishes.

EXCHANGES.

The *Archive* and *Wake Forest Student* have not been received for two numbers back. We would be glad to receive these as well as those that are to follow.

"Now Thomas," said the teacher, "write me a sentence in which the words pine and butter-nut are used." And Thomas wrote: "The fellow felt almighty tough when his best girl cut; First he thought he'd pine away, and then he thought he'd butter-nut"—*Ex.*

The men of Syracuse University have adopted a College yell which actually has some sense to it, which, must be regarded as a startling innovation:

"Agency, contracts, bills, notes,
Equity, pleadings, sales and tosts,
Domestic relations; Raw! Raw! Raw!
Syracuse Varsity College of law.

—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

The College Message for March contains a biographical sketch of Mary Fleming Black, wife of Dr. W. S. Black of the Methodist North Carolina Conference. The book entitled "Woman of The Century" contains her portrait and a sketch of her life—the only North Carolina woman so honored.

"On Wordsworth's Religion" is a laudable article in *The Mnemosynean*.

The *Ursinus College Bulletin* is rich in the character of its articles. The class criticism on *Scarlet Letter* is good, but we do not agree with the writer in thinking *Scarlet Letter* better than *Marble Faun*.

 GREAT BRITIAN TO AMERICA.

Now comes the golden year! haste, happy spring!
Lead on the golden day of June the blest,
When all our streets with banners shall be drest,
And all our people shall rejoice and sing!

Then let the nations gifts and praises bring.
 But none that day shall be more honored guest
 Than she our Sister throned beneath the West
 Since in her hands is Peace for offering.

* * * * * *

The kindred lands in wise accord drew near,
 Set up their seats for judgment, and restrained
 Wild lust of war's intolerable crime.

—*Ex.*

WHENCE ?

Whence comes the dream, if none may see
 The daylight of reality ?

Whence comes to human hearts sweet love
 If high all mortal thought above ?

There lives not, Lord of star and sun,
 Maker and Lover all in one.

Whence comes the will for high emprise,
 The winged hopes that touch the skies,

The dear belief in life to be,
 The picture of eternity,

If not (secure from Times's mischance)
 By our divine inheritance ?

AS IT MUST BE.

O friend, my friend, by the love that I bear you, wake !

Speak only a word, stretch forth your hand to my aid,
 Your living hand, for the old, tried friendship's sake !

The darkness has found my soul, and has found it afraid.

I am battling here alone ; there is none to mark

If I fail to-night, as some night I must, in the strife.

I am face to face with the Terror of Life in the dark—

Of Life, and the unknown other, that is not Life.

O friend, O love, you will surely heed me at last !
I shall hear your voice, to comfort me now in my need.
But my blood beats hard in my ears, and the clock ticks fast,
And your slow, calm breathing leaves me all alone indeed.

Friend of my bosom, sleep ! I watch alone,
The vigil none can keep for another's sake.
Ere long the time shall come when you, too, will moan
And reach in the dark for me, and I shall not wake.

—*Smith's Monthly.*

SUNRISE.

Through the orient gates of the morning,
By Aurora's hand thrown wide,
While night, her sable curtain
Has slowly drawn aside,
There, through its rainbow portals,
Aloft on his golden car,
Whose refulgent, dazzling brilliance
Dims the light of every star,
Whose wide reflected glory
Paints the heavens a roseate glow,
Comes Appollo, king of the morning,
Lord of the silver bow.

—*G. G. C. in Georgetown Journal.*

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

J. M. HENDRIX & CO., DRY GOODS AND SHOES.

Our Shoe Stock is complete and up to date. Any one buying shoes from us can rest assured that they are wearing up-to-date styles, and

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To be found anywhere. We warrant all shoes at \$2.00 and above to give satisfaction. A trial order or in person will be appreciated.

J. M. HENDRIX & CO.,
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To the Guilford Boys :

We thank the college students for their patronage during the past term and advise them of a larger and more complete equipment this season in

**Clothing, Furnishings,
and Traveling Accessories.**

Respectfully,

Fishblate-Katz-Rankin Co.,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

W. R. RANKIN, MANAGER.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 8.

LINES.

BY R. S. L.

All rosy and glowing is the Western sky,
While the crescent moon hangs bright and high.
But lovelier, still to me, by far
Is the glimpse I get of the Evening Star.

Beautiful Star! bright shining gem,
No wonder that earth's ambitious men
Are happy, and think they have let down the bar
To the portals of *fame*, when called a Star.

No wonder the Beauty with eyes so bright
Will blush, and be happy, and gay to-night,
When the adoring crowd bends at her shrine,
And tells her those eyes, as twin stars shine.

Oh! Star, fortunate indeed thou art
To have been made a Star and not a heart,
For hearts throb and beat, and break each day
And are hid in the dark, cold earth away.

And o'er the new graves in forest and hill,
By ocean's brink, and by shady rill
Thou wilt rise and shine and thy vigil keep
While the world lies down to restless sleep.

But thou molten gem of silver hue
Of ambition free, to thy Author true
In silent splendor, serene, afar,
Forever the same, thou wilt glow a Star.

THE BATTLE THAT REVOLUTIONIZED NAVAL WARFARE.

J. B. SMITH.

In May, 1862, I was engaged in the signal service of the Confederate army, being stationed at this time near the mouth of the James river.

The morning of May 8th broke clear and balmy, giving promise of the approaching spring. Hundreds of feathered songsters fill the air with their anthem of praise which is rudely interrupted by the barbaric rattle of the reville from the boats on the river which sounded to our ears as notes of defiance and a challenge to mortal combat. After a visit to the operator on duty to hear his report I take a stroll along the beach. As I do so what a beautiful panorama opens out before me! One in which woods, water and sky blend into shades of beauty and curves of grace. All nature seems in a state of peaceful repose, and all animated beings are in harmony, save he that bears the image of his great Creator. The same sun that tips with gold the distant church spires at Norfolk guilds the spars of the ships of war at Newport News, churches for the salvation of men and ships for the destruction of men. The incongruity of the situation is very impressive. Presently I am called to breakfast. With keen appetites we assemble around our rude camp table. How sumptuously we fared in those days; fish and oysters to be had for the taking, and we had never felt the pangs of hunger. Many a jest and banter enliven the occasion and little we reckon of the future that awaits us.

Breakfast over, the usual routine of receiving and dispatching daily reports to and from headquarters of our military department fully occupy our time until ten o'clock, when I have time to look around. The sun is now oppressively warm and those of us off duty lounge about the station until about twelve o'clock, when the man on watch calls, "Flag up at Pig's Point!" "All right, go ahead!" is waved back and the Pig's Point operator, prefacing his message with F. F. (official), proceeds to inform the commanders of troops and the gunboats up James River that the Virginia (the name by which the Confederate ironclad is officially known, other-

wise she is always called the Merrimac), would leave her dock at three P. M. and proceed to attack the Federal Fleet at Newport News. This message makes a wonderful transformation in our feelings and actions; languor gives place to expectancy and speculation as to the result of the coming conflict. The optimists prophesy the destruction of the enemies fleet in Hampton Roads, and hinted even the capture of Fortress Monroe, by a joint attack of the Confederate land and naval forces. On the other hand the pessimists have in mind "the superior armament of the enemy's ships and training of their seamen, against the inferior ordinance and inexperienced crew of the Merrimac, which latter is, as we know, made up largely of volunteers from infantry regiments in the department who had never been on a ship until a short time back. Besides all these advantages possessed by the Federal vessels they are supported by the formidable land batteries on shore."

So great is our interest in the coming event that even the dinner signal loses its charm for us and with reluctance we obey that call and go through the form of eating what, on other days, would be an appetizing meal.

As the hour of three P. M. approaches the suspense intensifies, and speculation gives place to anxiety. I closely scrutinize the enemies' ships and garrison with my glass to detect any knowledge on their side of the impending attack. Not a sign can I observe of any apprehension of danger. On board of vessels and ashore unusual quiet and inactivity prevail. Even the elements of air and water seem to partake of the spirit of repose, the only exception visible is a fish hawk circling in mid air in quest of its finny prey.

Our group off duty have become restless and walk anxiously up and down the river bank, with eyes and ears alert. A small dispatch boat is now observed to leave Newport News and steam in the direction of Norfolk. After running some five or six miles in that direction she returns to Newport News. It is now evident that the enemy have their suspicions aroused, for the little steamer is again dispatched in the direction of Norfolk. It is now past three o'clock and we begin to think the Merrimac will not come out to-day, and excitement begins to give place to disappointment with us. "Look at the dispatch boat!" exclaimed some one, and turning I see she is steaming back to Newport News with signal flags set. Hark! the loud rattle of drums sounding the long roll comes across the river, and instantly the garrison is in a state of excite-

ment. Troops hastily falling in line, and gun crews double quicking to their batteries, while aboard the two frigates discipline and order admit of no bustle and confusion, yet the clearing away of their decks and running out of guns betoken the coming conflict. "Look! She is coming!" exclaims the man on the look-out. With my glass I scan the mouth of Elizabeth River and get my first sight of the Merrimac, and a queer looking craft it is I see slowly feeling her way out of the mouth of that river. More like a monster turtle vomiting dense volumes of smoke than any vessel I had ever seen before. As soon as she reaches the deep water in Hampton Roads she shapes her course for Newport News. A signal message from up the river now announces the descent of the Confederate fleet from Richmond and in a few minutes the great high decked hulls of the Jamestown and Patrick Henry, which before the war belonged to the Old Dominion line of steamships between Richmond and New York, but now made to do duty as training ships. They are as ill suited for gunboats as the Merrimac would be for a passenger ship. They are accompanied by two little tug boats each having a thirty-two pound cannon mounted on its forward deck. Our eyes again turn to the Confederate ironclad that, as if confident in her own prowess, steams deliberately on her mission of destruction; and then to the decks of the two frigates that, like huge mastiffs, guard the mouth of James River. Here too is displayed an object lesson of dignity, and calm fortitude, born either of consciousness of ability to repell the coming foe or of willingness to die at their post of duty. True, their hulls are only of live oak, but they have the best of rifle cannon and are manned by skillful seamen and expert gunners, besides being backed by the batteries on shore as before stated.

As I weigh all these advantages possessed by the Federals my heart beats with apprehension for the success of the bold adventure on the part of the Confederate Commander. The tension of excitement is intensified at the sight of my first battle, in which our Southern Cross, flying at the flagstaff of the Merrimac, is to be pitted against the Stars and Stripes of the Federals in a mortal combat which is now opened by the guns of the frigates upon the advancing foe, from whom no response is made. Silently and grimly she steams nearer and nearer to her objective point of attack. The guns from the shore batteries now join in the engagement and shot and shell plough up the water all about the Southern vessel.

“Look!” A solid shot strikes a flash of fire from her iron coat and glances over her into the river. Now, for the first time, I breathe easier and become more hopeful of our success.

The Confederate boats above us, now drop down the river and commence to shell the enemies' encampment but keep well out of range of the shore batteries, except the little tugs, which, like fice dogs, while the big dogs are fighting, slip in shore, fire their guns, and run out to load again. As the Merrimac nears the Federal vessels they fire broadside after broadside at her, but without apparent effect for not even do they elicit a reply from the Southern vessel until within close quarters with the frigate Cumberland. Now she fires a shot from her bow gun into the hull of the vessel, and, regardless of the rain of balls concentrated upon her, swings around and with her submerged prow rams the Cumberland below the water line on her port bow. With some difficulty she backs off, fires again into the Cumberland and steams for the Congress, only a short distance away. The latter, seeing the havoc played with her consort, I presume, runs up a white flag at her peak. I now turn my attention to the Cumberland again and see she is “settling by the head.” Though aware of this fact her brave crew fight their guns to the last and now that her bow is under water the heroes fire a shot from their stern gun and with colors flying go down to a watery grave.

This scene thrills my boy-soul with admiration and so engrossed my attention that upon looking up I discover two line of battle-ships have turned Newport News point and seem to be coming to take a hand in the contest. Upon nearer approach one of them has the French flag flying at her peak. The other is the Minnesota, one of the most powerful vessels in the Federal Navy, a twin sister of the Merrimac. The latter vessel, since the surrender of the Congress, has been devoting her attention to the shore batteries, now discovers the approach of her new antagonist and steams to engage her at close quarters. Evidently the commander of the Minnesota seeks to avoid such an encounter by steaming into a position up the river inaccessible to the Merrimac. I suppose the weight of her armour causes a greater draught of water by her than the Minnesota carries. At any rate she steams slowly to a position apparently about half a mile from her new foe. Then, until twilight, a continuous duel is kept up between these two vessels in which I infer the Minnesota is badly crippled.

Note.—It took quite a fleet of steam tugs to tow her back toward Fortress Monroe next morning.

The engagement is now apparently over and one of the Confederate wooden gun-boats is dispatched to receive the surrender of the frigate Congress but is fired upon by the crew aboard of that vessel. This dastardly act so incensed the captain of the Merrimac that he steams near and fires hot shot into the Congress and set her on fire, for in a short time I discover smoke issuing from her port holes between her decks. Not until the fire was well under way did the Merrimac leave the scene of her exploits and steam back to Norfolk, having in one afternoon broken up the blockade of the James River, destroyed two line of battle-ships, disabled one of the most formidable men-of-war vessels in the Federal Navy, and revolutionized the naval architecture of the world.

Twilight has given place to darkness and the only objects visible are the burning frigate and the spars of her sunken consort. The heavens above, like an immense dome, are lit up with a lurid glare that extinguishes the stars; and the waters about her are encircled in brilliant reflections causing the wavelets to sparkle like rubies around the great brilliant in the center, which glows and sparkles as no earthly gem can do. Flames of living, consuming fire, like horrid tongues of some infernal monster, dart from each port hole. Nothing breaks the awful solemnity of the holocaust save the occasional boom of a cannon set off by the heat of the floating furnace, like minute guns sounding a requiem for the souls of the dead. The night grows apace. My body, weary with the extra exertion demands rest; my mind, overstrained with intense excitement, pleads for relaxation, yet my eyes for hours are held spell bound, by some strange fascination, to the burning ship. The firing of the cannon, supplemented by the explosion of shells in the doomed vessel, become more frequent. Nature at last asserts her right of domain and I fall asleep. No more does the panorama of death and destruction pass before my vision; no more do the horrid screams and explosion of shot and shell deafen my ears; nor hope and fear struggle for supremacy in my breast. My dreams are of the green fields, the limpid streams, the peaceful scenes of the dear old home.

A tremor! A crash! The earth is convulsed as in the throws of an earthquake. Dazed, bewildered, I stagger to my feet. The air is filled with fiery flying serpents. The ships magazine has exploded.

ROSEDALE FARM, March 8th, 1897.

TO VALLEY FORGE.

O. E. MENDENHALL.

A large stone, standing on the left of the road leading from Philadelphia to Valley Forge marks the spot where General Washington camped en route for winter quarters. The passing stranger, if he be of an imaginative turn of mind, is apt to take a look about him, picturing to himself as he does so, the appearance of the hills when covered with the tents of the valiant soldiers of liberty. The little church close by and especially the cemetery with its tombs in such regular order cannot fail to remind him of the results of war.

The road leads thence through the mountain, by way of a ravine and out directly at Gulf Mills, a little factory about two miles from Haverford station. The large rocks projecting from the perpendicular side of the mountain, the dwarfed trees, stunted by the cold, and the long moss hanging from their branches, make the scenery picturesque.

Another half mile and the ground is much higher and commands an extensive view on either side. To the right lies the valley of the Schuylkill dotted with farm houses. At intervals villages and towns have grown up at the places most favorable for transportation or manufacturing. The valley is a picture of industry.

To the left of the road, about one mile distant is the mountain range, through which we have just passed.

The numerous little roads leading off from the right one make it easy to lose one's way, but at the important cross-roads are inns whose jolly keepers delight in directing travelers. "Bird in Hand" and "King of Prussia" are the most prominent ones on the way. The delightful shade and cool water at these inns are not to be resisted by the average wheelman, and at almost any time in the day travelers may be seen taking advantage of the comfort thus offered. The bicycle is reviving these old relics of the days of stage coaches which have never quite passed out of existence in Pennsylvania.

At the foot of one the roughest hills to be found anywhere in this section stands an old colonial house with a sign out in front, "*Hotel Washington*." On the opposite side of the road is a very

old mill which long since finished its work and is now falling into decay. This is Valley Forge, and the rocky, desolate old hill, above mentioned, is Mount Joy, on which are Fort Washington and the entrenchments, 3,040 feet long. Mount Misery, the mountain nearest the Schuylkill river is a name in harmony with the present condition of the old camping grounds. Mount Joy is about a mile directly northwest from the river.

The visitor cannot help wondering how the soldiers *lived* through the winter in such a place. That they suffered is not for an instant questioned; it would be impossible for an army not to suffer on the bleak sides of those desolate mountains.

Washington's quarters are situated close to the Schuylkill river. The house is in very good condition and must have been stylish in colonial days. It is three stories high, but not much taller than a house of one story in modern times. The entrance hall is on the north side of the house and is as long as the width of the building. There are two rooms on the first floor; the front one Washington used for a reception room and the back one for an office. Besides the doors from the halls the rooms have doors opening into a little vestibule and the vestibule opens into the yard on the south side of the building. In case of attack this arrangement made escape easy. Were he attacked in the reception room Washington could have passed into the vestibule, closing the door behind him and opening the one into the yard, and then turned back into his office. The enemy, seeing the door into the yard open would be likely to go that way, thus giving the General time to make sure his escape or to prepare for a defense.

The old box, once concealed in the wall, in which Washington kept his valuable papers is now in the back room. All of the rooms are filled with historical relics and pictures of men of the Revolution. There are no less than twenty different photographs of Washington by Peale. The Stuart photograph—the one most often seen—is in the collection. To the north of the main building stands the kitchen. In the large fireplace are some kitchen utensils, used in colonial times. To the kitchen is attached a log building, which covers the well and what seems to be the entrance to the cellar, but this opening originally led to the river. The tunnel must have been one hundred yards long but only about ten feet of it remain.

It is with feelings of peculiar pleasure that one looks for the first

time at this old house, the Schuylkill flowing silently by, and the grounds made sacred by suffering. With all this in mind the visitor cannot help wondering why the property is not in the hands of the State so that the necessary care might be bestowed upon it. Only the headquarters receive special attention of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

After all a trip to Valley Forge is indeed pleasant. One's surprise is lost in his feeling of patriotism and in his admiration for those who so heroically endured hunger, cold, and nakedness during the extreme winter months of 1777, for that which was dearer to them than life—Independence.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL.

B. G. WORTH.

I have been an attentive reader of THE COLLEGIAN for some years past, and never take it up but I am carried back to the time I was privileged to spend, in 1840-'41, at the then newly established school, presided over by Nereus Mendenhall as principal, and Dougan Clark and wife, Asenath, as superintendent and matron.

Nathan Hunt, with snow white locks, commanding person and benign face, taking his morning walk or his accustomed ablutions at the well-remembered well, is before me. He was venerable and beloved of all. He was a gifted preacher of righteousness and deeply spiritual. On hearing him one would naturally recall the lines of Cowper, the Christian poet, where he says:

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure and whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof that he is honest in the sacred cause."

We boys looked up to Nereus Mendenhall as one who knew all that was to be known. He carried himself with a sort of serious reserve that caused us to stand in awe of him. What conditions could be more favorable to the development of right principles in

those in attendance on the instruction given, and who can estimate the good to be received by the average boy, at this formative period of life, by such surroundings.

The moral atmosphere was pure and healthful and every incentive held out to stimulate our desire to be known as good boys.

At the stated hour on Sabbath morning we marched in orderly file (the girls in the front, which is their natural place in all that is good,) to the then old Meeting House to listen at times to the pleading, plaintive tones of Father Hunt, or the more thrilling and impassioned utterances of Dougan Clark, or the winning, attractive speech of Asenath, his wife, pointing us to the Lamb of God who came to seek and to save sinners.

If I have made any progress in my efforts to attain to a higher and better life I am largely indebted to impressions made on my youthful mind during the brief period spent in what is now your more widely useful institution.

A favorite place to visit in the neighborhood was the family of Elihu Coffin. His son, Samuel, was near my age, as was also Esther Jane. They were full of life and fond of company and my visits there are remembered with much pleasure.

There is, I think, some relaxation of the strict rules then enforced as to how much (or rather how little) we poor boys were allowed to see of the pretty girls who inhabited the other end of the building. We might steal a side glance now and then, as we marched to and from the dining room, but felt even then that we must be very shy and modest.

Esther Jane Coffin, Julia Ann Benbow and the daughters of Nathan Hill especially filled my eyes, but they were never aware of the fact as I could do no more than *look* my boyish admiration.

Addison Coffin, Broxton Craven, Junius Mendenhall, Alfred Lindley, Edmond Clark and Dougan Clark, Jr., were students with me. Some of these remain while the majority have gone to confront the realities of another world.

The ties formed at college are tender and enduring. In the language of another "the college life creates a union which nothing can break; a divine poetry of existence which nothing is allowed to profane."

So old New Garden Boarding School has grown into a live, well equipped College. On a recent most pleasant and enjoyable visit at a Commencement season, a feeling of sadness came over me when

visiting the old burying ground now so lonely; the old Meeting House gone; the joyous Yearly Meeting also a thing of the past, with all the hallowed associations connected with that delightful season.

Time may create the same reverend feelings in the hearts of the present generation for the present place for holding the Yearly Meeting, but hardly so with us who worshiped in the old New Garden Meeting House.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

NOON AND NIGHT.

L. A.

At noon-tide's hour, amidst the noise and glare,
The strife of worldly men and hot debate,
Sometimes I think of her I loved, and straight
My heart grows hard and stern. I cannot bear
To think she went away and did not care;
And yet I know 'tis true. And so fierce hate
And pride do conquer love; I curse the fate,
The hour, that brought me one so false and fair,
But then comes night with peace and healing too,
And cools my burning brow with gentle breeze;
The moonlight, soft and fair, around, above,
Brings back that glorious night when she was true!
Then sobbing low I fall upon my knees,
And breathe my old-time prayer: "God bless my Love."

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND.

JOSEPH H. BLAIR.

The loss of Henry Drummond is deeply felt; especially by those who are interested in the so-called warfare between Science and Religion. He did much for the adjustment of the Scientific and Religious thought of the times and was destined, had he lived, to accomplish still greater things. He was at once an authority in science and a deep religionist. In hearty sympathy with the scientific spirit of the age, an earnest supporter of evolution his faith did not waver, but his writings show him to have been one of the most spiritually-minded men of his day. His philosophy is set forth with great skill and beauty in "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." From Science, Experience, Reason and Revelation he insists on that most vital of all points—the new birth. In one place he says: "The passage from the Natural World to the Spiritual World is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut; no mineral can open it; so the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut and no man can open it. This world of natural men is staked off from the spiritual world by barriers which have never yet been crossed from within. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization can endow any single human soul with the attribute of Spiritual Life. The Spiritual World is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of Biogenesis: Except a man be born again, * * * except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter the Kingdom of God."

Prof. Drummond died March 11th, and was born in Scotland in 1851. His father was a wealthy merchant and desired his son to enter the ministry. After he had studied with honor at the Universities of Edinburgh and Tübingen he did take a theological course in the Free Church Divinity Hall, Glasgow, but he was never ordained, still he was always an active Christian worker. He assisted Moody and Sankey in their meetings while in England and often preached to students and working men. Science was his life-work. He did not, however, like most of his contemporaries, make a fuss about its exactness and dogmatize as to its realm. He rather chose

to teach its great lessons to the world. "The Ascent of Man," "The Greatest Thing in the World," "Pax Vobiscum," and "Tropical Africa," are among his most popular writings.

Prof. Drummond has at three different times visited this country. He was always received with great favor. In 1893 he delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston and at the Chautauque Summer School.

As to the man we have found little as yet except in his writings. It is known, however, that in his very early life he set out with a fixed determination to find an ideal man that he himself, by study of such a character, might become perfected.

This fact is suggestive. He must have been very thoughtful and pious from his childhood. It is hardly necessary to say that he stopped in his search when he came to Christ and accepted Him as his Savior and example.

The *Outlook* says of him: "His face was classical and through its finely cut features, as through a transparency, shone a wonderful soul. He was modest to a fault, and refused to preach save to students or in a University town, where he preserved the position of teacher rather than preacher. Criticised severely, misrepresented grossly, attacked now by scientists as unscientific because he believed in the Voice of the Spirit, and now by theologians because he believed in the Revelations of Nature; he never entered into controversy and so far as we know never replied to his critics. He was as gentle as a lamb and as courageous as a lion, and neither faught nor feared."

TOUCHED BY A SONG.

A few printers and bartenders, who go off duty at 4 o'clock in the morning, and other belated stragglers were waiting for the 4:30 owl car on the Market Street line the other morning. Two half drunken young fellows sat on the court house steps and with silent solemnity eyed a telephone girl who stood leaning against a telegraph pole at the corner.

The night was clear and cool and the rumbling of cabs and the

tinkling of the bells on the necks of the owl car horses could be heard a long distance, the little crowd of night workers and revelers were tired, cross and sleepy, they did not speak to each other but the men smoked silently and the women shrunk deeper into their cloaks and paced slowly up and down the pavement. Suddenly there came from away down Randolph Street the sound of a sweet tenor voice singing. It rose clear and strong and sounded strangely melodious in the vibrant night air. At first the words of the song could not be understood, and there was an indefinable quality in the singer's tones which told of limp, unsteady steps.

As the singer came slowly up the street the waiters at the corner heard these words:

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by His love o’ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.”

The little group at the corner became interested; one of the boys sitting on the steps gave a gurgling sort of a cheer.

“Shut up or I’ll break your face,” piped a big, fat bartender, and the order was approved by one or two others who shot angry glances at the fellow on the steps, clearer and sweeter came the voice of the singer,

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world’s temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.”

A tall young woman, whose blonde hair was blown about her face, stepped farther back into the shadow of a door way, and pulled her veil down over her chin while she held the collar of her sealskin cloak tightly with one hand; the fat bartender coughed and struck a match noisily on a post and his eyes glisten in the flame as it flared up before his face as he lit his cigar. Nearer came the singer as he sang:

“Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.”

The tinkle of the bells came from the river and in a moment the car reached the end of the line. The crowd scrambled aboard,

pushing each other in their eagerness to get seats; the driver swore at his team as he drove it around to the other end; the conductor pounded his bell as a signal for belated passengers to hurry, and the car slowly rattled off down the street.

As the singer came into view, the people on the car turned to look at him. He was a young man whose walk showed he had been drinking more than was good for him. He carried his hat in his hand and his face was flushed and his hair hung damp on his forehead. He held his head high and his large black eyes shone bright as he passed under the electric light. As the car rumbled down the street these words floated faintly to the ears of the passengers:

“Jesus my hearts’ dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me.
Firm on the rock of ages,
Ever my trust shall be.”

The boy on the steps who had tried to cheer put his arms about the neck of his companion and began to cry softly. The other got up and pulled the maudlin one to his feet with a jerk. “What’s matter with you?” he said, “come on let’s go home.” But the other one hung back as he swayed unsteadily. “Say, Bill,” he mumbled thickly, “Mother used to sing that song before she died when I was a little kid. I want to hear the rest of it.” They stood still a moment steadying each other and as the bare headed singer passed out of sight these words came back to them:

“Hark! ’tis the voice of the angels,
Borne in a song to me.
Over the fields of glory
Over the jasper sea.”

Addison Coffin died April 16th at the home of his daughter at Amo, Ind. We hope to give further notice in the next issue.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 27TH.

The Gymnasium gallery was crowded on the evening of March 27th. Several rows of chairs on the floor below were filled with neighbors and expectant visitors. The room was beautifully draped with crimson and gray, the lights were brilliant, the air warm and pleasant while the fragrance of flowers added its charm to the effect of the occasion. Along the far end of the hall stretched a dark red curtain.

Suddenly from behind it rose a wild, weird cry. The murmur of the audience ceased and a terrified visitor clapped his hands to his ears as from an invisible source came the shout:

“Rah, Rah, Ree,
Rah, Rah, Ri,
Sumus populi,
Web, Clay, Phi!”

The visitor's hair rose; he looked wildly around for a hole in the wall. The curtains parted and to his intense relief there stepped forth, not a Sioux warrior, brandishing a tomahawk, but a charming young lady holding in her hand a dainty program. She smiled pleasantly to the audience, reminded them that the gathering was in honor of the Websterian and Henry Clay Societies; that the Philagoreans were glad to welcome all; solicited their kind attention, smiled again, bowed and disappeared.

A beautiful piano solo was then rendered by Mrs. Albright after which the curtains opened and displayed a bewildering arrangement of dynamos, electric wires, shunts, rheostats, knobs, buttons and all the accompanying equipments of a wonderful electrical machine. “Edison's latest invention,” remarked Miss Henryanna Hackney, who now appeared upon the scene, and proceeded to explain the peculiar power of this wilderness of wires and buttons.

It seems that the machine had the power of producing a peculiar effect on the sawdust brains of rag dolls, causing them to walk, dance, recite, or sing at the pleasure of the operator by simply connecting certain wires. You pressed the button; it did the rest.

Eight rag dolls were soon mustered on the stage and with few mishaps, such as two or three reciting at once, caused by the cross-

ing of wires, all parties played well their parts. Among those who thus distinguished themselves were Dancing Dorothea, Lively Lula, Rhyming Rebecca, and Love-Sick Laura.

"In May," said Miss Freeman, "is the time to court," and proceeded to prove it with a recitation given in a soft, reassuring tone, while mingled with her words came the low, pleading notes of the piano accompaniment. On the spirits of the assembly it rose and fell like the distant roar from the swell of the ocean, and all save a few old hardened ones felt the blood of romantic youth leap afresh through their veins.

Miss Sallie Stockard then proceeded to give a very brief history of Guilford College, after which she introduced to us the representatives of the various College institutions. First came Miss Lena Freeman, in cap and gown, representing the Senior class. She told something of each member and the part they played in the College life. Miss Lelia Kirkman now appeared and represented the Junior class. Likewise came Miss Clara Cox for the Sophs, Miss Annice Wheeler for the Freshmen and Miss Ora Jinnett for the Preps. The three societies next appeared. Miss Nellie Jones, adorned in the colors of the Henry Clay Society told of the Society, its history and usefulness. Miss Laura Worth, dressed in the blue and silver of Websterians, advanced and spoke of what a factor it had been in the College, and told of its successes and triumphs. The Philagorean Society was represented by Miss Annie Blair who gave an account of its purpose, its work and its aims. Miss Ada Field personated THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN. Then came Miss Ellen Hockett, representing art; Miss Sibyl White, representing Music; and Miss Anna Anderson the athlete. Next appeared the culinary department in the person of Miss May Brown, and the farm with Miss Clara Howland as its representative. Then it was that all respectfully fell back a pace as the faculty entered in the person of Miss Bertha White. After reviewing the institutions of the College she raised her hand and in an instant the company on the stage began a beautiful song of praise to Guilford. It seemed to reach every drop of blood in the audience and set every nerve to tingling in loyalty to old Guilford.

The whole company was now upon the stage and when the curtain fell we knew it was the end, but before applause could be given from behind the scenes once more broke forth the war cry of the Philagoreans. Three times three for the Websterians and three

times three for the Henry Clays. Smiling and nodding to each other the audience cheered. This, however, was quickly drowned by the yell which came from the gallery, as the thunder roll of the College slogan burst from the lips of the appreciative Webs. and Clays.

MESSRS. DUKE'S GIFT.

WE LEARN THE NEWS.

When President Hobbs, at collection one morning not long ago, began his remarks he alluded to the fact that the friends of Guilford were multiplying, there was that in the tone of his voice which told us something unusual was coming.

He spoke first of the excellent library which has been left to Guilford by the bequest of the late Dr. Hartshorn, of Philadelphia. Then he hinted at a greater donation which will probably, before very long, fall to our lot. Picking up an open letter from his desk he then read a message from Messrs. B. N. and J. B. Duke, of Durham, N. C., in which they stated that it was their purpose to give the sum of ten thousand dollars for the erection of a Science Hall at Guilford College. Tremendous applause from the students greeted this announcement.

Science Hall, the very object for which those most intimately connected with the College had so long hoped and dreamed, was no longer to be a fleeting mirage of the imagination, but a reality—a real structure of pressed brick and granite. A few days after this announcement President Hobbs went to Durham and we understand that while there the arrangements for the gift were completed.

THE STUDENTS CELEBRATE.

On Saturday night, April 3rd, the faculty, students, neighbors, and visitors, met in King Hall to have a jollification meeting over the good fortune which has come our way. The stage was decorated with loops and streamers of college colors while occupying a central position hung the Guilford banner, the folds of which

have been flung to the breeze on many a hard fought athletic field. The people in the neighborhood would have known something unusual was on hand from the yells which, one after another, shook the old assembly hall. There were the old time College yells which begin, "Quakers, Quakers, Quakers are we," "Boom-la-yo, boom-la-yo," etc., "Polly-go-wax, go-wax, go-wee," "Chick-a-ga-runck, ga-runck, ga-ree," mingled here and there with the words "Duke" and "Science Hall." The girls, in their able manner, answered the boys with new and catchy yells which called forth loud applause from their more lusty competitors.

The house was called to order. Joseph H. Blair was chosen Chairman of the meeting and Henryanna Hackney, Secretary. The piano sounded and a chorus of fifteen voices sang a College song beginning with these words:

"Hail, Guilford! now we sing to thee,
We love thy classic halls,
To thy dear gates where wisdom reigns,
We turn when duty calls."

President Hobbs then addressed the audience on the subject, "Review of the Endowment of Guilford College." He showed how, by degrees, the endowment fund and equipment of the College had been built up from year to year. Told of the various donations which had been made to the College by its friends and concluded by saying that the present gift was the largest one which had ever been given by any one man or company.

Mr. J. B. Smith spoke for fifteen or twenty minutes on "The Advantage of the College to the Community." His words were much appreciated as coming from a prominent citizen who knows and recognizes the value of the College to the community.

Prof. A. W. Blain then gave a hopeful and encouraging discussion on "The Scientific Outlook of the College." As he took his seat one could not help but feel sure that with the facilities soon to be offered in the new building Guilford's laboratories would stand full abreast with those of the best equipped institutions in the country.

A male quartette was rendered, after which Mrs. Hobbs did herself full justice in the display of her powers as a speaker and the ability to say good, hard, sensible things. "Money," she said, "given thus for the promotion of scientific study, I consider just as sacred a contribution to humanity as though it were given for the

erection of a church." Her address was evidently the most popular one of the evening and we regret our inability to give it in full.

Rev. S. D. Stamey, the local Methodist minister, spoke briefly on "Our Denominational Colleges."

T. Gilbert Pearson, '97, in a speech, then presented the report of the Committee on Resolutions. He was followed by Sallie Stockard, '97, who spoke for some minutes on the adoption of the resolutions. Then came the speeches of J. Oscar Redding and Lena A. Freeman, representing the Junior class and endorsing the resolutions. Annie Blair and L. L. Barbee spoke for the class of '98, and Clara Cox for the Freshmen.

The resolutions, which were then adopted with a hearty good will, were as follows:

In consideration of the munificent gift of B. N. and J. B. Duke to Guilford College for the purpose of erecting a hall for science, be it

Resolved, 1st. That we, the students of Guilford College, do hereby express our appreciation of the regard in which these gentlemen hold the institution as shown by their gift of ten thousand dollars.

2nd. That we extend our cordial thanks to them for their generosity in thus increasing the facilities for the intellectual development of the young people of the State.

3rd. That we rejoice that the prosperity and efficient work of the College are such as to inspire confidence in its friends.

4th. That the inspiration arising from this donation shall incite us to greater fidelity to the College and more zealous efforts for the upbuilding of humanity.

5th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the gentlemen, B. N. and J. B. Duke, that it be published in THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN, and that it be given to the State press.

T. G. PEARSON,	L. L. BARBEE,
BERTHA WHITE,	CLARA COX,
J. O. REDDING,	<i>Committee.</i>

THE TRUSTEES MEET TO TALK IT OVER.

On Friday, April 2nd, the Board of Trustees met at the College and we understand the final acceptance of the gift took place. In the afternoon they came out on the campus to select a suitable site for the new building. As they stood around under their umbrellas in the drizzling rain there was much gesturing and pointing with canes and sighting this way and that. From their actions some

evidently thought north of King Hall was a good location. Mr. Hook, architect from Charlotte, was present. This gentleman rather favored placing the building about forty yards south of King Hall, and when the Board left in the evening, although we do not know that a conclusion had been reached, four stakes, with paper at their tops, were left sticking in the grass about two-thirds of the way down towards the Meeting House. No doubt but what a place can be found.

SCIENCE HALL, AND THE MEN WHO GAVE IT.

It is the intention of the authorities to begin work on the new building as soon as they can, possibly having the foundation laid by Commencement. On the first floor will be a well-lighted museum hall, thirty-six by fifty-five feet, a chemical laboratory nearly as large, physical and biological laboratories and the President's office. The second floor will be mainly an auditorium with a large rostrum. The building is designed to be built of pressed brick and finished with granite. It will be a handsome structure and the tallest one on the campus.

This benefaction grew out of the high regard for the institution in which the donators were principally educated, the brothers, Messrs. B. N. and J. B. Duke, with their sister, the late Mrs. Mary D. Lyon, having been pupils at New Garden School in 1871-'72. While at school they made good use of their time and laid a good foundation for their long and most useful business career since that date. Economy of time as well as of money has marked their career; and the time that many of their companions spent in pleasure they employed in hard work, and became familiar with the details of their business.

Their father, a man of uncommonly good judgment, early taught his sons to place a high value on habits of industry, and—a thing which is too rare—early took them into counsel with him in matters of business, and thus aided as he could in no other way, the development of their judgment and business capacity. Much of their success may be traced to early parental discipline and the consequent early recognition on their part of the possibilities of human achievement through energy and perseverance.

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Philagorean.

BERTHA WHITE, '97.

Henry Clay.

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APRIL, 1897.

THE Business Managers request us to inquire for any subscriptions that may be due THE COLLEGIAN at this time. They are very anxious to close up the books. Should you owe the journal anything please send it in before the Commencement number is issued. Just take a few minutes now while you think of it and attend to this matter; you will feel relieved and so will the Managers.

CONCLUSIONS IN VIEW OF THE RECENT GIFT.

This institution is, and has been, such as to inspire every one of her worthy children with life-long loyalty. Two broad-spirited men have placed themselves higher in the estimation of every lover of education.

Our community can see, as never before, the intimate relation existing between their interests and those of the College. The Society of Friends in the State may feel strengthened, for a chief source of its life and inspiration has been strengthened.

All progressive people having ideas on education will feel gratified at such a recognition of a co-educational institution of sixty

years service—where the great plan of equal educational rights to all, regardless of sex, is no longer an experiment. And all those who wish no longer to side-track their daughters, but to put them on the main line of thought and broad development, so far as equal opportunities with their brothers is concerned, may know that Guilford, one of the pioneer institutions of America in co-education, is fast becoming ready to meet all the demands of all the young men and young women who may choose to enter her walls.

This gift, and others that are coming this way, financially assure the future of the College. Science Hall, as shown by the drawing of the architect, will be more attractive than any of the five buildings now standing. Inside, on the ground floor, is ample provision for all the departments of Science.

Science here will be more respected and more deeply studied when she gets a home of her own. The new auditorium is no minor consideration. It will give a new impetus to our Society work and public speaking.

THE CONTESTS.

There are two ways by which we can reach an audience. We can appeal to the whole makeup of our hearers or simply to their intellects. The fad nowadays, especially in our Colleges, is to address the reason alone. Some of the Western Collegians have rebelled. They write their thoughts in what is contemptuously called the "spread eagle flowery style." A Penn College girl recently won first place in the Iowa State contest, her oration being on "What is Mine." It of course treated of the whole universe, seen and unseen, and ended by that individual saying that it was all hers forever. Now we like that. Of course the speaker would be unable to point out any logical connection, or new thought, or bit of information to the College student, still she took strong grounds for an oratorical effort.

The province of oratory is as deep as the human feelings and as broad as our intellectual horizon. But we are about to be driven from this position. Strictly scientific thought, so fashionable in our times, is accountable for this.

But to return; if you are to address the reason you must choose

some single subject; the simpler the better. Then develop the one idea in a logical speech of ten minutes.

If you do this you will tickle the "school men." They will be talking about what a solid, thoughtful, conservative person you are. But there are many that are not in bondage to their intellects. These want something fresh, inspiring, emotional. On the whole we think young speakers even should claim the whole field and seek to exercise the whole make up of themselves and their audience. Contestants, do not hesitate to express your thoughts in your own way, even if you do not tread the beaten paths of systematic thought.

"Plato wove his whole philosophy into fictitious form."

It is written: "Without a parable spake He not unto them."

Now a word to the audience that will attend our spring contests. Mr. Gladstone said that he got from his hearers in vapor that which he returned to them in a flood. If Gladstone was dependent upon an attentive audience how much more will this be true of the speakers who will enter the contests.

CHEERING.

We do not purpose to attack cheering as it is done on the campus, or in fact even in King Hall. But we will remark that there is too much cheering by the west side and too little by the east side in the auditorium. It is this cheering in the young men's Societies that we have in mind. Its history dates back to the organization of the Societies. Its chief cause is that each Society may believe the other fellows are doing something powerful. The new members may be carried away with such a delusion and join the Society that cheers most vigorous. And if this does happen those who in society correspond to the rooters on the gridiron have accomplished their purpose for they do not care very much about encouraging the speaker who has just left the floor. This evil has been growing from year to year. It should be rooted out. The chief fault is just this—that a speaker under the influence of such cheering is apt to get a wrong conception of his ability to make a speech. Some are spoiled thus, others, when they do make a good speech, can take no comfort from the cheering, for they know it is mere form.

FACIAL EXPRESSIONS.

Some students were recently admonished to greater diligence; and at the time it was remarked that it might be a help to such just to know that it was known both who they were and how greatly they detracted from the standard of the College. We also think it healthful for us to think once in a while that people—beg pardon for the expression—"are on to us." And with this object only in view we will undertake to make a few remarks on character suggested by some observation of members of our College, from time to time, basing what we say entirely on what we have seen in the faces of our associates. If any names come into your mind while reading remember that they exist solely in your imagination. They do not appear on this page, neither has the writer sought to write any special names between the lines. Of course he must say that he could not help having certain individuals in mind while he was writing.

First there are those at whom we never get a good look. This class is very large. In fact it forms one of the two great divisions of people. The reason you never see these people is because they will not, or cannot, look you in the face. This fact alone condemns the whole class. If a person does not look you full in the face during a conversation there is something wrong. You are either so mean that he does not want to see you or he is so mean that he cannot stand your gaze. The term "mean" is used in its broad sense.

Should the above sentence seem radical or untrue then timidity alone is left to explain. But timidity should not exist in the College.

Every member, from the highest to the lowest, should not allow himself to intimidate an associate. And on the other hand every one should be slow to believe such is being practiced upon him, but if it is true he should in no case allow himself to be made timid.

So, however we may explain, people cannot be justified for looking different ways while engaged in a real conversation. This point of looking at others and being looked at is a very delicate one. It is just where you may expect to be attacked. People are going to watch how your eyes look always, especially in earnest discussions where right, propriety, truth or belief are in question, and however powerful your logic or plausible your theories all will be but beating the air should your countenance betray weakness or

uncertainty. This may seem a little severe on those who do not let their soul shine out through their eyes. But any one, sooner or later, will be harshly judged who conceals anything, even if it be so sacred a thing as one's own self.

Nearly all of our associates belong among those whom we never get a good look at. Still we see enough of them to find out much about them. Some are good, some are not. Some have things they wish to conceal, others are simply timid. Some are intellectual, some are not. But there is one thing true of the whole class, they never have much influence. The reason is simple; their real self is never projected beyond their eyelids.

Turning to the other class we find few to speak of, but they are struggling upward. They have a conscious desire to make themselves felt. Some are just beginning to be active. Their faces betray an eternal warfare within. Some are always fixing their mouths, or rather their lips are first in one attitude then in another. Their characters are beginning to form. They walk a while with their head up, then they look down as if admiring their neck ties. But this is not the case. They are thinking—big thoughts! Further on they try to look into other people's faces. But they make a failure. They either look away or break into a foolish smile. Then after awhile they do get so they can look at their friends, but it is with a kind of brazen stare at first. This is the most interesting stage of all although it does not last long, for soon, if the individual is true at heart he finds nothing terrible in the glance of his associates. Then he begins to look at them as he does other creatures of nature. He takes men down off of pedestals and all awe and dread leave him while in the company of others. He is free.

We seem to have departed from what we started out to say, but you know that anyway, viz: That observant people will find some interpretation for every facial expression; hence the necessity of having the mind vigorous, frank, modest and well made up for the face can but tell the story.

LOCALS.

—Ten thousand dollars!

—The most vigorous chorus classes in the history of the College are now in operation.

—F. V. Brown and S. A. Hodgins dropped in recently to shake hands around with the boys.

—The Astronomy and Surveying Classes established the meridian of Guilford College a few nights ago.

—The Botany class constantly scour the woods. Few indeed are the flowers that escape their vigilance.

—THE COLLEGIAN has the largest subscription list now it has ever had. This is gratifying indeed to the editors.

—Mrs. Hackney has been called to her home at Oak Ridge for several days on account of the illness of her mother.

—Of course we are in the style here. Two dozen red caps and half as many golf suits are worn on all occasions when solemnity is expected.

—Baseball is surely the rage this spring. A new diamond has been laid off on which the third and fourth teams daily contest for the supremacy.

—The cottage boys were tendered a reception one night in Founders by some of the lady teachers. It was a very pleasant evening to all present.

—On the occasion of the recent celebration over our good fortune many alumni were present and others who could not be sent dispatches and letters of congratulation.

—The birds love the old Guilford campus. There are nine varieties here now which are known to nest within the shrubbery and boughs of these old forest monarchs.

—Miss Homans, who is at the head of the Boston School of Gymnastics, witnessed an exhibition in our gymnasium a couple of weeks ago. She complimented highly the arrangement and equipment of our gym., also the training displayed in the movement of the class which she witnessed.

—The ball team went down to old Trinity and played a match game April 10th. Trinity was defeated by a score of 25 to 4.

—Rev. James R. Jones and Mary Woody held a series of meetings at this place a short time since, which resulted in much good.

—The students had quite an enjoyable time in the old collection room of Founders one Saturday evening not long ago playing games, etc.

—Miss Sibyl White, sister of Mrs. George W. White, now has charge of the Monthly Meeting school here formerly taught by Miss Sallie White.

—A few nights ago we had omelet for supper. A young man was heard to remark as he was clearing his plate for the third time, "I believe this has egg in it."

—Miss Louisa Osborne and Miss Mary E. Mendenhall gave a birthday party to Annice Wheeler some time ago. All of the smaller girls of Founders were invited.

—Prof. Samuel Hodgkin was away from the College on business for some days. We learn that he went to Raleigh but the nature of his visit has not yet been made public.

—Mr. Turner, the State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was with us the last Sunday of March. At several meetings during the day he made forcible and encouraging talks.

—Have you heard of Waldo's "Shew fly don't bother me?" These buzzing creatures have been very troublesome for some time but we are assured that, "the fly with the broken pinion never soars so high again."

—A sleepy headed freshman while at meeting the other Sunday fell into his favorite condition. Upon partly arousing at the close of the sermon and supposing himself to be attending a gathering of wholly different character burst into enthusiastic applause. Moral: Always remember where you are *at*.

—When the wild cry of fire rent the air the morning of April first the sleepy inmates of Archdale rolled over to find their rooms filled with smoke and feet hurrying through the passage. Several hastily gathered their more valuable effects together and were on the point of leaping from the windows when some fellow bawled out in the hall, "All fools day, begin it just any old way."

—A Junior, being asked what was the real name of the man whose *non de plume* was Mark Twain, replied with a very literary air that the great humorists' real name was William Cullen Bryant.

—Miss Eleanor Preston, Marion, Va., traveling secretary of the Y. W. C. A., visited the College a short time since. She held two meetings among the girls and we found her a very energetic worker.

—Eighteen orators are now busily engaged turning through dictionaries, encyclopædias, and books of ancient lore searching for words with which to captivate their hearers at the three coming oratorical contests.

—The smooth gravel walks around the campus afford an ideal place to those who love to ride the bicycle. Greensboro people are often seen thus amusing themselves. Three new wheels have been brought to the College the last month. Kerner, Chadwick and Miss Louisa Osborne are each the happy possessor of a new wheel.

—Those who attend the "Women's Exposition of the Carolina's," at Charlotte during the month of May will have the opportunity of seeing quite a neat exhibit from the Guilford Museum. There will also be a number of views of the College buildings and grounds together with other things of interest. Old Guilford students will be glad to know of this and bear it in mind when visiting Charlotte.

—The Christian Endeavor Convention of this district met in Greensboro the first Saturday of the month. Prof. Geo. White, who is the Superintendent of the District, together with several others from the College, attended the sessions. The Society at the College continues very strong. Its members are more numerous than any other organization in school. The meetings are well attended and much interest manifested.

—Of all the schemes laid around Guilford for some time the recent one in which a contestant in the coming Websterian contest was caught is surely the blackest. This is what we heard:

Scheming contestant—"I'll give you fifty cents if I am the successful man if you will make me a like present in case you win."

But mark the noble reply of the second contestant: "I am on to your racket, you rascal, you can't beat me out of half a dollar in any such way as that."

—One Saturday night not long since the young ladies of Founders hall were entertained by Misses Worth and Hackney. The fantastic costumes made the affair an amusing one beyond description. No boys were present.

—The evening of March 20th was spent in celebration of Neal Dow's birthday by the Y. W. C. T. U. Lelia Kirkman as president spoke a few words of welcome and announced the following program:

1. Chorus: "There's Music in the Air."
2. Sketch of Neal Dow's Life.....ANNIE K. BLAIR.
3. Account of Contest Work.....L. N. BLAIR.
4. Woman's Crusade.....CLARA I. COX.
5. Smoke-houses.....IDA MILLIS.
6. MusicMAMIE JONES.
7. In the KegsEFFIE COLTRANE.
8. A Terrible Charge.....ARTA ANDERSON.
9. Six or Seven—Which?.....SALLIE STOCKARD.
10. Song: "America."

The last five were were selections from a contest book, and that part of the program was a contest.

The judges were Professors M. M. Petty, G. W. White and A. W. Blair.

Mrs. L. N. Blair presented Arta Anderson a handsomely bound volume of Longfellow's Poems, she having won the laurels of the evening.

The exercises were all well rendered and the evening enjoyable. All were invited to remain to the social which followed, and the committee in charge busied themselves introducing games, etc.

PERSONALS.

Benj. Hooper is sales-agent for the Pomona Hill nursery.

Mary Cornelius, here last year, is teaching at Mt. Mourne.

A. C. Millikan, here in '91 and '92, is clerking in Randleman, N. C.

E. S. White, '93, graduated at the Dental College, Philadelphia, Pa., on the 2nd of April.

Lily D. Barnwell, here in '93 and '94, is a trained nurse in a hospital at Jacksonville, Fla.

M. H. Cox left on the 26th of March for Hesper, Kan., where he has a position on a farm.

H. A. White, '94, Haverford '97, has accepted a position in Oakwood Seminary, Union Springs, N. Y.

Eusebius A. Cole, an N. G. B. S. student, has a position in the State Treasurer's office at Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. Clark Hockett, an N. G. B. S. student, is book-keeper for the Greensboro Furniture Co., of Greensboro, N. C.

Francis Failing, here a few years ago, was married March 7th, to Mr. W. J. Tallman. They live at Canton, N. Y.

Dr. Parker, a student of N. G. B. S. in war times, is President of the United States National Bank of New York City.

Maj. A. D. Cowles has been appointed Adjutant General for this State. Mr. Cowles was a student here in the N. G. B. S. days. His office is in Statesville, N. C.

Prof. E. C. Pericho, Governor here for six years, after having graduated at the Chicago University in '93, is now a professor in the State Normal at Platteville, Wis.

J. M. Millikan, here in '87, has been appointed United States Marshall for the Western North Carolina district. His office will be in Greensboro, N. C. Mr. Millikan was elected Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph county in 1894.

Prof. Robert C. Root, '89, also a former member of the faculty, is principal of the four public schools of Ontario, California. Prof. Root graduated at Leland Stanford University, after leaving Guilford in '93, and has been teaching in California since.

Dr. Nathan G. Ward, a student here in '88-'89, is an assistant practitioner at the Jefferson Hospital, and is also an assistant in the laboratory of the Jefferson Medical College, where he studied. In addition to these he is a specialist in nose and throat diseases. His office is 1807 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Recently two ladies, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Bascom, from Highlands, Macon county, N. C., called at the College. It was soon learned that Mrs. Davis was Mary Ann Foster who attended the

school here in its early history, while Joshua and Abigail Stanley had charge as superintendents. Mrs. Bascom was the daughter of Elmina Foster, one of the first pupils of N. G. B. S. They have been living at Highlands sixteen years. They were much pleased with the appearance of things in and about Guilford.

MARRIED.

HOCKETT-WEATHERLY.—Married at the home of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, March 24th, 1897, Mr. William W. Hockett to Miss Litia Weatherly, Rev. S. T. Barber officiating. Mr. Hockett was a student here a few years ago. They will make their home at Centre, N. C. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

EXCHANGES.

“Then welcome each rebuff
That makes earth's smotherness rough,
Each shrug that bids not sit nor stand,
But go—”

The *Public School Record* speaks well for The City Schools of Winston. The sketches of historic characters and Glimpses of Rome are very interesting. This paper has made a good beginning, and with the management it has we bespeak for it a prosperous course.

The *Westonian* for Fourth Month is quite up to the high standard it always maintained.

Driftwood is always interesting, thoughts on Rabbi Ben Ezra are good.

The *State Normal Magazine* has made its appearance. It is published quarterly, from October to June, by the Literary Societies of North Carolina State Normal College. Beginning with an article on “Our Next Educational Advance” by President McIver, the magazine is well filled with reading. “Iago” is very entertaining. As a whole it does credit to the institution it represents.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *University Bulletin*, issued by the Columbia University Press. It is devoted to the interest of the University as a whole.

The *Earlhamite* reports important changes for Earlham next year. The course of study is to be raised and two or three additions to be made to the faculty. The article entitled "The Graceful One" is interesting and well written, which is another virtue not cultivated by writers of fiction, generally. It calls to mind Holland's "The Puritan's Guest."

The *Central Collegian* keeps up its usual high standard. The March number is mostly political. The "Higher Individualism" shows how the evolution of the world's hero has been the trend of the ages.

The *Erskinian* contains an article on the Sacredness of Labor. The writer shows that labor is the potent instrument by which life can be transferred into beauty and usefulness.

The *Muemosynean* is a very fine exchange. The editorials are to the point. The subject matter shows care and literary culture. The criticism of "Romola" is quite good, so is the Scarlet Letter; in fact this journal always has a treat in store for its readers.

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To the Guilford Boys :

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and Traveling Accessories.**

Respectfully,

Fishblate-Katz-Rankin Co.,
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W. R. RANKIN, MANAGER.

The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1897.

No. 9.

A TRUTH.

R. S. L.

I

Some one has said it, and it must be true,
Or they wouldn't have said it unless they knew;
That this life, this strange life of ours,
Is just what we make it, thorns or flowers.

2

When a little child I heard this said—
And I thought by whatever path I'm led,
I'll shun the thorn, and pluck the flower,
And make of life a rosy bower.

3

And so along life's checkered path,
With happy song and merry laugh,
I took my journey, trying hard
To do the right and love my God.

4

Believing if all this I did, none could find
In a wicked moment at any time,
The soul to be cold or insincere
To a heart they knew esteemed them so dear.

5

But alas! I realized too soon
Without a thorn few flowers bloom,
And when reaching to grasp a flower of trust,
The thorn of deceit is deeply thrust.

6

And the lovely bower I thought to build,
Is made up instead and almost filled
With garlands, whose blooms are dead and gone,
But alas! there remaineth still the thorn.

7

But some one has said it and surely they knew,
Or they would not have told it to me and to you,
That life, this strange life of ours,
Is just what we make it, thorns or flowers.

ADDISON COFFIN.

M. M. HOBBS.

For several years there has been no one not actually engaged in the work of the College who has been more closely united with the life here than our dear friend Addison Coffin.

He was alike dear to students and faculty, to the elderly people of the neighborhood and to the little children of the Primary School. His coming from year to year was eagerly anticipated and his stay was full of entertainment for all, whether he gave us descriptions of places seen during his many journeys or whether he drew from his wonderful memory store the traditions of previous generations.

Addison Coffin was born at New Garden, N. C., January 22nd, 1822. His father was Vestal Coffin, of Nantucket origin, and his mother Alethea Fluke, of Irish descent.

In his Autobiography he traces his line of ancestors far back into pre-historic times and concludes that he is a descendant of Abraham. However this may be, and none of us are equipped with sufficient information to contradict the theory, he possessed many of the traits of the old Celt, blended with and controlled by Christian teaching and experience and so was an Israelite indeed—a far more important fact, according to my way of thinking, than to be a lineal descendant of either Abraham or David.

Vestal Coffin died in 1826, while the children were small and the heroic struggles of his mother through the succeeding years until they were grown was always a favorite theme with "Uncle Addison," as he was lovingly called by all connected with the College.

She was a woman of most excellent executive ability, sound judgment and unflinching courage, possessed at the same time with keen spiritual discernment and an implicit trust in God.

With all her care and responsibility she managed to send her children to the school at New Garden, and Addison developed a great fondness for reading, especially books of discovery and travel.

Although very young he threw himself soul and body into the anti-slavery movement and was one of the chief agents in this part of the country in assisting fugitives to free soil. This period of his life is most entertainingly written up in his Autobiography and need not be longer dwelt upon.

In 1843, traveling mostly on foot, he went to Indiana, then a frontier state, on a visit, which lengthened into a permanent residence. His own account of the trip through the mountains of West Virginia is most entertaining, as are his witty descriptions of his trip on a flatboat to New Orleans, the making of the first home for himself and wife in the wilderness, clearing the forest, &c.

Then comes a distressing period of illness and death in the little home and the young husband, bereft of wife and children, turned again to his mother for comfort and assistance. Addison came back to Carolina, prevailed upon his mother to go to Indiana and open the closed home. She left reluctantly and did not consent to go until he promised that he would bring her body back and bury her beside her husband, which deed of filial devotion he performed forty years afterward.

In 1854 Addison Coffin was married to Ruth Hadley, of whom he says "she was a school teacher of nine years experience and not afraid to marry an abolitionist." Their married life seems to have been very happy and sympathetic and there is nothing more touching in the book than his account of their mutual devotion in times of great trial and sorrow. She died several years before he did.

One son of his first wife still survives and a daughter of the second was the stay and comfort of his declining years.

Of his many and varied journeys it is not my purpose to speak.

They are fully described in the Autobiography soon to be published—which we hope every reader of THE COLLEGIAN will enjoy.

After the close of the war Addison Coffin assisted hundreds of families to homes in the fertile Western States and Territories, all of which labor he performed under a sense of religious duty—some-what similar to his devotion to the cause of Abolition. Old age did not dull his kindly sympathy and he was ever ready to lend a hand to alleviate suffering or to assist a fellow man to rise to a higher plane of living.

He died at the home of his daughter at Amo, Indiana, on April 16th, 1897.

THE CHURCH AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

CHAS. RAPER.*

To the close student North Carolina history presents many phases and contrasts. The political side has been separated, as far as it is possible to be separated, from the social and intellectual; and all these have been divided into many classes and distinctions. The opposition to Royal rule and creed early in our life divorced Church and State; and they have so remained throughout our history. The English with the ideas of government and religion of their own country settled and impressed the north-eastern and eastern parts; the Quakers, of simple, economic, free and peaceful dispositions, the north-eastern and middle; the Scotch-Irish, of restless and independent natures, the south-eastern along the Cape Fear and the section of which Charlotte is the center; the Moravians, peace-loving and energetic, that which is now a part of Forsyth county; the Lutherans and Germans, thrifty and prosperous farmers, on both sides of the Catawba and between this and the Yadkin. All these made their distinct markings upon each section, and we can read and correctly interpret their past life only through their

*Prof. Raper intends soon to publish a history on the subject "The Church and Private Schools of North Carolina." In this the details of the history of each of the leading Church and Private Schools in North Carolina and the influence these have had on our life and growth will be shown; also short biographical sketches of the leading teachers in these schools will be given.

various institutions, especially their churches and schools. Our State has never come together on any one great question—on any one idea. Planted as separate forces and under different conditions and faiths, the State is still but an aggregation of many distinct elements, all in the main having the same aim in view though endeavoring to obtain this by different methods; in many ways it is a State of church and private affairs. This has been and is very true in educational matters. Though the State University has existed more than one hundred years and played a noble part, yet the majority of men and women have received their education in schools run by private or church enterprise. It is within very recent times that changes in public sentiment on this line have taken place. While we now have an Agricultural and Mechanical College for the whites at Raleigh, an Agricultural and Mechanical College for the negroes and a Normal and Industrial College for white girls at Greensboro, and several Normal Schools for the negroes at different points, none of them are old enough to belong properly to history.

As a rule our history has never been written, at any rate with much fullness and accuracy. Most of the histories are altogether political treatise and ignore the social, religious and intellectual development. It is to the church histories, and in many cases these are very meager, that one must go for information on the early church and private schools. Foote's Sketches for the Presbyterian, Reichel's History for the Moravian, Bernheim for the Lutheran and German Reformed, Cheshire for the Episcopal and Weeks for the Quaker. On the educational history anything that could be called a comprehensive work has never appeared. The only works of any kind are those of Dr. Kemp P. Battle, who has written a short sketch of the University and is now engaged in writing a history of the same, and Dr. Charles L. Smith, who, in 1888, published through the Bureau of Education of Washington, a "History of Education in North Carolina." Both of these are excellent works, as far as they go; the first does not touch the church and private schools at all and the latter very meagerly. Those forces which have had more to do in the growth and shape of our institutions of society than all others have yet to be searched out and written.

That there is a need for investigation on this line is very apparent. The whole field is full of interest and demands attention. The writer has been collecting material from many sources and is now engaged in writing a short history of these schools. Much difficulty

is met with in obtaining sufficient material; in some cases a large part of the history is lost and its recovery is rather doubtful. Many points are worthy of notice. During the early development the church and school went hand in hand. Wherever there was established a church in most cases a school was annexed. This is notably true with the Presbyterians, Lutherans and Germans, and to a good extent with the Church of England. As a rule the one who preached for the congregation was also their teacher; and there are several instances where the preacher was wanting and the teacher became a "lay-reader" for the churches of his section. The two have all the time been of mutual relation and assistance to each other; the growth of one has been the growth of the other. Their combined influence has been deeply felt in almost every phase of our life. Really, one does not at all understand and appreciate his State's history until he has gone to the depths of its church and private institutions of learning. We often find peculiar and characteristic ideas of politics and society and wonder whence they came. After searching we find in most cases that they are due to some teacher or school. Thomas Cooper and Francis Lieber in South Carolina College shaped the public thought of that section for a quarter of a century prior to the Civil War. Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia have made a deep mark upon the intellectual, political and religious life of the whole South. In our own State the University and leading schools have played a conspicuous part. In the early period of our history Dr. David Caldwell was the controlling force in middle North Carolina for well-nigh sixty years; and he gained entrance into the minds of men through his "Log College" as well as his pulpit. Dr. Braxton Craven, who was the guiding star of Trinity College for about forty years, stamped his great force upon many a one prominent in religious, literary and political life. The same is true of Dr. Nereus Mendenhall, who moulded and shaped, to a large extent, the institution now known as Guilford College. Much of the best of our life has been and is in them; much of the history of our State has been made by them.

GREENSBORO, N. C., May 15, 1897.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Poetry has been termed a mode of force, as heat, light or electricity. Poets lay no railroads, build no factories, but they bring about that attitude towards nature, God and man, and generate those moods of mind from which issue the scientific, the social, the political and the religious forces of the age.

Greek poets, long before Copernicus believed the sun the center of their universe. Columbus could say: "I believed the poets. They utter wisdom from the central deep and speak to the age out of eternity.

In Job a reference is made to the leviathan, that is a good description of a steam engine, "Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke as out of a seething pot or caldron.

Solomon in the canticles seemed to grasp the idea of Christ's resurrection when he said "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, * * * arise, my love, my fair one and come away."

The apostle John saw that great seven hilled city fall because of wickedness and the fairest city whose walls were precious stones appear. And so Shakespeare, Milton and a host of others have been foreseeing when they have grasped the highest truth.

To this class of poets Robert Browning belongs. He was born in London in eighteen hundred and twelve, and as the fields and flowers had given Wordsworth and Burns inspiration, so London's throng of men and women furnished themes for Browning.

His parents were cultured people of the middle class. His mother loved music and his father was a writer of verse. Their son was not educated at Oxford or Cambridge, but he had good advantages and knew Greek well. After R. Browning's marriage with Miss Elizabeth Barrett, in eighteen hundred and forty-six, Florence, Italy, became his home. His wife was the author of *Aurora Leigh*, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, *Prometheus Bound*, and *Pan is Dead*.

Browning found the English world in a state of unrest. Progress was being made everywhere except in man's inner nature. The cynicism of Pope and Dryden, the religious melancholy of Cowper, the unwholesome philosophy of Moore and Byron had left the Christian in a state of despair.

Carlyle, without much hope, had advised devotion to God and active service for man; but Browning along the same line, fought against a retreating foe, and the conviction of coming triumph gives joyous vigor to every stroke.

Shelly saw a vision of the liberty of mankind, but Browning worked to aid the freedom of the individual man.

Shelley lived in the clouds, Browning on most solid earth. The personality of the one was brought forth by the thought and form of the other. Tennyson and Browning were friends. Each wrote of men, but the characters of the former are conventional, of the latter unaffected. In *Ulysses*, Tennyson says, "I am a part of all that I have met," but Browning, with the more healthful doctrine, says: "friends

Truth is within ourselves, it takes no rise
From outward things."

Tennyson and Wordsworth shunned the crowd, but Browning loved society and studied humanity. Homer expresses the life of his time in picturing the action of Greek heroes, showing little of the subjective side of their natures; and Browning wites of the complex life of the nineteenth century, and of the battles of the human heart.

Goethe knew the stings of conscience and learned in suffering what he wrote about Faust and Mephistopholese; he purchased his freedom with a great price. but Browning was born free, for at seventy he wrote,

"Have you found your life distasteful?
Mine did and does smell sweet
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved and hold complete.
I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue,
Do I stoop, I pick a posy,
Do I stand and stare, all's blue."

Dryden and Pope lost sight of sentiment and feeling in their reach after art, and poetry became a mere form. With Cowper, Goldsmith, and Burns naturalness had returned, with Byron intensity of feeling, but no other writer since Shakespeare has so combined the qualifications of a true poet as Robert Browning.

The characters of Browning are as true to life as Shakespeare's.

He treats his men and women alike on the same broad plain. Dante wished to write of Beatrice as no other one had written of woman. Petrarch wrote of Laura, Shakespeare of Hermione and Perdita, and Milton of Eve, but the critics concede that no poet since Dante has reached his altitude like Browning. James Lee's wife is a perfect picture of a broad-minded, intellectual woman; Pompilia, tho' unable to write her name is a magnanimous woman and a most exact type of motherhood:

"Oh, turn aside nor dare the blaze
Of such a crown, such constellations, say,
As jewels here thy front, Humanity."

His works are chiefly dramatic lyrics. "The Ring and the Book" is a monodramatic soliloquy. An old pamphlet bought of a book-seller in Florence furnished the plot for this, the longest English poem. It was the account of a law suit against a man for killing his wife. This Browning used, so weaving fact with fancy as to make the perfect round—the truth without alloy—hence the name, "The Ring and the Book." It gives his view of false marriages and shows his capacity for seeing the truth from all standpoints. Count Guido, aged fifty, has tired of his life and makes a contract for a wife. Pompilia, aged thirteen, born of nobody knows who, sold when a day old, is given in marriage by her putative parents to the ugly old Count. When she is seventeen and can endure his treatment no longer a good priest rescues her. Afterwards she is killed by Guido. One-half of Rome favors the husband, the other half of Rome the child-wife; the Count gives his motives, exonerating himself; the priest gives his views; on her death bed, Pompilia, pure and good in spite of low birth and environment, tells the story in her own way. She says:

"Let it suffice, I either feel no wrong
Or else forgive it. * * *
* * * Let men take, sift my thoughts,
Thoughts I throw like flax for the sun to bleach."
And "Let him make God amends, none, none to me."

The lawyers for each side present their arguments and the old Pope philosophizes upon it all like Browning himself.

"Pippa Passes" is another drama. A little silk winder, who works for her support, has but one holiday in the year. She bounces

up early so as not to loose a minute of the time and decides she will imagine herself to be the happiest people she knows. Singing "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." Pippa passes the rich and grand, the child and its mother, and the bride and groom. She sees selfishness, conceit and misery and goes to bed that night saying, "All service ranks the same with God."

Browning endeared himself to children when he wrote *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* and *How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*.

His poem *Saul* awakened a new interest in the Old Testament. This describes the healing of King Saul by means of David's music. The shepherd boy, fresh like the lilies he twined around his harp strings lest they snap from the heat of the sun, finds Saul in his royal tent in deep melancholy. All is dark save that a stray sunbeam crept in and showed him Saul. The two stand face to face, Saul whom God had forsaken, David whom he had inspired. First he played little preludings, the folding tunes and melodies that attracted the shy wild creatures about him, then his harp swelled to richer strains of human associations. Yearning to relieve the gloom and to remind Saul of his worth and royalty David's song had risen to ardent appeal and reached the King. He would give him for the life which has failed, a new life, an eternal life.

"He who did most shall bear most, the strongest shall stand the most weak,
 'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh that I seek.
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee, a man like to me,
 Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever: a hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the the gates of new life to thee! see the Christ stand!"

Rabbi Ben Ezra is said to contain the whole of Browning's philosophy. This is the soliloquy of an old man as he looks back upon life. He reflects that age is better than youth—"the last of life that for which the first was made." He has learned that man's law is within himself, he is the source of his own activity, not passive or receptive, but rejoicing that

"We are allied
 To that which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!"

Abt Volger expresses Browning's love of music. At one time

in his life he hesitated to which of the three arts he should direct his genius, painting, music or poetry.

Paracelsus was his first work, Sardello, Red Cotton Night Cap Country, Bells and Pomegranates, and Blot on a 'Scutcheon are his more difficult works.

His style is condensed. He has a passion for amazing rhymes and abbreviations; but he said that his friends would believe that he had never given to the world anything which was wilfully obscure, unconsciously careless, or perversely harsh. He preferred—not a crowd, but the few who are willing to study.

In the beginning of the century atheism, skepticism and agnosticism were prevalent among the English reading public. Thought seemed to be swaying between idealism and materialism. Hume and Gibbon had left their impress on the world. There was need of a satisfying philosophy. All makers of any lasting work have faith. The great thought on which Browning lived was movement towards good through opposition. He considered the world a probation place, a kind of moral gymnasium wherein by exercise man makes moral muscle.

“Evil was good disguised
As type needs antitype,
As shade needs shine, so good
Needs evil; how were pity understood
Unless by pain?

The recognition of evil and wrong just the Godhood in man, without love of good there could be no condemnation of evil. The discontent of man, the consciousness of sin, evil, pain is a symbol of promotion. If man is to aspire, and attain, the actual present must seem to him imperfect. Tho' wrong were right, still wrong must needs seem wrong to prove men choosers of evil or good. The unrealized good which brings despair should rightly bring, not despair, but joy. Hell is, for him, the consciousness of opportunities neglected, arrested growth, and even that is the beginning of a better life. In Rabbi Ben Ezra he

“Welcomes each rebuff
That makes earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang.”

He held we fall to rise—are baffled to fight better. The absolute good is never reached in the best action and never completely missed in the worst. Perfection means decay. As long as any thing grows it neither attains nor falls away from its ideal; there is no end so long as growth continues. Movement is the law of life.

Wisdom comes by growth. The truth we reach at best is only relative truth. But the acknowledgment of God in Christ accepted by the reason, solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it.

Happiness, he thinks, the fittest preparation for endurance. He gives love a moral signification, and death, he says, is the summing up of life's meaning, stored strength for new adventure. Our poets are our representatives. The poet stands for the complete man. His thought is the eternal truth expressed.

"All passes. Art alone
Enduring slays to us
The Bust outlasts the throne,
The Coin, Tiberius.
Even the gods must go;
Only the lofty Rhyme not countlss ages o'er flow."

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

EULA DIXON.

It was on the night of the election. The city was astir, but nowhere more than about the junction of Broadway and Park Row, where returns were being flashed from those great representative journalistic houses of the metropolis of the new world. Even at the midnight hour the rush knew no abatement. The surging, cheering, howling, jeering mass of humanity was as eager as ever to hear the "latest returns." But of that vast crowd I saw one who had tired of it all. A little newsboy who had stood for hours about the busy thoroughfare industriously eyeing passersby and hailing them with the familiar "paper, sir?" He might have had a successful day and he might have not. Anyway there wasn't a trace of discouragement upon his face, as with a few unsold extras clasped

under his arm, he sat huddled in a corner of an elevated railroad station fast asleep. That little brown face upturned to the electric light was a subject for a sculptor, and might well have been the envy of many a one more daintily kept. But the ragged clothes, the dirty hands and feet and the cold, hard wall for a couch—these—well, he was only a little newsboy.

Thanksgiving afternoon was raw and cold, such as makes one shiver; but nowhere was dreariness felt more than about the city hospital standing bare to the winds of the East River. But the place was not deserted for all its dreariness and cold. On a stone near the entrance to the grounds a woman sat, with head half fallen upon her breast—sleeping. A shabby hat of a style long out of date almost hid her scanty, dark, dishevelled hair. From under its brim a face peered out that was not ugly, but dissipation was written deeply on it. Her hands, red and dirty, rested caressingly in her lap. Even her shoes were ragged—in perfect keeping with all her garments. She could scarcely have laid claim to thirty-five years for all her wretched appearance. Sorrowful picture of somebody's daughter—circumstances all too sad for Thanksgiving Day. Behind it all was tragedy, the victim only knew. Innocence might have been sacrificed to the wine cup, or it might have been to the treachery of a pretended lover, or—but what for the future? A night on the street—another in a miserable station house—the next in a prison. The same old story repeated a few more times and another unpainted box will be taken to the Potter's Field. All because innocent faith had once been betrayed and with life there had not been transmitted the elements of character that help those once fallen to rise again.

A typical November day. The rain came in torrents, then a drizzle followed to be succeeded by another heavy down pour. The wind was chilly—biting. Through one of the narrow streets in the southern district the elevated railroad crowds itself, the iron framing forming almost a solid covering for the street. There the force of the rain was checked but water stood in dirty, black puddles on the pavement. The oppressive damp air had driven the children from the dingy tenements on either side. They stood scantily clad, half shod, shivering, occasionally stepping aside as a

stranger picked his way along the narrow sidewalks. A little boy perhaps three years old, with that fish-like affinity for water, so inherent in all children, toddled out into the street into one of the pools of dirty water and there walked around with evident satisfaction until the single cotton slip that covered his little body was wet to the knees and his dirty feet were blue with cold. No one interfered with his pleasure. His mother might have been toiling in a neighboring sweat shop, or peddling fruits, or in some other way earning a few pennies. Within a stone's throw of the little boy runs one of the busiest streets in New York city. But why mention this? For who of all those amassing fortunes along its boundaries, was in anyway responsible for the poverty of the little fellow that played so near by.

The noonday sun had not completely dispelled the fog that had hung heavily over the city since early morn. A woman with a child in her arms crossed a street and entered a drug store. She wore a faded skirt and a dark, ill-fitting waist, and over her head was tied a dingy, black shawl, so closely drawn about the face that only the pinched features were to be seen. Closing the door behind her she clasped the little treasure of scarce two summers nearer her and its little head drooped and rested in a lifeless manner upon her bosom. The mother walked to the counter, laid some pennies down and in an undertone made known her wants. The druggist prepared a small package and handed it to the woman, and instantly across that face stamped with sorrow and despair flitted a faint look of hope. And looking on I could but question: Is there a love that the keen grindings of poverty cannot touch? Can the mother in the home where comfort dwells love more deeply than the matron of the hovel? Will she sacrifice more for her child?

These are only a few of the incidents that almost daily appeal to the individual who sees life from the streets of New York city—only a few of the happenings that go to confirm the old thought that conditions exist in our social system which are anything but desirable.

Of all the objects that the metropolis presents for study, the great crowds of people who daily throng her streets was to me the most interesting. Certainly no city of the American continent can furnish greater extremes of life than those existing in New York. One

extreme, the aristocracy of wealth, I necessarily "viewed from afar," but the pages of the other book are always wide open for every one to read. I often visited the districts of the poor, wandered through the streets, loitered in front of their tenement homes studying the faces that I met, and sometimes through an open door or window getting a glimpse of the home life. While their manner of living is most deplorable, one must be charitable enough to say that the people are not primarily responsible. They are driven to the shabbiest buildings because they have not means to secure better. As to food and clothing they are compelled to live with the utmost economy. Convenience and comfort in thousands of homes are foreign words. With ten thousand people to the acre, as may be found to-day in some of the east side districts, surrounded by such wretched conditions, what wonder that the girls do not grow into pure and useful women and the boys into law-abiding citizens. What wonder that mothers grow careless and fathers lose their courage. Strange rather that they do not more often give up the struggle of life.

But nature has so constituted man that he will hope even under the direst circumstances, and this is why the great numbers of the poor toil uneasingly on, victims of circumstances. As long as they must writhe under burdensome taxation and low remuneration for their labor they cannot progress. When time and energy must be spent for the mere sustenance of the body, advancement is out of the question, either material or ethical. When one man toils, and, excepting a mere pittance, is compelled to give up his earnings for another to enjoy, it means the crushing of hope and ambition in the toiler. And when hope and ambition are dead nothing remains to check the growth of the evil weeds of vice and brutality. Ormuzd and Abriman are ever struggling for ascendancy and as one gains the other must lose. As these principles of injustice to the individual become prevalent and the breach between the rich and the poor grows wider, society is endangered, for its members are so inseparably connected and interdependent that it is impossible for one part to suffer without detriment to the whole.

And the questions naturally arise, why do these things exist when all men have an equal right to life and to the necessities which sustain life? Who decreed that a few should revel in the gratification of extravagant desires while by far the greater part should fight bitterly against poverty? Is it right that a party of individuals

dominate over millions of their brothers to the extent of controlling the produce of their labor? Does it rest within the power of man to so revolutionize the present social system that no man will be subject against his will and without his consent?

And the answer comes: these evil conditions have sprung from the bosom of man; he alone is responsible for their continuance and it is man, the author, who is able and should find and apply the remedy. The desired conditions may be Utopian in their character and attainable only after a long and desperate struggle. Certain it is that the time will be long, unless men and women of brain and influence unite their strength purposely to bring it about. When men shall have been convinced to the point of acceptance, that true living consists only in making humanity happier and better, they will inaugurate a new principle and into every nook and corner of the great business world will penetrate the healing influence of a co-operative system which may yet be the emancipation of the poor.

Until then the streets of our cities will be thronged with sad and despairing faces. Privation and suffering will be on every hand. Men will toil early and late for bare support at the hand of merciless competition, and, losing hope, they will drink and sin and die. Women will sit day after day in rooms cold and close and ply the needle for bread, while disease slowly draws them deathward. Children will still hunger for food, suffer for lack of proper training and enter into the responsibilities of life unprepared. Dying, they will leave the legacy which they themselves received.

THE NATIONAL JUDICIARY.

WILLIAM T. WOODLEY, JR., '94.

Co-eval with the unprecedented material prosperity of the closing century, there moves the rapid, stately march of our political institutions.

The investigating spirit of the age demands a critical survey of the basal principles which underlie our political institutions. The scientific spirit of the age demands a searching examination into the forces that have shaped our popular government and moulded American life.

All human institutions rest upon an idea or group of ideas, and

government, society, or civilization, is but the outward expression of this inward idea. The primordial and essential principle upon which rests the foundation of civil society is justice, and thus the ultimate aim of all political commonwealths is justice. To maintain itself, society must give form and expression to this fundamental idea and every people have invented some scheme of arriving at and enforcing this cardinal principle.

Let us leave to philosophy the original question: From what source in man does the idea of justice spring, and limit ourselves here to the inquiry, what form of expression has it assumed in the fabric of American civil life. We are, as a people, the heirs of all the past. We stand at the confluence of the greatest number of streams of human thought. We have access to the accumulated wisdom of the ages; and the influence of the life of other nations has stamped itself upon our national character. Two great streams of jurisprudence from widely different sources harmonize and are blended together in the American system of laws. The one, the civil law—which the world of culture everywhere has accepted as a rich heritage—is of Roman origin. The other, equally a potential factor in our life—the common law—is of Teutonic origin. The union of these systems constitutes or pervades our entire judicial procedure.

The great principle guaranteeing to the individual the right to life and property, wrenched from the hand of a selfish king, at the famous Council of Runnymede and incorporated into the glorious document of English liberty—Magna Charter—was the historical germ out of which grew closer conceptions of political duties and rights. Gradually the people, long ignored and oppressed, stamped upon bills of Parliament and upon enactments of the Crown the impress of their common sentiment and their growing power, and we, as their kith and kin, have received this fine deposit of law and custom and precedent and made its vital principle our own. * * But while Rome, on the one side and England on the other, have united to influence our civilization, they did not give us the whole great external system by which we enforce law and order.

Our "National Judiciary" is the unique institution of history. Whence did it come? What is its origin? An examination of its functions will readily show that the life of other nations does not warrant a prototype. Then was it the spontaneous creation of American ingenuity?

The answer to this question becomes a difficult one when we recall the fact that the necessity for a "National Judiciary" led to the formation of the Federal Constitution. After the dark clouds of the revolution had rolled away and American nationality was a possibility, the question that confronted the patriots was: How shall we preserve the union of American States. The original compact—the confederation—had survived its usefulness. It had no means of enforcing its mandates. True, each State had its own Constitution and its own commercial policy, but there was only one means of protecting and enforcing them—military despotism. There was no high tribunal to decide conflicting claims between individual States. There was no final court of appeal in personal controversies. This alarming situation inspired the patriots to call a general Convention for the purpose of forming a more perfect Union, and the outcome of this body of wisdom and talent was the magnificent and unique specimen of human thought—that "unmatched and matchless instrument" of modern times—the pride of American statesmanship, the glory of the American bar—the Federal Constitution. This Constitution is the marvellous resultant of all that time and experience could teach as the best expression of the truth of democracy, that the popular will is the supreme authority. Its solid foundation, I repeat, is the consent of the people. In it the people have expressed their deliberate judgment as to the best means of protecting themselves. In it they have incorporated their highest, their best, their noblest, thier loftiest conceptions of the fundamental rights and duties upon which rest the organic, permanent justice of the State. The judiciary makes real and effective these constitutional guarantees.

In a country like ours, where the interests and pursuits of the people are so varied and manifold a supreme law is the only tie by which they can be held together, and the judiciary is the organ of this law. As the Constitution is the "anchor of the Republic," so the judiciary is the anchor of the Constitution; and in its stability and independence lies the strongest hope of the American nation. Its object is to secure the supremacy of national justice, to hold in check and balance the encroachments of arbitrary legislation; to restrain any collision or friction between the powers of the several States; to avert any clash between State and Federal authority; to protect the American citizen in the pursuit of his constitutional guarantee—the blessings of safety and happiness—in fact the begin-

ning and the end of its duty is to enforce the sovereignty of the people.

In declaring unconstitutional legislation void, the Supreme Court, the highest organ of the judicial system, is without a prototype in history. Every act passed by the British Parliament stands, even if it is repugnant to their Constitution. The act of Parliament is supreme and the Constitution secondary in importance. Or rather, the acts of Parliament easily amend the Constitution.

In America, on the other hand, not only the acts of Congress, but also every State statute and enactment contrary to the spirit of the National Constitution is declared to be a nullity. Thus the Constitution becomes the supreme law of the land. It prevents the States from doing anything incompatible with the common good of the nation. There would be no possibility of holding the States within the bounds of such limitations, if each State were a supreme judge for itself. Under the authority of this supreme constitution the judiciary deals with the conduct and relations of men as members of society, and creates within them reverence and obedience to law. The Constitution, as its framers intended, guarantees justice to all, secures personal liberty, vindicates freedom of worship and gives to speech and press unrestricted rights. In maintaining the true interpretation of the Constitution the judiciary, then, is the palladium of our civil rights and civic virtues. The "National Judiciary" exists then, as an institution to preserve our organic forms, our social order—our public and private justice. Wherever the fair temple of justice stands there is a foundation for social security; for all our courts with the great supreme tribunal make one related system by which equity and right are assured.

It was the proud boast of the English peasant that under the protection of Magna Charta, the rain, the sleet, the hail, the snow and the sunshine might enter his thatched cottage, but the king could not. May it ever be a source of superlative happiness to the American citizen that he lives under a system of jurisprudence whose chief end, largest duty and truest glory—yea, whose essential, one purpose, is to administer, even to the most insignificant, that justice of which Sydney Smith so eloquently said: "Truth is its handmaid, freedom its child, peace its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train. It is the brightest emanation from the Gospel; it is the attribute of God."

Thus we have seen the responsible position the judiciary holds in the American State.

America can indulge in no truer pride than in the world-wide fame which so many of her jurists have won. Marshall, Story, Webster and Chase; the names of our great judges are written high on the tablets of fame—an ornament and a blessing to this country. Our greatest debt, perhaps, is to John Marshall, who, by his prudence, deliberative judgment and watchful care, guided our "National Judiciary" when first launched upon the waves of a perilous sea. May that sublime utterance of his ever be the watchword of the American citizen: "The judiciary is indispensable to the preservation of the Union, and consequently, of the independence and liberty of these States."

Great artists have their sphere and influence their kind, but also have their unavoidable limitations. Thus the pathetic words of Jenny Lind were heard only within the narrow walls of the theatre; and the music that responded to the masterly touch of Beethoven, sank to angel whispers in the arching maze and lofty dome of the cathedral, thrilling and fascinating the audience by noble passions and grand ideals.

The sculptor has embalmed his genius in the breathing marble; the conception of the painter is reflected in the glowing canvass before which humanity is lost in admiration; the jurist attests his honor in the chancery where truth is arbiter, and sets rolling the waves of influence, which, swelling into billows on the broad ocean of time, give echo to the eternal instincts of the soul and the voice of God in man. The appeal of the law and its interpretation is to that which is most divine in man and the American jurist guided by truth and wisdom, proclaims the dignity and the honor of a commonwealth and decides the destiny and the glory of a whole nation.

Thus our "National Judiciary" has been influenced by English models, and yet is a distinctive outgrowth of American life, expressing the idea of justice, upholding the rights guaranteed in the constitution, and enforcing our motto: "Liberty, Protection, Justice to all." May its record continue to be "inscribed in the bloodless victories of peace, more glorious than the blazonry of battle flags, nobler than the triumph of war." "Such are the judicial powers in whose pure and faithful exercise is reflected and fulfilled—so far as mortal man may fulfill the perfect ordinances of heaven—that divine and eternal law—whose seat is in the bosom of God, whose voice is the harmony of the world."

STATESMEN, NOT POLITICIANS.

J. WALDO WOODY, '99.

The career of the American statesman is encompassed with corruption and grave responsibility. The existing nature of partisan statesmanship is not conducive to our greatest welfare. The platform and pledges of the victorious party are the people's will and merit faithful execution at the hands of the incumbents.

The officials of the dominant party should legislate with a more loyal motive than solely to maintain national control. Vested with the administration, they are obligated not to employ for party their power to benefit mankind, but to renounce party when it hopelessly ceases to be a means of accomplishing the object of their election—the universal weal. The justice of the political measures is the unerring balance to guide the policy of the minority instead of stratagem to ensnare the prevailing party.

Congressmen of principle, realizing that upon their statesmanship depends the prosperity of seventy millions and the fate of popular government, legislate with honest and patriotic wisdom and rely on the people for support.

The excess of party spirit, the greatest peril of popular government, needs not the statesman's forming but "demands his uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest instead of warming it should consume."

The wisdom of these principles is established by the success of Washington's administration and illustrated in the prosperous opening of governmental affairs by the first Congress, seated not in parties plotting for control, but as a grand conference endeavoring by their united judgment to discern the most prudent course. Lincoln would not deprive his country of the ablest executive councilors to bestow the spoils on his party. Aided by the judicious consultations with Secretary Stanton, a leader of the opposing party, he steered the ship of State through the storm of civil strife.

A menace of statesmanship is the caucus, the arbitrary boss's cringing weapon, that subdues the unprincipled and cowardly. Though preventing much needless delay, and as a mere conference,

a profitable harmonizer of petty differences, the caucus has no right to coerce the independence and patriotic judgment of our congressmen.

Regarding the oath of public trust more obligatory than caucus decrees, Webster, impelled by principle and a desire for the universal good, voted as the political measures related to the standard: "Is it right? Is it needed? Is it just?"

The caucus trademark does not vindicate the support of a pernicious measure, nor this irresponsible garb acquit the betrayer of public trust. Neither party leaders, nor the majority that obey their beck, but principle, the Union, and the dictates of an enlightened constituency have a title to the statesman's vote.

A caucus participant should continue unrestricted in heeding the incentives of his convictions, like Lyman Trumbull ready to bolt a caucus edict, to forfeit a renowned and successful Senatorial career, and to retire to an obscure life with popular sentiment chanting his knell that he might save his country from the misfortune and disgrace of Johnson's impeachment. The sole justification of obeying a caucus precept is that it is just, and to ignore it would injure the nation—not the party or legislator.

A politician who is blemished in character, of unstable honor, and not a responsible person for public trust, storms the safeguard of religious tolerance and desecrates the temple of legislation. A statesman of sterling integrity spurns the corruptive persuasion of the lusts and spoils of office and votes unbribed by the aristocrat's boodle. The acquirement of the support of a banker or railroad magnate by the abuse of popular power, and the unprincipled bargaining of the lobby, are but a more honorable bribery. The low cunning of political scheming is the ignoble method of the seller of honor, the disregarder of the foundation principle of American statesmanship—"Honesty is the best policy."

The responsibility of the statesman's rank, the youth imitating his character as a model, the voter as influenced by his tone, requires that the mere politician be untainted by political corruption—as pure as the most pious saint. The responsible positions of public trust call for men of dauntless courage, staunchest convictions, and commanding human intellects, bold advocates of the right, fearless denouncers of the wrong.

Those trifling demagogues who seek political honor with sectional issues and win popularity by rekindling the blood-drenched embers

of "discord twixt South and North," ignore that sentiment cherished by every American patriot, "Liberty and Union; now and forever; one and inseperable." The welfare of the whole country asks for the obliteration of sectional feuds, not their continuation for future hobbies.

Legislation that prospers one class and harms another, heaps high the coffers of the rich and crushes humanity 'neath the stringency of poverty, incites class envy and national discord.

Jefferson represents the just model of American statesmanship proclaimed in the language of '76, and portrayed in an impartial political career that preferred no class, recognized no aristocracy, and regarded none too poor for him to reverence.

The waste of time by mere proficiency in the art of debate and the employment of sham issues will not solve the perplexing problems of to-day. The pressing duty of modern statesmanship is the construction of a financial system that will equitably unite capital and labor—the agricultural and manufacturing industries and exterminate the legalized pests of our country. Manned ever by responsible and patriotic statesmen, and the lessons of history for the mariner's chart, the American ship of state will escape Lord Byron's gloomy shipwreck—

"First freedom and then glory—when that fails
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last,"

and this majestic ship, having weathered the stormy ocean time, will enter the haven land-locked by the shores of eternity.

The prevalent motive of the true statesman is not selfish notoriety but philanthropic patriotism that seeks national prosperity. Party enthusiasm, prevailing conditions, and the sway of bossism may exalt a petty politician to temporary renown and style the patriotic statesman with epithets of contempt. But as the excitement and intense party spirit subside the politician's fame perishes and the time impaneled jury contemplating the noble model of the statesman's example crowns him with lasting veneration.

The Pharoah embalmed his ideal in the towering pyramid; the crumbling ruins of the Palatine hill bespeak the gorgeous pomp and iron-clad despotism of the august Cæsars before whom the whole world trembled; it is the purpose of the American statesmen to attest their genius in behalf of national prosperity, intelligence and

morality, and to engrave in the hearts of the American people in letters of eternal gratitude this epitaph: "Go, historian, record to animate posterity, that we lived to glorify, prosper, and perpetuate our native land."

QUAKER LOYALTY.

WM. T. PARKER.

To the sons and daughters of Guilford College (and when Guilford College is mentioned in this article New Garden Boarding School is included) who are members of North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends, I wish to dedicate these few lines.

I have no doubt that among the old students of Guilford there is no lack of loyalty to her so far as sentiment goes. Now what that loyalty is worth in material good to the College, is the personal question I wish every one of us to ask ourselves.

Guilford College is our representative among the educational institutions of the State and the principal contribution to North Carolina from the Society of Friends, in the effort to open up avenues through which her sons and daughters may climb to a higher citizenship. And every Quaker in the State should feel a pride in aiding to sustain her. Such valuable gifts as King Hall, which was donated by Friends of other Yearly Meetings, and the recent one of Science Hall, given by members of another church entirely, should be most thankfully received and the givers held in loving remembrance; and we want to leave the door wide open with welcome written in letters of gold over the entrance for all such benefactors. But should such handsome presents from those outside fail to stimulate us to make some sacrifice for our own institution then we are unworthy of the gifts.

There are none of us who ever did a good years work at Guilford who did not leave in debt to her, though we may have left with receipt in full for all our pecuniary dues, we did not leave with obligations cancelled to those whose sacrifices in the past had made Guilford College a possibility. Had all the students who have attended this school since its founding considered their connection.

with her a mere financial transaction I believe the school would have long ago been a thing of the past, and the state of Quakerism in North Carolina probably on a par with what it is in South Carolina and Georgia.

Now to the practical question of how we are to discharge our obligations to this Quaker enterprise. I shall not be very definite, for it is a question we must individually ask and personally answer, and if I can get you to ask yourself this question then I have accomplished the object of this effort and I will be perfectly willing to trust you with the answer. If the College is never benefited by your answer it will not be for a want of opportunities she offers for answering it. While not attempting to answer this question perhaps a few suggestions might not be out of place, and wishing to be practical as possible in these hints, I will say that it would not be practical for some of us to give ten thousand dollars to the college at one time, nor will it be safe for us to wait until we can do something real handsome for her, for if we are ever able to do the real handsome thing we would be much more apt to do it if we had discharged our obligations to her from time to time as opportunity had offered; but we might make ourselves a local agent to advertise the advantages of Guilford College to those students in our locality who are casting about for a school to enter, without an outlay of more than a pleasant call. Then there is the Library, Museum, Gymnasium, all open for contributions, and the girls' aid fund where so many practical donations might be made, and the various Literary Societies which are always ready and willing to accommodate those who are anxious to give. Thus is afforded plenty of avenues through which we can show our loyalty to the great cause which Guilford College represents. One more suggestion, and it is to an exceedingly few I hope to whom it will have any application. If you feel under no obligation to help build up the College, don't slander her with your criticism because things are not run by some plan which you might think of if you were called on for a suggestion along that line, and can you afford to create prejudice against her faculty because in their religious teachings they don't make the straight and narrow way so narrow that only narrow people can walk therein?

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MAY, 1897.

IN the article entitled "The Battle that Revolutionized Naval Warfare," in the April number of the COLLEGIAN, the date of the battle should read March 5th instead of May 5th.

WE LAY ASIDE THE PEN.

With the present issue the editors lay down their duties and bid their friends a long farewell. Though our work has at times been heavy, yet from it we have derived much pleasure and instruction. We feel very grateful to those who have contributed to the COLLEGIAN to make it what it has been and hope that those who succeed us will have more success than has been ours.

As members of the staff for coming year the Websterian Society elected J. M. Greenfield, chief, J. Waldo Woody, associate, and W. E. Blair, business manager.

The Henry Clay Society elected Dorman Thompson, chief, Wm. Cowles, associate, and H. S. Tomlinson, business manager. The Philagoreans did not elect this term.

In departing, our best wishes go with those on whose shoulders will fall the COLLEGIAN for the coming year.

MR. STUDD COMES OUR WAY.

Mr. Charles T. Studd, of England, made a visit to the college a short time since. He is a man who seems to be filled with the Spirit and is most energetic for the cause of missions. He has spent several years of his life in China, and the tortures and heathenish customs of those people arouse in him the missionary spirit and he wishes to awaken the same spirit in others. A very forcible illustration brought out by him was that our people reminded him of boys playing foot ball behind their own goal and never advancing. As in the case of foot ball this would be absurd, so it should be in the Master's work and people should not work so entirely in their own country when there are millions in foreign lands who have never heard the Gospel. Mr. Studd's meetings were occasions of great interest, and by his originality of expression he did not fail to command the attention of those who heard him. Such a man as this is enough to fill us with enthusiasm for greater activity in religious work.

AN APPRECIATIVE WORD.

One of the most pleasant experiences of the editors has been the reception from time to time of warm letters of encouragement from old students and friends of the college who by their thoughtful words have let it be known that Guilford is as dear to them now as it was in former days. From such a letter written by one who was a student in New Garden's opening days we quote the following:

"Everything about that old place is of interest. Even the names of some of the students remind me of schoolmates in the early years of the school and are perhaps the children or grand children of those I knew. The lines in the last number of the COLLEGIAN by R. S. L. reminded me of a time when the evening star was exceptionally bright, and of some lines written by J. J. Gurney who was staying at that time at the school while on a visit to North Carolina in '37 or '38. In the more than half a century since, I have rarely seen the evening star shine peculiarly bright but I was reminded of the first line which was

'Thou diamond star in the evening west.'

Let us hope the college will go on with increased facilities for usefulness, and that multitudes of students down through the coming years may look out from its walls on the evening star.

'In silent splendor, serene, afar,
Forever the same thou wilt glow a star.'

(MRS.) E. H. WILSON."

RICHMOND, IND., May 5th, 1897.

THEY LIVED HERE LONG AGO.

During the first year that New Garden Boarding School was open, 1837-'38, there were enrolled seventy-three students. Of this number only fourteen are now living. Their names and places of residence, so far as known, are as follows:

Elizabeth Pitts, one of the twenty-five girls who were here the first day, lives in Morgan county, Ind. She is the wife of Wm. Henly. Both are members of the Western Monthly Meeting.

Margaret Reynolds Hampton lives in Wayne county, Ind.

Mary Shaw Leak lives at Trinity.

Anna Clark Benbow, home at Oak Ridge, N. C.

Beulah Carter, Kansas.

Isabella Henly, Caraway, N. C.

Mrs. E. H. Wilson, Richmond, Ind.

Anna Henly, (?)

Thos. J. Benbow, Oak Ridge, N. C.

Richard J. Mendenhall, Minneapolis, Minn.

Nathan Clark, Minister in Western Yearly Meeting.

Louis Reynolds, Center, N. C.

Anna Johnson, near Plainfield, Ind.

Alfred Lindley, Minneapolis, Minn.

During the past year two have passed away—John Newlin and Grace Hammond Lowe.

LOCALS.

—President Hobbs spent a few days in Durham a short time ago.

—The Seniors were invited to Mrs. Hobbs' for tea just before Commencement.

—Contests, entertainments, the rush of Commencement, then all is quiet,—deathly quiet.

—At a recent sale the house and farm long owned by the Boren family was purchased by Dr. Robinson.

—Prof. J. F. Davis went to Mizpah on May 21st to deliver the address at the close of Chilton's Academy.

—A reception was given the other night by Deborah Parker to a number of her young friends in honor of Bertha White.

—The first load of brick for the new Science Hall was hauled on Commencement Day. It will be situated south-west of King Hall.

—During the time of the contests many old students were present. Among these were C. L. VanNoppen, Chas. Ragan, C. W. Sapp, and others.

—The scholarship given by the alumni will be continued. There are also some other plans on foot among the graduates to materially aid the College.

—Miss Laura Worth is now in Boston for a few weeks continuing her work at the institution of which she is a graduate. The date of her return is not at present known.

—On June 3rd, at Deep River Meeting House, according to Friends' ceremony, Miss Mary E. Mendenhall was united in marriage to Prof. J. Franklin Davis.

—Among the various things which attracted attention during Commencement the art display occupied a particularly conspicuous place.

—The last time you read about the College pond in THE COLLEGIAN did it say the dam had just broken or had been repaired again? We do not remember, but whichever was said we wish to state that the other is now the case.

—The excellent portrait of Senator Vance, which is the property of the Websterian Society has been sent to Charlotte Exposition in compliance with the request of the artist, Miss Mattie Dowd.

—Of the five prizes given by the Literary Societies this year two were won by Juniors and three by Freshmen. The Seniors seldom compete in these contests but what is the matter with the Sophs? The Bryn Mawr scholarship was awarded this year to Bertha White. The Haverford scholarship to Oscar Peyton Moffitt.

—Along with base-ball and tennis another game became quite popular with the boys. This was hurling the metallic semi-circle which protects the pedal extremities of certain domestic quadrupeds. The game is of classic origin and is sometimes called pitching horse-shoes.

—We are impressed anew with the beauty of the Guilford campus. The grounds and shade-trees have the past few weeks become robed in green with surprising rapidity. It would be difficult to find a more attractive place than Guilford College during the summer months.

—The Y. M. C. A. hall has recently received some much needed improvements. The roof has been re-painted and the meeting room of the Association nicely stained and varnished. It is the intention of the Association to send a man to the Southern Student's Conference at Knoxville this summer.

—We were very much favored to have with us a short time since Mr. Chas. T. Studd, of England. Mr. Studd is a graduate of Cambridge University and is known the world over as a missionary and a man of God. His meetings here were of a most helpful character to those who attended and with a feeling that we had been greatly blessed, we saw him pass on to his next appointment.

—Several additions have lately been made to the Museum. Among these have been two stone mortars of ancient Indian make presented by Dr. Millis, and a fine specimen of the barn owl which was sent in by W. T. Parker. This species of owl is very rare in this section and its capture was regarded as quite a take. It has since been mounted. W. W. Allen, '98, will have charge of the Museum next year.

—The Y. W. C. A. hopes to have one or more girls at the Ashe-

ville Conference this summer. This gathering is to the young women of the South what the Knoxville Conference is to the young men. Many of the noted Christian workers in this country are expected to be in attendance. Among these will be Miss Price, of whom Lady Henry Somerset once said, "She is the most perfect soul in the most perfect body I have ever seen."

ORATORICAL CONTESTS.

PHILAGOREAN CONTEST.

The Philagorean Oratorical Contest was held on the evening of May 8th. Bertha White, the president of the society, in a few words welcomed the audience and announced the first exercise, which was a chorus of ten girls.

The first oration of the evening was given by Anna Anderson who spoke on the subject, "Superstition." In this she spoke of how in all ages and in all countries people have been very superstitious and showed how these bonds of superstition will be broken only when the truths of science are better known.

Nellie Jones spoke on the subject, "A Heroic Spirit." She treated of Florence Nightingale, who chose to serve her Master and mankind rather than follow the life of ease and luxury which her people enjoyed. As a nurse in a hospital she served as an angel of mercy to elevate humanity and to stimulate in people all that is noble and true.

A piano duet was then rendered by Mrs. Albright and Miss Nellie Merriman, of Greensboro.

Ora Jinnette then gave a sketch of the life of Stephen Grellet; that man who being born of Catholic parents was afterwards converted to the Protestant religion and became such a grand and well known minister in the Society of Friends. To this speaker was awarded the prize given by the Society.

The last oration of the evening, which was given by Annie K. Blair, was a very strong production on the subject, "The Victorian Age." In well chosen words the speaker told of the achievements in literature during the Augustan and Golden Ages, and that the advancements of the present age have been largely along the more

practical lines of development which have greatly elevated the human race. The speaker conducted herself well upon the stage and held the close attention of her audience. Miss Blair was a very close second for the prize.

The judges, Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson, Prof. P. P. Claxton and Mrs. Hobbs, had much difficulty in coming to a decision as to who was entitled to the prize. During their prolonged absence several selections of music were given, among which was a vocal duet by Miss Carrie Smith and Mrs. Albright. Miss Smith also rendered a vocal solo.

THE WEBSTERIAN CONTEST.

May 14th was the date of the Websterian Contest. The exercises were introduced by a piano duet by Mrs. Albright and Bertha Snow.

T. Gilbert Pearson, the president of the Society, gave a warm welcome to the audience in a few well chosen words.

The first oration was entitled "Politics of Labor," by John W. Lewis. The labor problem was very forcibly presented in this production.

J. Waldo Woody spoke on the subject, "Statesmen, not Politicians." Mr. Woody spoke well. His paper appears in the present issue of the COLLEGIAN.

The oration, "Origin and Development of Trial by Jury," by John M. Greenfield, was an article which contained much thought and was very interesting and instructive.

"Grecian Struggle for Freedom" was the subject of Walter E. Blair's oration. This production treated of Greece as she struggled for freedom in ancient times and of her present difficulty with Turkey.

J. Oscar Redding was the last speaker of the evening, and to him the prize, a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and holder, was given. His subject was "The Norman as a Political Force." The speaker by his ease, naturalness of manner and forcible language, did not fail to impress the audience as well as the judges that he was the orator of the evening.

Hon. J. C. Buxton, of Winston, Prof. G. A. Grimsley and Prof. O. W. Carr, of Greensboro, were the judges.

Miss Long, of Elon College, entertained the audience with a vocal solo during the absence of the judges.

Hon. J. C. Buxton presented the prize with words of encouragement.

Prof. O. W. Carr presented the improvement prize to H. Gould Welborne.

At the close of the exercises a vocal quartette was given by Pearson, Petty, Blair and Redding.

THE HENRY CLAY CONTEST.

The Henry Clay Contest occurred on the evening of May 15th. Oscar P. Moffitt opened the exercises with a short introduction and words of greeting. The first exercise was music, rendered by Messrs. Alderman, of Greensboro, and Mrs. Albright.

Dorman S. Thompson gave the first oration of the evening. His subject was "Wm. Ewart Gladstone." A very interesting sketch of Gladstone's life was given in this oration. This speaker won the prize.

The second oration, entitled "Magna Charta," was given by Lacy L. Barbee. In this paper many of the details of this well known charter were brought out.

Wm. H. Cowles spoke on the subject "The Monroe Doctrine," and showed that this should be applied whenever necessary in matters pertaining to the United States.

Mrs. Albright then gave a vocal solo.

"Our Political Machinery" was the subject of Halstead Tomlinson's oration. This production told something of how degrading politics have become, and that instead of people working according to their convictions they are the victims of a machine.

Frank S. English's oration was entitled "The Tendency of the Nineteenth Century." This showed the many advances of the century in all lines and that the tendency is now toward something higher. It is an age of progress.

The last oration of the evening was by Vernon L. Brown on the subject "Strikes Beneficial." In this paper it was shown that strikes are a necessary factor in our national progress.

A piano duo was given by Miss Long, of Elon College, and Mrs. Albright.

The judges were L. M. Swink, Prof. Chas. Raper and E. E. Raper.

Prof. Chas. Raper delivered the orator's prize in a most pleasing and eloquent manner.

The improvement prize was presented by Oscar Moffitt, the president of the society, to Calvin D. Cowles.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE LITERARY ADDRESS.

Saturday night, May 22, Dr. W. S. Creasy, of Winston, N. C., delivered the annual address before the Literary Societies. Dr. Creasy chose as his subject, "The Alphabet of Jehovah." He spoke of the fact that when we, as children, first began to read, we soon learned that all the words which we must master were in reality only different combinations of the same twenty-six letters which we had learned with so much difficulty on the first page of our readers. Slowly and laborously we learned to spell out the different words and to understand their meaning. "The various elements and attributes of nature," said the speaker, "are the letters of the Alphabet of the Creator, which men must take and put together and slowly and painfully spell out the various facts in science which God has kept in store for us." Owing to various accidents, Dr. Creasy had been prevented from coming on one or two previous occasions when he had been expected, but the pleasing impression he left behind caused the Literary Societies to feel that his best wishes were with them and that he would have come before had it been possible for him to have done so.

ALLEN JAY PREACHES.

There are not many ministers among the Society of Friends who would appeal more strongly to a congregation of North Carolina Friends than Allen Jay, of Richmond, Ind. His sermon on Sunday morning of Commencement week, delivered to the Senior Class was in every sense an able discourse. Above all, the deep spirituality of the man shone out through his every word and as his audience listened they were impressed more and more with the beauty and usefulness of a life wholly given into the hands of its creator. The speaker chose for his text. "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and his manner as he endeavored to point the Senior Class and his other hearers to the

path in which they should walk was very solemn and impressive. Many Friends, especially of the older ones, were present. Some had driven as many as fifteen or twenty miles to hear the speaker, and all departed feeling that it was good to have been there. Long will the helpful memories of that sermon last.

THE ALUMNI BASE BALL GAME.

Hauser stood in the box, Morris was defending the back stop, Armfield held second, W. H. Mendenhall first and S. H. Hodgins third. Jack Ragsdale played short and in the outfield were David White, W. W. Mendenhall and Ed Farlow. This was the Alumni team. The regular college nine was at the bat. It was three thirty o'clock Monday afternoon, the weather pleasant, the crowd large and the excitement high. "Play ball," coolly remarked the umpire, and for two and a half hours everybody lived fast. The college team was in better practice than their graduate brothers, but the older fellows played steadier ball on the whole when they once got down to it. Every man did his best. It was as though Greek were against Greek for it was Guilford against old Guilford. At the close of the ninth inning, although the score was a tie, it was decided to quit for supper. The score by innings was as follows:

Alumni.....	0	3	3	0	3	1	2	4	0—16
Guilford.....	3	2	0	0	0	4	0	5	2—16

It seemed to be quite the general opinion that had the game continued the college team would have won, for the graduates, who had come from offices and school rooms, were beginning to show signs of fatigue, while the under graduates were apparently as fresh as when they began. (?)

There were many interesting incidents connected with the game, such as Paul's rooting; Miss Lena's bicycle bell ringing; the tin horn applause from the group of graduate girls, and "Billie's" swelling with pride when he made a hit that carried him to third. Ragsdale knocked off for a home run in the third inning Tomlinson, in the first, hit to right field and spun around to third base. Petty pitched and Ballenger caught for the home team.

THE MUSIC RECITAL.

On Monday night Mrs. Albright gave a music recital. The following program was rendered:

1. CHORUS—Revel of the Leaves.....*Veazie.*
2. PIANO DUET—Minstrel's Serenade.....*Low.*
MRS. ALBRIGHT, KATHLENE LINDLEY.
3. MILLER'S SONG.....TOMLINSON, PEARSON, REDDING, BLAIR, PETTY.
4. CHORUS—(a) Over the Sea.....*Veazie.*
(b) Over the Waters.....*Rowley.*
5. PIANO DUET—Ojos Criollos.....*Gottschalk.*
MRS. ALBRIGHT, BERTHA SNOW.
6. SOLO—Selected.....MRS. ALBRIGHT.
7. MEDLEYTOMLINSON, PEARSON, REDDING, BLAIR, PETTY.

At the close of the exercises President Hobbs took the opportunity to speak to the large audience present concerning the various departments connected with the college which are distinct from the literary work, namely, the music department, the art department and the department of physical training. President Hobbs expressed himself as regarding the musical one of the very best he had ever listened to at Guilford.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

May 25th at Guilford was an ideal spring day. At ten o'clock the exercises began with devotional exercises which were conducted by James R. Jones. A chorus of girls then sang the Commencement March of Bartlett. Four orators from the class had been elected as representatives, who now proceeded in the following order: Oscar P. Moffitt, of Lexington, N. C., spoke on the subject, "The Development of Diplomacy." He spoke of the evolution of diplomacy and showed how it had grown from a very insignificant beginning until at the present time it was one of the most dignified and important institutions of the government. Mr. Moffitt conducted himself well upon the stage and his oration was well received. "Florence in the time of Savonarola," was the subject of a beautiful historical sketch by Lelia B. Kirkman, of Pleasant Garden, N. C. The production was composed in an excellent manner and held the close attention of the audience.

T. Gilbert Pearson, of Archer, Fla., discussed the subject, "The Influence of Friends in America." The last oration was an able one on the subject, "Science and Socialism," by D. Bertha White, of Belvidere, N. C.

The three orations which were not spoken were "Robert Browning," by Sarah W. Stockard; "The Relation of Evolution to Materialism," by Joseph H. Blair, and "A Factor in National Progress," by Vernon L. Brown.

President Hobbs, on behalf of the College, then conferred the Degree of Bachelor of Arts upon Sarah Walker Stockard, Oscar Payton Moffitt and Joseph Hoskins Blair, and the degree of Bachelor of Science upon Deborah Bertha White, Lelia Boyd Kirkman Vernon Luther Brown and Thomas Gilbert Pearson. His address to the class which followed was of an exceedingly helpful and encouraging character. Allen Jay was then announced and for the next hour bound his audience to himself with that peculiar kind of oratory which is only conceived in the minds of men burning with a desire to uplift humanity and is born only after decades of years spent in actual loving service. His appeals for higher education were very strong ones; he plead for the education of the hundreds of bright minds which are everywhere about us being neglected, and gave instances of self-sacrificing parents laboring to keep their children in school.

Throughout Commencement a large company of visitors were present, many of whom were from other States. Commencement was a great success in every way.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Two meetings of the Alumni were held. The graduating class was received and welcomed at one of these. Among the other matters of business attended to, the following Committees were appointed which it would be well to have generally known among the Alumni. For that purpose they are here inserted.

Executive Committee—Rhena Worth, '89; Genevive Mendenhall, '90; Addison Hodgin, '91; W. W. Mendenhall, '92; Elbert White, '93; Ruth Blair, '94; Cornelia Roberson, '95; Robert Hodgin, '96; O. P. Moffitt, '97.

Scholarship Committee—President Hobbs, Joseph Peele, Sam'l Hodgin, Lucille Armfield.

Committee on Banquet—Mary E. Mendenhall, Augustine Blair, Cornelia Roberson, Bessie Meader, T. Gilbert Pearson.

Athletic Committee—O'Neil Ragsdale, O. P. Moffitt, A. W. Blair, Henryanna Hackney, Lucille Armfield.

The following officers for the coming year were elected:

President—John T. Benbow.

Vice-President—Walter H. Mendenhall.

Secretary—Bessie Meader.

Treasurer—Geo. W. Wilson.

Orator—E. E. Gillespie.

Alternate—Walter F. Grabbs.

The Alumni Reception was given in the gymnasium on Tuesday evening.

The occasion was a most enjoyable one. Refreshments were served, speeches made and vocal and instrumental music given.

Near the close of the evening all joined in singing, to the tune of "Red, White and Blue," this song which was composed for the occasion by Lucille Armfield.

Oh! Guilford, our dear Alma Mater,
The land of the good and the true,
The pride of each son and each daughter,
We pledge our affection anew.
Thy calls make Alumni assemble
At times that are grave and are gay,
Thy colors make loving hearts tremble,
Three cheers for the crimson and gray.
Three cheers for the crimson and gray,
Three cheers for the crimson and gray.
Thy colors make loving hearts tremble,
Three cheers for the crimson and gray.

Oh! Guilford, thou art our fair lady,
Thy knights, fond and true, see us bow,
Our lot may be sunny or shady,
We pledge faith to thee, hear our vow.
Thy walls as of old safely hold us
From harm, for one brief, little day,
Thy dear loving arms now enfold us,
Three cheers for the crimson and gray.
Three cheers for the crimson and gray,
Three cheers for the crimson and gray.
Thy dear loving arms now enfold us
Three cheers for the crimson and gray.

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